

# Collier's

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May 27, 1950



OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE MAY 24, 1883

**IF POLIO STRIKES ...**

**Is Your Town Ready?**

**The Real,  
BIRTH OF**

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May 27, 1950



### This floor is Armstrong's Asphalt Tile

If you're looking for the most flooring value at the lowest first cost, we think you'll find it in Armstrong's Asphalt Tile. Moreover, if you need a floor for a basement or for any concrete slab in direct contact with the ground, Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is your logical choice.

This modern flooring was developed to meet two specific needs. One was for an attractive floor at a minimum cost that would give long service even under heavy traffic. The other need was for a floor that would stand up against the harmful effect of alkaline moisture in concrete that is directly on the ground.

Thousands upon thousands of installations all over the country have already proved that Armstrong's Asphalt Tile meets both of those needs. When you see some of those floors in actual use, you'll appreciate, too, how very attractive Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is.

*They're both  
Armstrong's Floors*



### This floor is Armstrong's Linoleum

Most other resilient flooring materials have one or two major features. None can give you a combination of so many different advantages as Armstrong's Linoleum. It is moderate in cost, yet no other flooring offers such a wide choice of beautiful colors and decorative effects. Armstrong's Linoleum is tough and durable, yet resilient; it quiets footsteps and is easy to walk on. The smooth surface insures easy cleaning, low maintenance cost.

When you add up all its good points, Armstrong's Linoleum usually proves to be the best buy.

**Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?"** This 20-page booklet contains illustrations of floor designs in full color and gives all the facts about Armstrong's Asphalt Tile and Armstrong's Linoleum as well as Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and other Armstrong Resilient Floors. It will help you select the best floor for your own place of business. Write Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 5005 Jackson St., Lancaster, Pa.





## The only way you'll ever hear it

THE only way you'll ever hear it is by accident, as Johnston did. The matter is so intimate that even your best friend won't tell you. So people keep on avoiding you . . . without your knowing why. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath).

### How's your breath today?

Don't guess about it. Don't take it for granted and run the risk of offending.

Why not play smart and rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic . . . every night and morning, and between times before any date, business or social? It's the *extra-careful* precaution that so many employ.

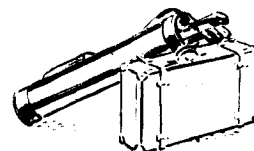
Listerine Antiseptic instantly makes your breath sweeter and fresher . . . keeps it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. While sometimes systemic in origin, fortunately most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

*...the extra-careful  
precaution against offending*

**Week-ending?** Always take Listerine Antiseptic along. It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.



**"Bracer"**  
gives me  
great support...



can't go  
without  
one!"

says  
George T.  
Brittain,  
Columbia, S.C.

And men in all walks of life tell us of similar experiences... how they've found a way to help reduce fatigue, improve their appearance, gain new comfort, by wearing a BRACER Supporter Belt.

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Ask for it by name at your drug, department, men's wear or surgical store



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...wider, cooler, more porous waistband gives even greater support.....\$5.00.

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May 27, 1950

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## The Cover

This is the first cover in a Collier's series by outstanding artists marking great events in the nation's march of progress. Others will appear from time to time. Sixty-seven years ago on May 24th, Manhattan and Brooklyn, New York, were linked by the 1,595 1/2-foot Brooklyn Bridge spanning the East River. It was at that time by far the longest suspension bridge in the world and employed many unique principles of design. The occasion was celebrated as a holiday in both boroughs. Artist William Kirtman Plummer, after prodigious research, re-creates the opening-day scene in a manner typical of his work. He achieves the unusual effect you see by using water color, lithograph crayon, pen and ink.

## Week's Mail

### Jam Session

EDITOR: The World's Worst Traffic Jam (April 8th) was terrific. Your courage in not pulling any punches was a great delight to me.

The purpose of this letter is to inform you of some of the doings of the public on the matter. Namely me.

For quite a number of years I have written to the newspapers and to city officials on the traffic problem, and the potential harm it could cause to our great city if it got out of hand. Well, as we all know, it has got out of hand. You have made a great start in the right direction by your article.

I have seen many of the happenings you mentioned and lots of others you did not mention. How in Sam Hill the public stands for it and how the police department can be so indifferent to the matter is beyond me.

DOMINICK A. PAVESE, Bronx, N. Y.

### Calling the Turn

EDITOR: Whoever titled the picture of Joe Clunk which appeared with Don't Pity the Blind (April 8th) must also be "blind," for the machine Joe and Mary are playing with is not a sander but a wood lathe.

SPENCER L. STOCKWELL, New Orleans, La.

### No Amendment

EDITOR: In your excellent editorial of April 8th (The 49th State) you suggested that if the populous states are dissatisfied with equal representation in the Senate, those states can change it by constitutional amendment.

In all respect, they cannot do this. Article V, which sets up the method and extent of amendment, contains a guaranty that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

To accomplish the objective suggested by you, there must be a relinquishment of rights by the individual states, rather than by constitutional amendment.

H. H. POWERS, Saint Albans, Vt.

... I have read with pleasure your editorial The 49th State, and hope our Congress does likewise. Both Hawaii and Alaska are good neighbors and will be assets to the United States. We should welcome them cordially.

My weary hope is that sometime our statesmen will cease to be afraid of Communism and knuckle down to being genuine democrats—not in a party sense, but in its broad, Christian, original intent.

PELHAM BARRETT, Rusk, Texas

### Reclamation

EDITOR: The development of California's marginal lands during the last 60 years has been so difficult that it is not surprising that Lester Velie has in my opinion reached a new low in its reporting in Home Is a Dream



## *Listen, Bill, I'm in trouble . . .*

I was miles from anywhere when I had the first serious accident of my life. There wasn't a car on the road to give me a lift. I walked for hours, it seemed. By the time I got to the little all-night eating place, and a phone, it was past midnight.

I didn't want to worry my wife . . . so I called Bill FitzSimmons\*, my State Farm insurance man. And he was swell about it! I don't know many fellows who'd get up and drive out to the end of nowhere in the middle of the night for me. But he did.

When we got to my house, I started to thank him. But he said to skip it—helping people when they needed it was the best part of his job.

He did the routine part just as thoroughly—reporting the claim, handling details, etc. And he thought of everything! Got the car fixed—you'd never know it had been in an accident.

I'm 100% for State Farm's idea that your agent is your claim serviceman. To me, the biggest single advantage of my State Farm policy is Bill's prompt, dependable, efficient service!

### **Agents give personal attention**

That's one of the extra benefits you enjoy as a policyholder in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. Should you have an accident near your home, generally your claim will be *personally* handled by the man

who wrote your automobile insurance in the first place. He, naturally, is *keenly* interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer. In addition, State Farm has 120 branch claim offices, strategically located.

### **Away from home—same service!**

Since automobiles were made to travel, State Farm service is geared to travel with the car. Wherever trouble occurs, in the United States or Canada, claim service is available.

### **Savings benefit policyholders**

You get *low cost insurance* as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. Why? Because State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keep costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community will be glad to discuss any or all of your insurance problems. If you don't know him yet—simply look up State Farm in your phone book.

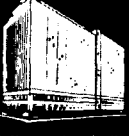
**Note to new car buyers:** *Before* you buy your new car, ask your State Farm agent about convenient low cost financing through a local bank—often substantial savings can be made on both the financing and insurance. And remember, once you have State Farm insurance, you can easily transfer it to your new car.

**Do you know?** *How little you need to save regularly to buy a comfortable retirement income if you start now? Ask your State Farm agent about the guaranteed savings and security program available in the State Farm Life Insurance Company.*



## STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

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\*Bill FitzSimmons is a fictitious name, but his kind, thoughtful service is typical of State Farm agents.

(Part Two of The Americans Nobody Wants, April 8th).

I rather imagine the people who changed the "goose" lands near Colusa into rice fields, the "cement" soil near Arbuckle into almond orchards and vineyards, the "hardpan" of Oakdale into green feed lots, and those who fought alkali in the arid regions of the San Joaquin will take a very dim view of the conclusions reached by Mr. Velie after what must have been a very superficial study.

It is to be hoped that the commission appointed by Governor Warren to study the present situation will be composed of men of vision who will make recommendations which will be of benefit both to the migrants and the landowners both large and small. MONROE N. CALLENDER, La Crescenta, Cal.

#### Met's Young Americans

EDITOR: Your article The Met's Accent Is American (April 8th) was very interesting



Patrice Munsel

and informative, but I do not think you gave sufficient emphasis to Miss Patrice Munsel.

Miss Munsel is certainly one of the most talented artists currently at the Met and her coloratura voice stands up extremely well in comparison with the so-called greats.

I hope we'll have the privilege and pleasure of hearing her oftener and oftener for years to come. A picture story of her in color would be a good idea.

EDWARD SMITH, Baltimore, Md.

... As a fellow chemistry student at University of California at Los Angeles, I have often heard Jerry (Jerome) Hines's voice boom out in the concrete chemistry lab. Notice I said University of California at Los Angeles, not University of Southern California, as was stated incorrectly in the article The Met's Accent Is American.

Despite this glaring error—glaring at least in the eyes of all southern Californians—it was a colorful and informative article.

ANDREW J. MASON, Los Angeles, Cal.

#### British Road

EDITOR: It was with great interest that I read Senator Taft's article, Is President Truman Taking Us Down the British Road? (April 8th). I am an Englishman, and landed in America two years ago with my wife and child. Since then we have enjoyed a freedom which, to say the least, is exhilarating, after the regimentation which Senator Taft so aptly describes. I endorse every word he wrote in that article, as I myself have been through the Socialist mill.

I had \$3 in my pocket on my arrival in New York. I am an ordinary workaday carpenter and for these last three weeks have been "laid off" for the weather. But I would not retrace my steps to England if they offered me King George's crown. KENNETH BARKER WRIGHT, Greystone, R. I.

... Senator Taft's article comparing the phases of British Socialism with ours is in-

deed timely. I have voted a Democratic ticket all my life, and have rather feared such isolationists as Taft. But from now until we stop this tide of unwarranted Socialism, I am for Taft.

J. HARRY CARMINE, Norfolk, Va.

... Congratulations to Senator Robert Taft for his uncompromising article. He should have called it: Testament of Bourbonism.

Congratulations to you, for your nice sense of irony in printing Part Two of The Americans Nobody Wants in the same issue as Senator Taft's article.

STANLEY ATKINS,  
Emerson, Manitoba, Can.

... Having only recently come over to this country from England, it is most encouraging to find how statesmen like Senator Taft have taken to heart the bitter lesson that years of British Socialism ought to have taught us, once and for all.

J. ROTE, JR., Memphis, Tenn.

... Most of us have sincere admiration and respect for Mr. Taft as an individual, and for his honest belief in his own ideas. However, Mr. Taft is still living in an era that, unfortunately, no longer exists for any of us. We may yearn for "the good old days" when individuals could plan their own future with every indication of their eventual success. But in our present complex society it is impossible for any individual to get very far unless he operates through a "pressure group" or a union.

GEORGE S. RHOADS, Oakland, Cal.

... Thank you for the article by Senator Taft. It is interesting to consider what is happening in Britain under a planned economy.

In February, 1946, Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:

"No country in the world, as far as I know, has yet succeeded in carrying through a planned economy without the direction of labor. Our objective is to carry through a planned economy without the direction of labor ..."

On March 10, 1949, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Labor announced that between October, 1947, and December, 1948, "374 directions were issued to men who were in the mining industry compelling them to remain in that industry and 132 directions were issued to men in agriculture keeping them in agriculture."

Let us take heed.

HOWARD W. TONER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Star Spotter



PHILIP MANDERS, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

EDITOR: Please, who is the gentleman wearing the brightly colored golf cap in your article—It's Color from Head to Toe (April 8th)? Is it Richard Arlen—a not-too-long-ago movie star? MRS.

PHILIP MANDERS, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

It sure is.

#### No Buddhist Masses

EDITOR: In Keep Up with the World (March 18th) Freling Foster has reference to "masses ... held by Buddhist priests in Japan from time to time for the souls of departed animals ..."

May I draw your attention to the fact that the word Mass refers exclusively to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by Catholic priests. The word comes from the Latin used in the Catholic service, at the end of which the priest turns to the people and says, "Ite, missa est." ("Go, the Mass is finished.")

It would be impossible for a Buddhist priest to offer Mass.

REV. HUGH T. LAVERY, M.M.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Collier's for May 27, 1950

**TO SMOKE**

**EXTRA-MILD FATIMA**

FATIMA is the long cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos superbly blended to make Fatima EXTRA-MILD.

FATIMA gives smokers a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH BETTER FLAVOR AND AROMA.

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**CIGARETTES**

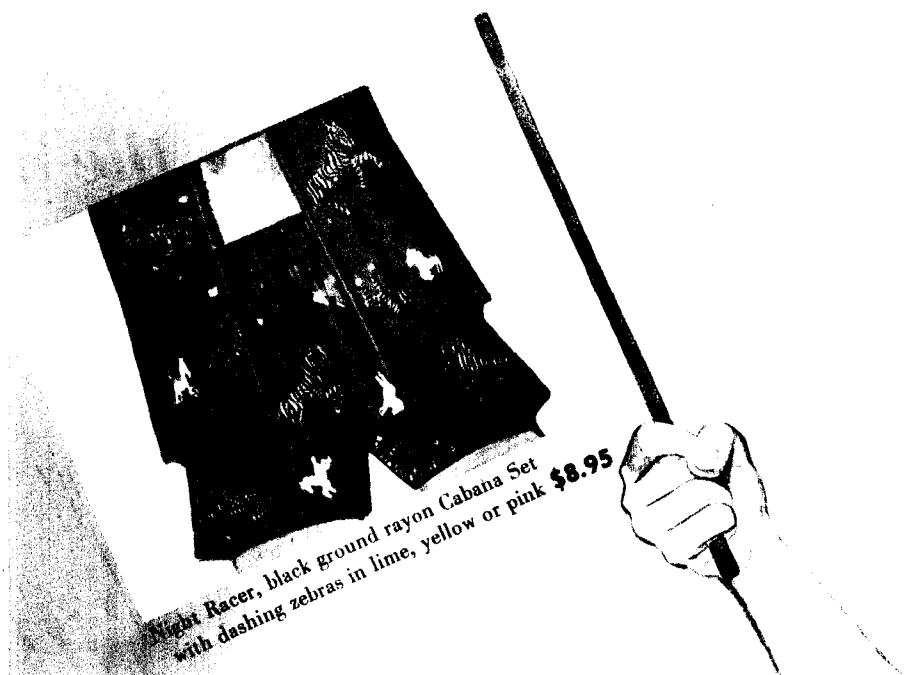
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**Cameron & Cameron Co.**

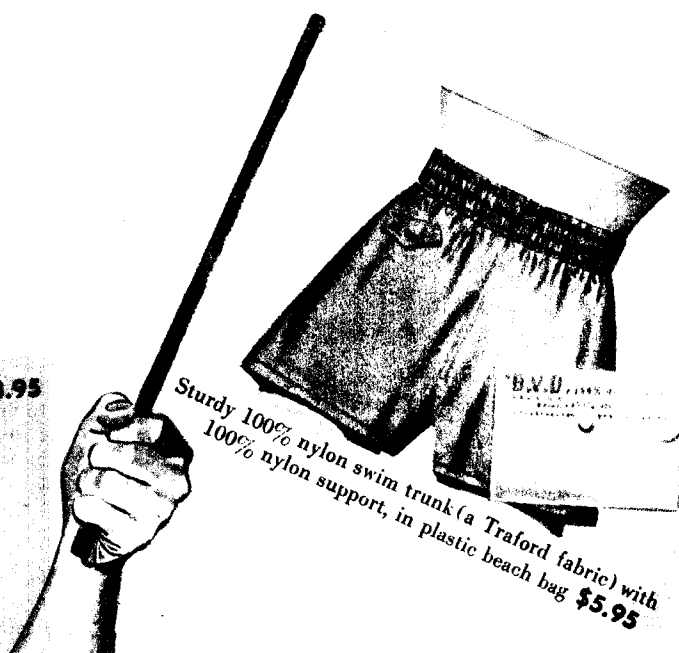
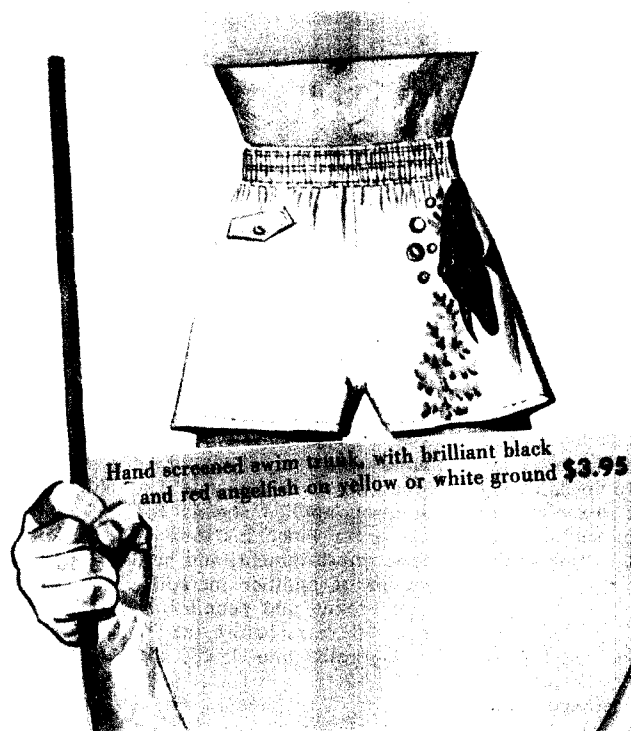
**RICHMOND, VA.**

**ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF**

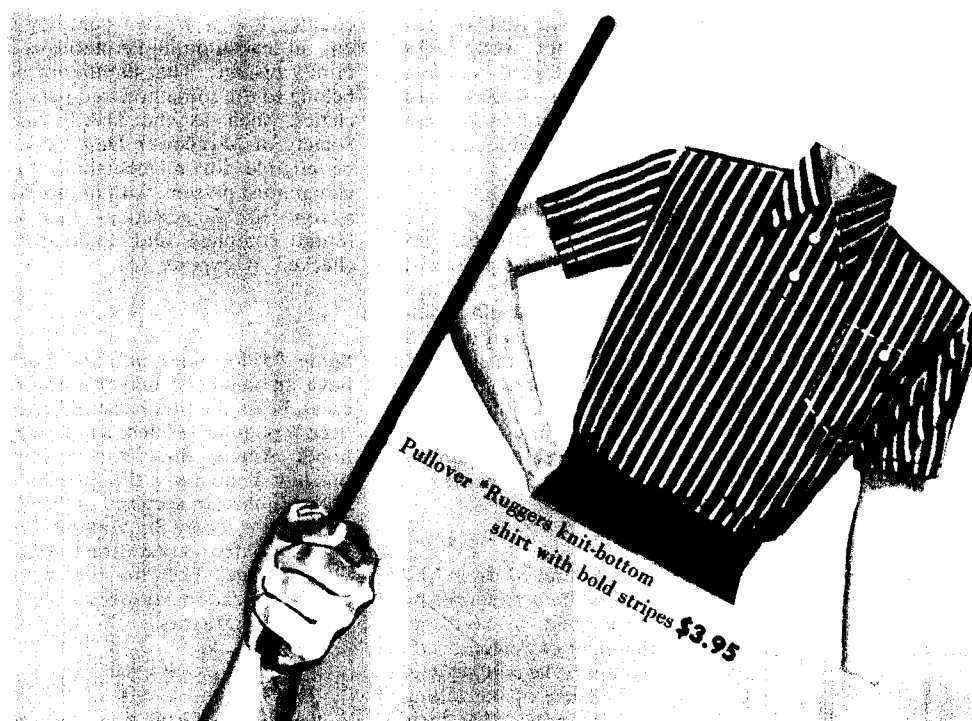
**... BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES**



# B.



# V.



# D.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

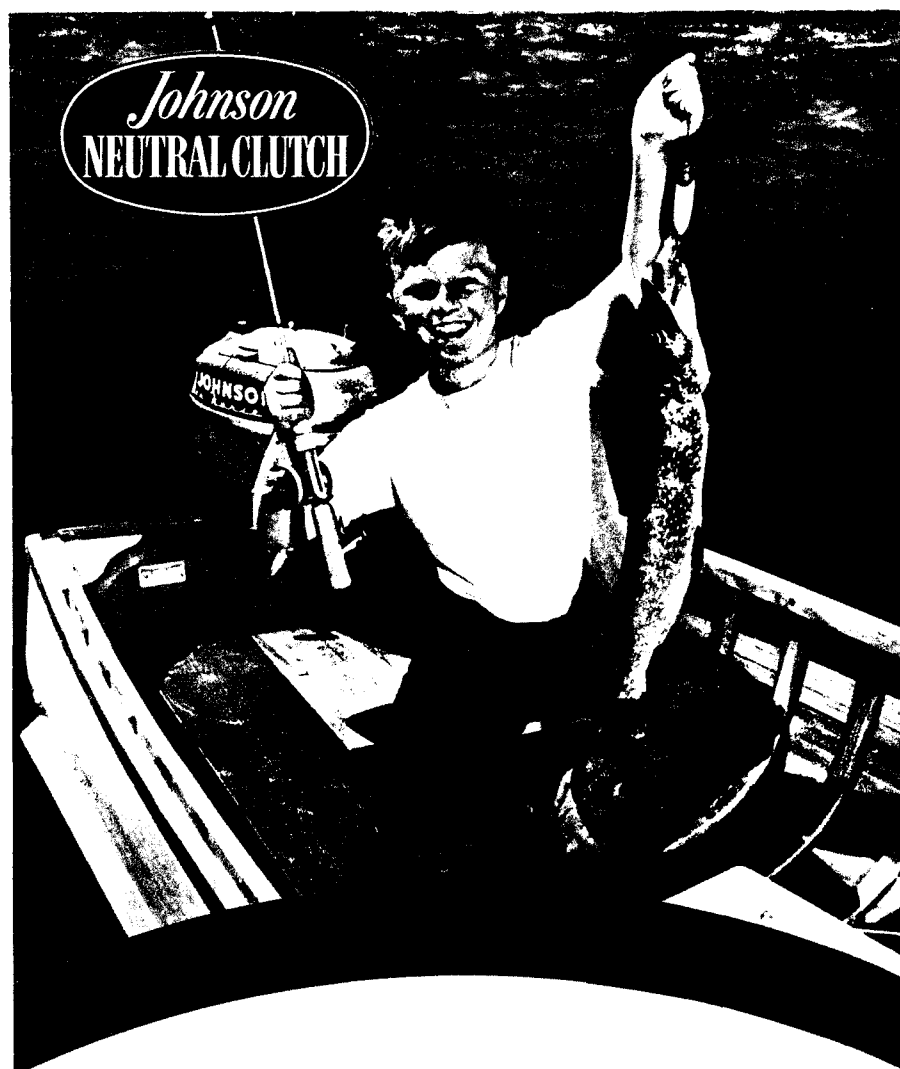
The "cue" to these wonderful styles is B.V.D., for B.V.D. makes the biggest fashion splash on the beach this year, with colorful Cabana Sets, flamboyant hand screened patterns, 100% nylon swim trunks and boldly striped \*Rugger shirts.

For the big news in beachwear, flag \*B.V.D.!

## everybody's signaling for

**B.V.D.**  
B R A N D

## beachwear

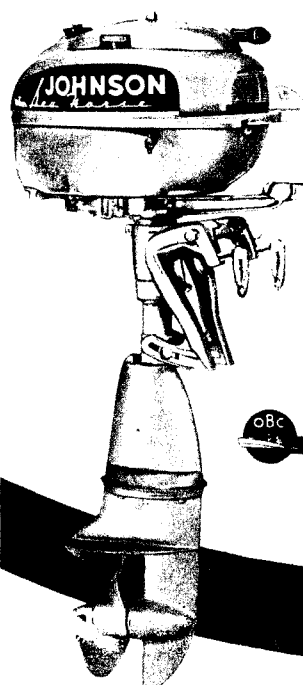


# Fishin' Experts Know!

The better the outboard motor, the greater the fishin' fun! That's why fishermen everywhere acclaim Johnson NEUTRAL CLUTCH—in the new 5 h.p.\* Model TN! It's the new Johnson outboard motor development that lets you start in *neutral*! Then flip the lever, when ready, and GO! Stop, with the motor running, when a big one strikes. Idle, anywhere... It's twice as easy, twice the fun!

Thrilling performance. Luxurious convenience. 32 great features for pleasure-packed fishin' or just plain fun, including... *new* sure-fire Shock Absorber drive for going through shallows without a care, *new* Vari-Volume Pump for *positive* cooling at any speed... Plus famous Johnson DEPENDability!

See your Johnson dealer. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. Time payments are available and 1950 Johnson prices are lower!



**Free! HANDY CHART**

Compact, factual, and handy. Describes all five 1950 models including the sensational 10.0 h.p.\* Model QD with Johnson Gear Shift Control and separate Mile-Master Fuel Tank. A post card gets it. Write...

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.  
In Canada: Johnson Motors, Peterboro, Canada

\*OBC Certified Brake H.P.  
at 4000 r.p.m.

**JOHNSON**  
SEA-HORSES  
for DEPENDability

IF IT'S NOT A SEA-HORSE, JOHNSON DID NOT MAKE IT

## Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Wine tasters restore their jaded palates by eating cheese

Persons engaged in testing the quality of products by smelling or tasting have to stop at intervals to treat and rest the nerves which they use so steadily in their work. For example, a wine taster restores normal sensitivity to his palate by eating cheese, a perfume mixer revives his fatigued nasal areas by sniffing gum camphor, and a cigar tester drinks milk.

\*\*\*\*\*

Of the innumerable crimes that Mussolini committed during his 21 years as dictator, one of the most despicable was discovered by the partisans who trapped him and his friends while they were trying to escape to Switzerland on April 27, 1945. In the motorcar that carried Mussolini's personal loot were sacks containing some 25,000 gold wedding rings which the women of Italy had donated in 1935, at his request, to help Italy win its war against Ethiopia.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the animal world, the strongest instinct to "follow the leader" is possessed by the processionary caterpillars which never go out to feed except in close, single-file columns—with the head of each worm touching the tail of the one in front of it. Should a person come upon such a procession and make the leaders turn back and place themselves at the end of their columns, the entire company would march in the circle for hours.

\*\*\*\*\*

A fantastic injustice resulted from the murder of Annie Lemberger, seven, by her father in their home in Madison, Wisconsin, on the night of September 5, 1911. Within two hours, he and his wife had removed all evidence of the killing and had informed the police that their daughter had been stolen from her bed. Weeks later, the body was discovered, but the kidnaper had not been traced; so a citizens' committee employed a private detective and he promptly had John Johnson arrested for the crime. Unable to obtain incriminating facts from the man, his questioners finally advised him to plead guilty and save himself from a

possible lynching. Thus tricked and terrified, Johnson "confessed" and was given a life sentence. After serving 10 years, the prisoner was found to be innocent, was pardoned and released, and went home to his wife and children. Johnson applied shortly for the compensation which his state awarded for false imprisonment; and he became the victim of another incredible injustice. The broken and penniless man had to fight 13 years before the state gave in and granted him \$5,000.

\*\*\*\*\*

Until after the Civil War, few Americans whose ancestors helped settle this country had a written genealogy. Today, at least a million Americans have a family history. That number of persons belong to the some hundred patriotic societies, such as the D.A.R. and the Society of Mayflower Descendants. To be eligible for membership, the individual must present, with his application, a copy of his genealogy that will be found complete and authentic when checked by experts.

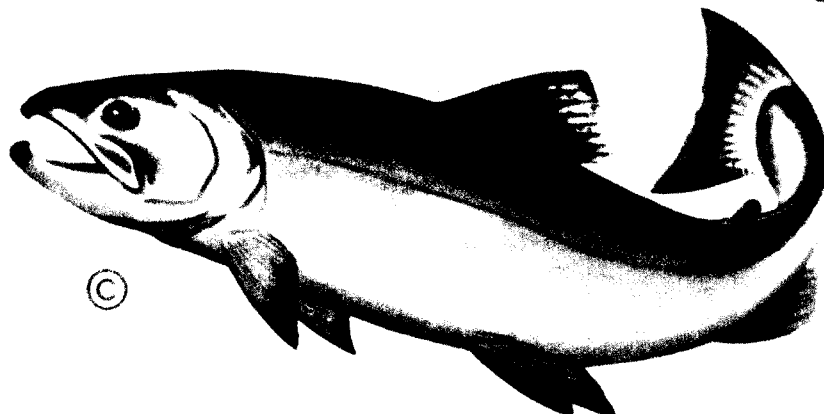
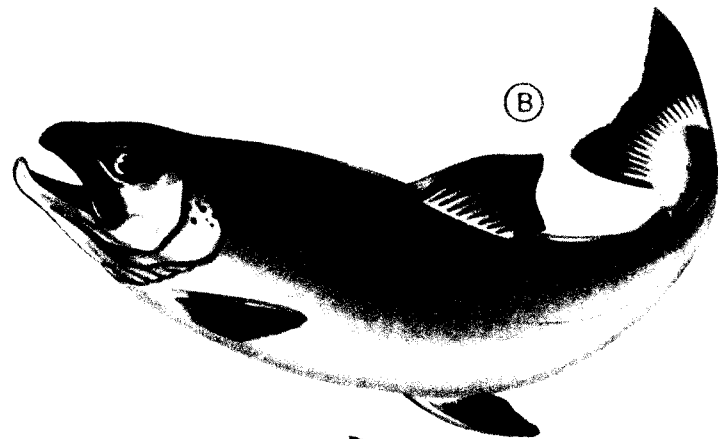
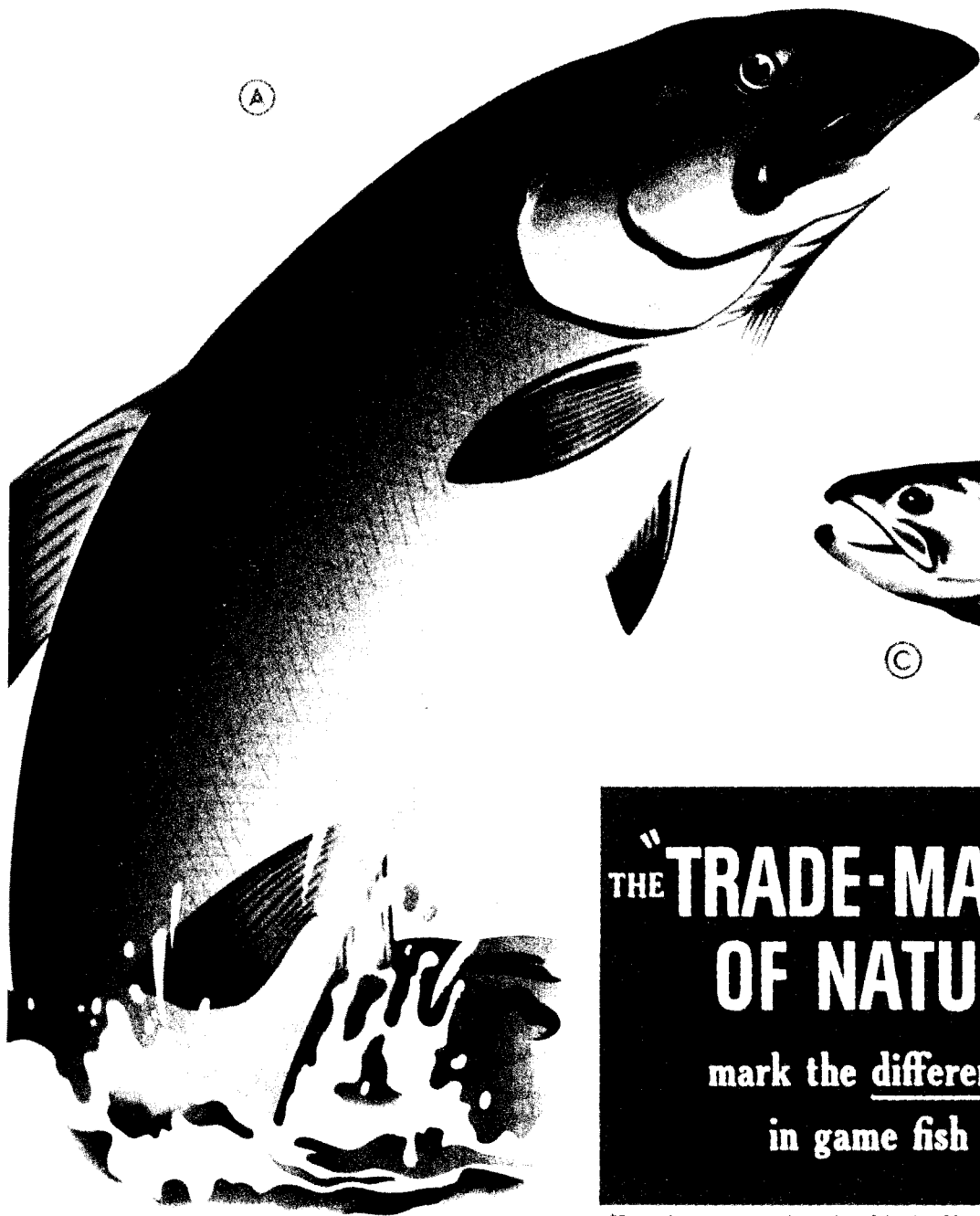
\*\*\*\*\*

Some 75 localities in New York City have an unofficial mayor who, in most cases, bears the title because he has long been a popular resident of the neighborhood. Among these honorary mayors, the best known are the 30 who live in such Manhattan sections as the Bowery, Chinatown, Foley Square, the Gashouse District, Fifty-second Street and Greenwich Village. The "mayors" have a social organization known as the League of Locality Mayors.

\*\*\*\*\*

A well-drawn distinction has never existed between vegetables and fruits because many called a vegetable by the public are classed as a fruit by botanists. When required to describe the difference, courts have held that such foods as squash and corn, for example, are to be regarded as vegetables when served during the main part of the meal, but as fruits when served in pie or fritters.

Collier's for May 27, 1950



## THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE\*

mark the difference  
in game fish

\*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History

## THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"



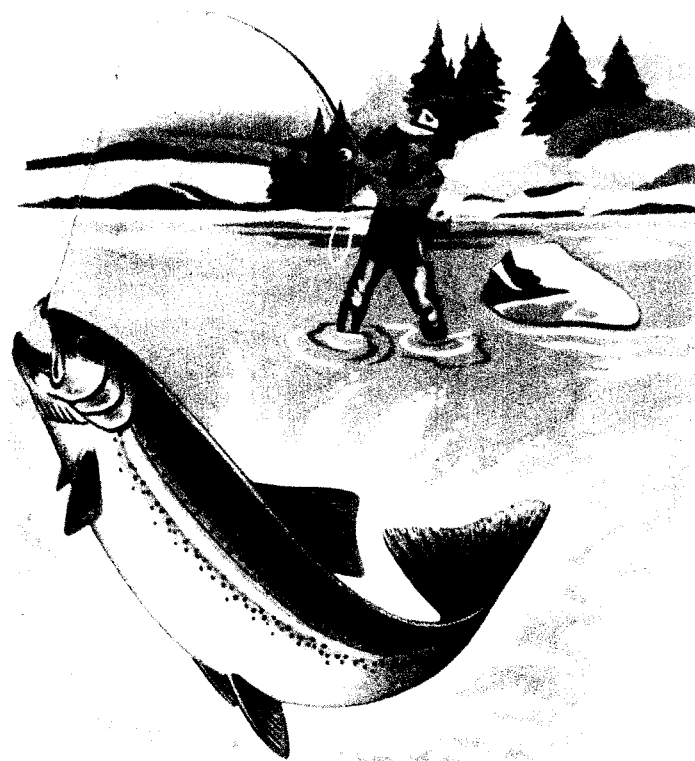
marks the important  
difference in gasoline

There are many species of salmon. Here are the distinguishing marks of some of these prized game fish:

(A). **Atlantic, or Kennebec, Salmon** is marked by black round and x-shaped spots on back and upper sides. The sea-run fish is steel blue and silver with spots. The fresh-water fish has a reddish tint.

(B). **Chinook Salmon** is distinguished by its robust body, small eyes and strongly forked tail. A Chinook may weigh as much as 100 lbs.

(C). **Landlocked Salmon** is characterized by the blue-green back and the irregular x-shaped marks on the back and upper sides.



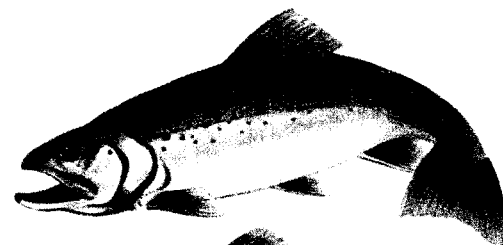
(D)

Can you tell the difference between these trout? Look for these distinguishing marks:

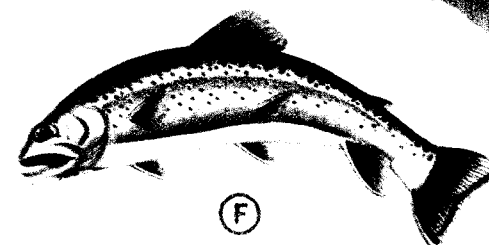
(D). **Rainbow (Steelhead)**. Many strong teeth in zigzag rows on roof of mouth.

(E). **Brown Trout**. Brownish, rather large scales. Red spots on sides surrounded by light rings.

(F). **Brook Trout**. No teeth on base of tongue. Red or pink spots on sides. Lower fins with light-colored edges. Tail is square or only slightly forked.



(E)



(F)



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Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form

## I've Been Waiting For You

By PARKE CUMMINGS



The man-hour loss is terrific

AMERICANS admittedly have to spend less time waiting in line than citizens of most other countries, but with a little thought we could eliminate untold hours wasted in this process. Getting at a national example first of all, let's take post offices. It has been my observation that roughly three out of every four people who buy stamps are obsessed with the delusion that never again in their lives will they ever be called upon to purchase another stamp.

Although a housewife seldom demands five eggs, and a smoker never requests eleven cigarettes, people are always buying odd amounts of stamps—like three, seven or eighty-six. Stamps, as everybody should know, come in blocks of a hundred, ten by ten, and this means the postal clerk has to tear the perforations both vertically and horizontally to give the customer just the number he demands. I even know one clerk, with an artistic bent, who likes to tear in patterns. The other day I saw him make a fancy block H out of a batch of 36. It was impressive, but I missed a train.

Perhaps it's asking too much of people to buy a hundred stamps at a time, but I believe the man-hours saved annually would approach the millions if they'd compromise even on units of ten where the clerk could make just one horizontal tear and let it go at that.

The modern self-service market is a good thing, but the vegetable and fruit stands have one bad bottleneck. A sign, for instance, advertises ten pounds of potatoes for 33 cents, and the customer is supposed to weigh them herself on the scale. Piling them on, she sees the indicator stop at 4 lbs. 13 oz., and accordingly adds another spud. It now registers 5 lbs. 4 oz. Discarding this one, she selects a smaller potato—4 lbs. 14½ oz.

Customers behind her are chafing to get their own onions or cabbage on the scale; but now, in an effort to hit it right on the nose, she starts working in combinations—substituting two big for three medium-size dongs, or putting in seven small and taking out one huge and two mediums. My contention is that all this could be stopped by the simple expedient of making mandatory the use of an adjustable scale which registers the exact price for any odd poundage.

While we are on the subject of food, I have two more suggestions. The first is that restaurants refuse to serve after-dinner coffee or else make the customer drink his demitasse at the cashier's desk on the way out.

My other suggestion has to do with

drugstore lunch counters. I am aware nothing can be done to reduce the bewildering variety of sandwiches and beverages they advertise, nor to induce women customers to make up their minds more quickly. I believe, however, that traffic would be speeded up at least 20 per cent by the elimination of the toasted sandwich during the noon rush hour. If people have had toast for breakfast, they can darn' well take their tuna fish or lettuce and tomato on cold bread at noon time.

Turning now to finance, and to banks in particular, I propose that any person entering a bank lobby bearing a small canvas bag—whether or not he wears a grocery clerk's jacket—should be promptly seized by two attendants and led forcibly to a special window reserved exclusively for store clerks, filling-station operators and all others who are obviously about to deposit a sum comprising 18 tens, 27 fives, 94 ones, \$6.50 in halves, \$13.25 in quarters, \$3.70 in dimes, \$7.35 in nickels and 53 pennies.

Keep the ordinary tellers' windows clear for the ordinary customers—who can usually be depended on to deposit or withdraw nice, clean, well-rounded amounts—and you'll find fewer people keeping their cash in mattresses. As for those canvas-bag depositors, provide them with a waiting room, chairs and some magazines.

And finally, I should like to say a few words to parents of boys under twelve who happen to be unusually tall for their age. Twelve is the dividing line for half-fare railroad tickets and for children's prices at many motion picture theaters. But when a ticket agent or cashier meets a demand for half-price fare or admission from a youngster who could obviously play center on the Utah basketball team, he is put on his mettle; and the dialogue that ensues, running heavily to dogma, sounds far from Shavian to the customers waiting restlessly in line:

"Hey, Buster, you're more than twelve!"

"I ain't!"

"Don't gimme that stuff! You are!"

"I ain't!"

My suggestion for eliminating such tedious and time-consuming debates is simple. Give the gland-happy youngster a birth certificate, and insist that he carry it with him at all times.

I would also supply you with a sure-fire system for preventing women from taking so much time in telephone booths if I had more space. And if I had any idea.

THE END



She's supposed to weigh them



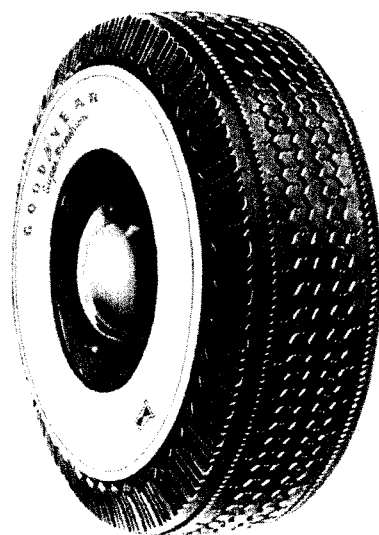
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 WHICH KIND  
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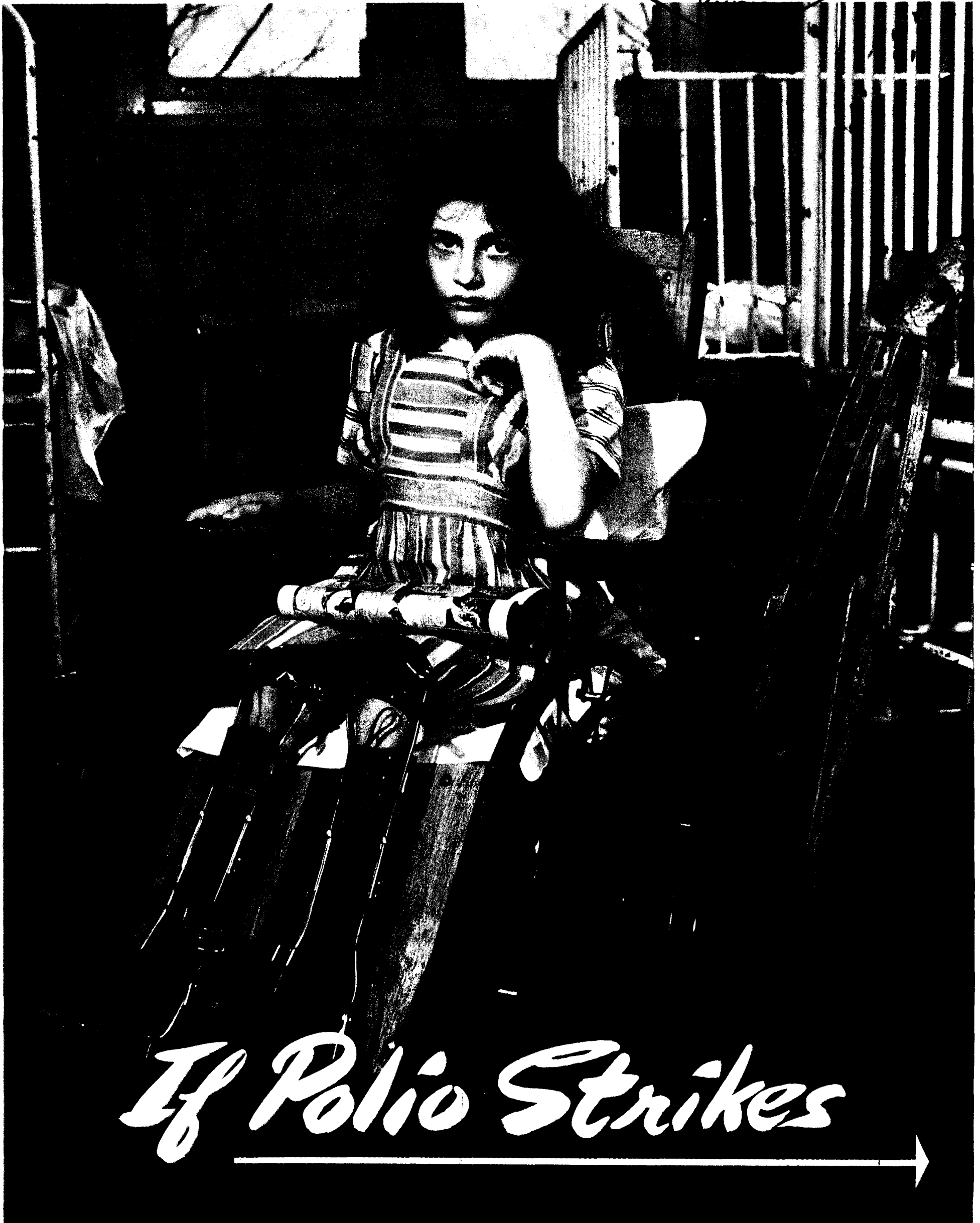
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# If Polio Strikes

# ... Is Your Town Ready?

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

**B**EHIND a back-country cotton patch in Mississippi County, Arkansas, a pretty little girl, just turning three, rides a tricycle round the dusty yard. The brace on her right arm clanks metallicly. Her left leg does most of the pedaling, for the muscles in her deformed right leg haven't come back yet. They may grow stronger, but they'll never be the same as they were before polio hit her last July.

This little girl owes neither her life, nor the fact that only one side of her body has been crippled, to the wonders of modern medicine. In fact, her story is the story of medicine at something less than its best. Her story is the story of a polio panic.

The child comes from a sharecropper family, unlettered people. When she fell ill, they delayed a little too long in taking her to a local doctor. At last they did, and the diagnosis was infantile paralysis. If he could have put her into a local hospital and under hot packs immediately, crippling might have been minimized.

But Arkansas—last year—wasn't fighting polio that way. So, instead, the youngster was rushed in an ambulance over 175 miles of rough roads to the state capital, Little Rock, her worried and confused mother holding her hand and crying that the doctors were going to "cut on my child."

But the doctors didn't cut. They never saw the child. For University Hospital was just a bedlam. Polio patients and suspects lay on stretchers on the corridor floors and panic-stricken parents swarmed round the building.

A man in a white coat, either an intern or a hastily recruited fourth-year medical student, did look at the baby. But all he said was, "You'd be better off at home." The hospital never discharged the child. It couldn't, for she had never been formally admitted. The mother just picked her up and home they went, after another six-hour jolting in the ambulance.

It wasn't until five months later that Joan Faith, a medical social worker paid by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and working under the Arkansas State Crippled Children's Service, found the little girl. She had lived through polio without medical care. But her right leg was turned outward, her right arm dangled like a flail.

It took weeks of patient visiting before Miss Faith could talk the mother into taking her daughter to a doctor again. Not until November did she and the child appear at the Forest City C.C.S. clinic, 80 miles away. Only then were braces provided for the arm and exercises for the leg.

An extreme case? Admittedly so. But a typical case, nonetheless, typical of what

happens when the fight against polio is hastily organized, when the experience of other communities is not fully utilized to prevent mistakes, when every local resource is not commandeered to aid the stricken, when catch-as-catch-can medical heroism has to pinch-hit for community planning.

What happened last year in Arkansas could happen in your state, in your town, this year—if it is allowed to happen.

Yet it need never happen. There need be no panic, no neglected children, no unnecessary deaths. Crippling can be minimized—as it was last year in Maine.

For the stories of Arkansas and of Maine have strange parallels. Both states were hard hit by the 1949 epidemic. Arkansas, with a population of nearly 2,000,000, was swamped by almost 1,000

polio cases in a few weeks. Maine, with less than 1,000,000 people, had almost the same polio incidence, 463 cases.

The citizens of Arkansas and a small band of Arkansas doctors met their epidemic with heroic measures largely developed on the spur of the moment. They licked the epidemic, but paid a terrible price.

Maine licked polio too. But its citizens were armed with advance planning. That prevented panic. They did a better job because they substituted forethought for fear.

Meeting the same experience in different ways, the two states provide a perfect lesson in how crippling can be minimized if your town is ready to handle polio when it strikes.

When the first 1949 polio cases appeared in Arkansas last May, the state had had more experience with the disease than Maine had ever had. The last Maine epidemic had occurred in 1930. Arkansas had had a 400-case epidemic in 1946.

As the disease slowly began its springtime sweep last year, it seemed logical to Arkansans to follow the 1946 policy, concentrating all cases at University Hospital in Little Rock, where there was a 30-bed isolation ward, and where most of the state's few orthopedic surgeons and pediatricians made their headquarters.

But the epidemic didn't run true to form. It focused in the northern corner of the state, in Mississippi County, which alone produced more than 15 per cent of the cases. Thus, from the start, the state's polio victims were committed to the ordeal of long-distance transportation.

In the back country, hospitals were unprepared, and in some cases unwilling, to handle or even admit an infantile paralysis victim. Much of the old fear of polio infection, which many communities have shaken off, still lurked in Arkansas. Community hospital directors found every excuse for shipping polio cases to Little Rock. Neither from the state capital nor from their own citizens did they get any effective pressure to open their local wards to these cases.

The local hospitals were hardly to be condemned. St. Bernard's Hospital at Jonesboro, for example, found itself crammed to the rafters with all sorts of other cases when the epidemic produced more than 200 polio cases in a few weeks. Its medical staff was willing to set up an emergency unit and do what it could, at that late date, to handle the flood of victims. But by then, last July, all orthopedic, pediatric and physical therapy personnel had already been concentrated in Little Rock, 150 miles (Continued on page 70)

## How to Prepare for Fighting Polio

By BASIL O'CONNOR

*President of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis*

**C**OLLIER'S is to be commended for publishing Mr. Maisel's frank examination of ways in which communities prepare for outbreaks of infantile paralysis. It is only through public participation in preparations for fighting this disease that improvements have been and will continue to be achieved.

A great step forward was taken in the last year with the formation, at the instigation of the National Foundation and the Children's Bureau, of State Polio Planning Committees on which are represented the State Health Department, State Crippled Children's Services, State Medical Society, State Hospital Association, the Red Cross, nursing, physical therapy and social work groups, as well as the National Foundation's state representative. These committees undertake to review facilities, equipment and personnel available for care of polio patients and to take steps to correct weaknesses before epidemics and their aftermaths occur. There are functioning today 25 of these committees, with plans for more in at least nine states before summer.

To readers of Collier's, the National Foundation suggests the following actions that might bring about, on a community basis, the improvements that are being sought on a state level in 34 states. If polio strikes this year in your own town, what you do now may help protect your family and your neighbor's family:

**1.** Find out if your local chapter of the National Foundation has made a survey of community resources in case of polio epidemics. If the chapter needs volunteer help in getting this information or bringing it up to date, offer to give your time for this purpose.

**2.** Find out where the nearest hospital is that will accept acute polio cases. If there is no hospital nearby, work with your chapter to see what can be done to enlist the support of an accessible hospital in advance of high incidence. If the logical hospital for polio is reluctant to plan for handling its local

cases, help let people know that polio can be handled in a general hospital, with proper isolation techniques, without danger of cross infection of patients. Ask your health authorities if they have a plan for the addition of more beds when and if needed, to avoid confusion in the midst of an epidemic.

**3.** Know the names of the medical specialists in your area who will be needed if polio comes. Ask your family physician if the County Medical Society has discussed what special consultants could be made available in the event of an epidemic. Polio-trained nurses, physical therapists, occupational therapists, medical social workers, brace and appliance makers also must be available should polio appear.

**4.** Make sure your hospitals are aware that in time of emergency they may obtain hot-pack machines, respirators and other special equipment from six National Foundation equipment depots strategically located throughout the country.

**5.** Join training courses for volunteers as arranged by your National Foundation chapter. Be ready to assist physicians, nurses and physical therapists in the care of polio patients, if needed. Volunteers can perform extraordinarily valuable service as polio emergency volunteers in hospitals and homes, doing nonprofessional tasks that save the time of overworked professionals. Volunteers also may assist in finding temporary homes for recruited personnel, operating information centers for families of polio patients, providing educational material to the community to quell fears with facts.

**6.** Make people in your town aware of the services available to polio patients, so that they can act quickly and wisely if the occasion arises. The National Foundation's 1950 Message about Polio, outlining precautions, symptoms and how to get help when needed, is available through your local chapter.

THE END



That's the way I remember Elaine—laughing and talking and dunking her doughnut in her coffee, with her eyes all shiny

# THE WAY I FEEL

By JEFF BROWN

All I wanted to say was "I love you" and I couldn't make myself do it.

I was a coward, and now for the rest of my life I'll be sorry that I was

WHEN you're seventeen, it's hard to decide whether you're still a kid or not. Sometimes I feel like an old man and then other times I get all mixed up about things, the way it was when I was only twelve or thirteen.

It's a whole year ago that it happened, but I feel just the same about it now as I did then. Charlie is my best friend and the only one I ever talked to about it and he says someday I'll forget. I don't think so, though.

I was never in love with any girl before Elaine. Charlie says you always remember your first girl, whether you were really in love with her or not, and that I'll probably never know the truth about how I felt, but I think I know.

A year ago, I was sixteen and Elaine was seventeen. Maybe you think that when a girl is seventeen she would want a fellow to be older, but that didn't seem to matter to her. Not that we ever talked about it. I didn't know her long enough.

The first time I really met Elaine was at the junior-senior dance at school. Before that, we'd nod at each other when we passed in the hall, things like

that, but you couldn't call us even friends then. Everyone knew she was Pete Harmon's girl and nobody dared to think about cutting out Pete Harmon. I never did hear the reason why Elaine and Pete broke up before the dance. Charlie says that it was because Pete got drunk when a bunch of the seniors went out after Jane Perry's party, but Charlie is always passing on what he heard someone else say.

The dance was on a Friday night and Elaine was there without a date. Pete Harmon came in with somebody else, and never spoke to Elaine all evening. About eleven o'clock they had a cut-in dance and I cut in on Joe Gates and Elaine. I think she kind of wanted to show everybody that she didn't mind not being Pete's date and so I kidded around a lot and kept her laughing. Later we took a couple of Cokes out onto the balcony around the gymnasium and looked through the big windows over the football field down to where you could see the lights shining up from Main Street. She got very quiet when we were up there all alone, and I did, too. When I asked if I could take her home, she

said, "Sure," without even turning to look at me.

Before we got to her house, we stopped at Keeler's Drugstore and had some coffee and doughnuts. We must have sat there for almost two hours, but it didn't seem long then. I told Elaine how I wanted to be an architect when I got through college; she was the first person I ever told that to. She told me about her family and what Miss Benson said about her good work in art class and how she wanted to take a course in dress designing when she finished school. Sometimes that's the way I remember Elaine best—sitting in the booth in Keeler's Drugstore, laughing and talking and dunking her doughnut in her coffee, with her eyes all shiny; and I remember the way she smiled when I talked to her.

When we got to her house, I asked her for a date the next night, Saturday, and she said okay. There was a bright moon when I walked home, and all the houses stood out against it. I remember how everything was the night I met Elaine.

I called for her at half past eight the next night. My old man had let me (Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



# *The Swallows*

By JAMES  
MARTIN YOUNG

*We would all feel a terrible sense of loss if Mitzi were to leave us. And yet,*

WE WERE trying, all of us in Marco's circus, to untangle the riddlemere of Mitzi Malone's life. "The method with millstones," cried Ivan the ax thrower, "is to drop them in the ocean!"

"And supposing," I said, "they're still tied to your neck?"

"Scotch Hannah," he admitted glumly, "you have a point, there."

It began way back when Mitzi was only six. We had given the season's last show at Marseille and returned to winter quarters close by Château Duvin in the hills south of Gardanne. Most of the artists had scattered. Bud Malone, the trick cyclist, had taken an engagement on the Parisian stage. He was devoted to his kid, but her birth had cost the life of Elsa, his wife, and that broke Bud. We knew that in the capital he'd let himself go—drink, women, every debauchery; and consolation in none of it.

He left Mitzi to make her home with me in the

wardrobe van. We all pretended that she was to help me in making the costumes. She was a tidy parcel of bother, with brown eyes, black hair and a robust and bouncing prettiness. You couldn't help liking her. Even at that age, Mitzi was a girl of character.

In no time the little mischief was up and over the boundary wall of the château. It was the home of the fabulously wealthy Paul Santot, head of the great chemical business, and we of the circus were scarcely on his visiting list—even my husband, Marco, the owner of the circus. Bless me if she didn't return with the news that she'd had tea with the seven-year-old son and heir, Emil, and been invited back.

A week later she was with Emil in the château courtyard, going for a make-believe ride in the family limousine, when a man with a hideous scar across the empty socket of his left eye sneaked out from some bushes and sprang into the car. He was gone in a flash with the children. The limousine

was found abandoned in Marseille within an hour, but no trace of Mitzi and Emil could be discovered.

Nine days of frantic search brought no news, except that twice Monsieur Santot received grubby notes demanding a huge ransom. Twice he went to the rendezvous, but no one appeared. On the tenth morning, at 3:00 A.M., a pair of astonished gendarmes on patrol in a Marseille slum were approached by a dirty but resolute little girl who was leading by the hand a boy in a state of abject terror.

"My name," she said briskly, "is Mitzi Malone, and here is Emil Santot. He lives at Château Duvin, and I close by. We are lost. Will you kindly help us get home?"

Within minutes, Emil, screaming, was being bundled into a police car, and they were putting Mitzi in after him when she turned coolly to the group of chattering gendarmes.

"Emil had best go to his mother," she said. "But as for me, should I not show you first where to find the man who took us away?"

The man with an eerie  
 breathing in a dark  
 and hair-kiss. His  
 and then were swallowed  
 something with silken wings



*rangely, all of us who loved her wanted passionately to bid her good-by*

Unruffled, she led them through a maze of back streets, and fetched up at the open door of a filthy cellar.

"He is here, in bed," she said. "An exceedingly bad man."

"You slipped away," they asked, "while he was asleep?"

"Not so easily! Each night he loaded a tray of bottles and fixed the edge of it in the crack above the door. The smallest touch brought it clattering down. The third time I tried, I really did think he would burn my eyes out with the red-hot poker he kept threatening us with. How stupid I was, when we might have escaped the first night!"

"What did you do then?"

Mitzi shrugged. "Why," she said, "this same poker. While he slept, I hit him over the head, hard as I could. See, there he lies!"

Surely, a girl of character! She came gaily back to us, and after a meal, a scrub and a sleep, she was off to one of her best-loved pastimes. She had a

long rope fixed high in the central one of three tall trees. With the other end looped round her middle, she would swoop down in graceful flight from one of the outer trees up to a perch in the third, calling, "Emil, come and see! I'm a bird!"

But unlike our sunny Mitzi, the boy had not slipped easily back to normality. News came to us that he was very ill, attended by specialists from Paris. That red-hot poker had bored into his mind. He was existing in a nightmare, unable to rest or sleep. They feared for his reason. I tried to explain some of this to Mitzi, who was impatient to see him.

"But how absurd!" she said. "I can make him sleep, easily!"

"When the doctors have failed?" I snorted.

"I succeeded each night, in the cellar."

She was determined to go to him. If I hadn't taken her, she'd have set off on her own. We saw Madame Santot, her fragile, aristocratic beauty ravaged by anxiety, her nerves in pieces. It was

easy to guess how her only child had come by his high-strung nature. She was only too ready to snatch at Mitzi's offer, and took us straight upstairs. There were three doctors in Emil's room, and two nurses. The boy, ghastly white, lay moaning pitifully and making defensive passes with his hands. Mitzi ran to his bed.

"I'm here, Emil. Now, what nonsense is this?" she said.

"Mitzi! Mitzi!" He turned toward her, groping for her. "Don't let him do it! Stop him! My eyes—the poker—"

"Cabbage! You have nothing to fear!" Oblivious of us all, she kicked off her shoes and slipped under the bedclothes beside him. "Let my arm come around you—so. Press close against me!"

He clung to her, burying his face in her fluffy black hair.

"You're safe, quite safe with me," she told him. "Close your eyes and sleep. Sleep, sleep, Emil . . ."

And in a few minutes (Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

# THE DUTCHMAN.

*Continuing* MY BASEBALL STORY By EDWARD G. BARROW

With JAMES M. KAHN

Ed Barrow's life is, in a very real sense, the history of professional baseball. His contributions to the sport, as minor-league manager, club owner, league president, manager of a world championship team, and finally as the man who built the New York Yankee empire, will be remembered as long as the game. Many consider him the greatest executive baseball has known.

The Barrow story begins on May 10, 1868, in Springfield, Illinois, where he was born. Shortly after, his family resumed the journey

by covered wagon which started in Chillicothe, Ohio, and ended on a farm 10 miles outside Des Moines, Iowa. It was in Des Moines that young Ed grew up and learned to love sports. At twenty-two he set out for Pittsburgh to seek his fortune selling soap. The business failed and Ed took a job as clerk in the old Staley Hotel, frequented by theatrical people and sports-world celebrities who soon became his friends. These contacts eventually led him to buy a minor-league baseball franchise. From that day, baseball and Barrow were inseparable

**H**ANS WAGNER is the greatest ballplayer of all time. The Flying Dutchman stands alone.

Babe Ruth was the game's greatest personality, and its greatest home-run hitter. Ty Cobb was the greatest of the hitters, and the only man I ever saw who could unnerve a whole ball club single-handed. I have always had a tremendous admiration for Larry Lajoie and consider him only a step behind Cobb as the greatest batsman of them all. But there is no question that Wagner was the greatest all-around ballplayer who ever lived.

When, in 1896, as manager and part owner of the Paterson, New Jersey, club of the Atlantic League, I signed Wagner for \$125 a month, he was awkward and clumsy, an ungainly fellow with long arms like a gorilla and bowed legs. He frightened off almost every other manager who watched him play. He never got over this appearance of awkwardness.

But he was a great player right from the start—even though he was only twenty-two when I signed him and he had had but a year in professional baseball behind him with teams in Steubenville, Ohio, and Warren, Pennsylvania. What many, watching him in only a game or two, regarded as awkwardness actually was his style. He became immortal as a shortstop, but it was impossible to place him wrongly on a ball field. He could have played any position, and he would have been a great star.

At his peak with the Pittsburgh Pirates he was without an equal. He was the most formidable batsman of his league—its swiftest and most dangerous base runner, hitting his high mark of 61 stolen bases when he was thirty-four! He set records by the dozens, many of which still are unsurpassed today.

He led his league in hitting more times than any other; for 17 consecutive years he hit .300 or better—in fact, he never had a batting average under .300 until he was forty years old. He made more hits than anyone who has ever played in the National League—more two-base hits and more three-base hits than anyone else. The Flying Dutchman, with his hard frame, deep chest and tremendous drive and power, had to hold himself in so he wouldn't hurt people. He was virtually indestructible, and still holds the record for having played the largest number of games in the National League.

## Good at Short—or Any Other Spot

When I brought John Peter Wagner to Paterson from his home town of Mansfield (now Carnegie), about 20 miles out of Pittsburgh, I used him in a number of positions. In fact, I played him almost everywhere but at shortstop. I had a good shortstop in Charley Bastian, a veteran who had played in the big leagues, and I felt I had no reason to disturb him.

I played Wagner in the outfield, at first base and at third base. One day I even let him pitch a couple of innings. But I always had the feeling that his best and most natural position, with his great arm, long stride and wonderful pair of baseball hands, was at shortstop. Some years later, at my suggestion, Fred Clarke put him at shortstop for the Pirates and kept him there, where he became, of course, the greatest the game has yet produced.

Honus was—and still is—a lovable Dutchman. He was always willing, always eager to do what he was told, and he would rather play ball than eat. He

**Honus Wagner, when he was burning up the National League. Ed Barrow rates him best of all the stars he has known**

Collier's for May 27, 1950



# .Greatest of Them All

was an immense favorite with everyone—with the players and the fans. Before his first season in Paterson was over, the whole town was crazy about him. They named cigars, beer and even babies after him. Being so good-natured, and somewhat comical just to look at, he was the butt of many a practical joke by his teammates and he pulled off many a funny stunt himself, though more times than not unintentionally.

On one occasion, when we took part in the first night ball game ever played, Wagner unwittingly, and literally, supplied the fireworks. This was on the Fourth of July in '96, in Wilmington, Delaware.

## "Big" Crowd at First Night Game

Denny Long, manager of the Wilmington club, suggested we play the game at night. Crowds had been poor and we needed a shot in the arm of some kind, and I agreed. The lights were of the old-fashioned arc type, with two sticks of carbon between which a flame leaped and sputtered. We must have had about 2,000 people in the ball park at a dollar a head. That was a big crowd, but almost from the start no one took the game seriously.

The lights fluttered and sputtered and every once in a while would go out. You could hardly see the outfielders. For improved visibility we used an indoor baseball. All during the game the spectators were shouting and jeering and jumping down on the field, and the players did a good deal of clowning themselves.

In the sixth inning the blowoff came. Lefty Doc Amole was the Wilmington pitcher, the same Doc who, the following year, went to Baltimore to play with John McGraw, Hughie Jennings, Wee Willie Keeler, Frank Bowerman, Wilbert Robinson and other famous old Orioles under Ned Hanlon.

Doc was pitching in the sixth, and the fans were howling and hollering, "Fake!" when Wagner came up to the plate, serious and menacing as usual. Up came a big white sphere—only this time it wasn't the ball. It was a giant "torpedo," a firecracker disguised as a baseball, which Amole had bought on his way to the ball park.

Wagner smacked it and there was a loud explosion. Gone was the ball, and so was the ball game. Almost at the same time that Wagner hit the torpedo, players ran for the clubhouse and fans poured down out of the stands, clamoring for their money back. But Denny Long was foresighted. He already had taken off for the hotel with the receipts. I was glad he had; we needed the money.

That was my first, and my only, venture in night baseball. What I thought of it then hasn't changed much over the years. I don't like it now.

Wagner hit .348 his first year in Paterson and kept us right up in the race. Actually, we should have won the pennant, but Deacon Ellis of Newark pulled a foxy one. He played and won three games from Billy Scharsig's Philadelphia Athletics on the last day of the season—one in the morning and two in the afternoon—and just nosed us out. A howl went up throughout the league, led by Bill Barnie of Hartford and myself. Charles Soby of Hartford had put up a cup for a postseason series. Barnie and I refused to recognize Newark's victories, and Paterson and Hartford played off for the cup, Paterson winning, four victories to two, with Wagner the star of the series.

Wagner was even more sensational in his second year with Paterson than he had been during his first. But in midseason I sold him to the Louisville club of the National League. At the time, he was hitting .379. He was playing third base regularly and, in addition to knocking the cover off the ball, was running wild on the bases. National League managers, coming into New York to play at the

Polo Grounds, heard about this phenomenal Dutchman over in New Jersey who could play anything and hit anything. Almost all of them came over to Paterson to see him at one time or another—Connie Mack of the Pirates, Scrappy Billy Joyce of the Giants, Frank Selee of Boston and others.

Minus the staff of scouts maintained by big-league clubs today, the managers did most of the scouting for new talent themselves. In the case of those coming into the Polo Grounds, they could not take too much time away from their own ball clubs, and consequently saw Wagner only for a day. Wagner, funny-looking and awkward, was not convincing on one look, and they went away unimpressed.

Frank Selee of Boston said:

"I wouldn't give you a dime for Wagner."

George Stallings, then manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, sent Con Lucid, one of his pitchers, over to Paterson to scout Wagner in a game we were playing with Richmond. Lucid took one look

at the Dutchman and then concentrated on the shortstop for our opponents, a brash youngster named Norman "Kid" Elberfeld. Lucid reported to Stallings:

"Wagner big and clumsy; too awkward to play big-league ball. Recommend purchase of Elberfeld, who should make National League grade."

Thus Elberfeld, who went to the Phillies and later became famous with the first Yankees under Clark Griffith as the "Tabasco Kid," was picked over Hans Wagner.

But among those who came to see Wagner, there was one who didn't hurry away after his first look. That was Harry C. Pulliam, later to become president of the National League, but then secretary of Barney Dreyfus' Louisville club.

Pulliam watched Wagner for five days and saw for himself what this extraordinary player could do on a ball field. He offered me \$2,000 for Honus.

I reminded Pulliam that when I had signed Wagner for Paterson, (Continued on page 73)



Barrow shows a memento of the first flag he ever won (1895) to Collier's Jim Kahn. They are long-time friends

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO



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# Father Doesn't Like Me

Just looking at Stanley Steele, you knew he'd never be a runner. But he had something that didn't show: a determination to prove something—to his father and to himself

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

IT WAS a warm Friday night in early spring, with a big full moon coming over Steeles' house east of us. I was out in the front yard, waiting for Betty Wheatley to show up in her father's car and drive me to the movies, and I was thinking about Betty, and graduating, and what I would do all summer—you know, first one thing and then another. Except I wasn't thinking about Stainless Steele. I wish I had a dime for all the times I *never* thought about him.

Then a bike came down the sidewalk, something thudded on the porch next door west of us, and it was Stainless, coming home from his paper route. We were his last customer, but instead of throwing the folded paper at the porch like always, he stopped and got off his bike and came through the gate.

"That you, Joe?" he said. He was seventeen, but his voice hadn't changed for sure yet, and he usually squeaked some when he talked.

"Who else would it be?" I said. I didn't want to talk to him. I didn't want his squeaky voice interrupting my thinking about stuff.

"Well, I couldn't see you very well in the dark," he said. He couldn't have seen me very well if it had been broad daylight, either. "Here's the paper," he said, and kept standing there.

"Okay," I said. "You want a receipt or something?"

He was fiddling with the earpieces of his spectacles and peering at me in the moonlight, and it made me nervous. Just living next door to him made me nervous sometimes. He said, "No, I just—well, I just wanted to ask you something, Joe."

"Shoot," I said. "You want some pertinent poop about the grim facts of life or something, Stainless? You want biological advice?"

"No," he said. He sat down by the steps, and the lights from the window glinted on his glasses. "Joe, I was wondering—can just anybody go out for track?"

"That's a good question," I said. "What brings it up, Stainless?"

"Why, I thought I might give it a try myself," he said.

"You're kidding," I said. "You're amusing yourself at my expense again, Stainless." That's how we *all* talked to him, not just me.

"Well," he said uncertainly, "I just thought—"

"There you go being superior again," I said. "Always thinking." He didn't say anything, so I said, "What you figure to specialize in, man? The shot-put, or maybe you're fixing to make me look lousy in the high jump, huh?" He was about five foot five, and weighed maybe a hundred and thirty pounds, soaking wet and carrying books.

"No," he said, squeaking. "I don't expect to be much good at track, only I just thought—well, how's it gonna look in the yearbook, Joe, after my name where it says extracurricular activities? 'None,' they'll have to put there. So I thought, maybe this way—well, they'd put that I went out for track, see."

He was right about the yearbook. His size and the thick-lensed glasses he wore kept him from going out for football or basketball, and I guess he couldn't even *see* a baseball. He didn't sing in the glee club, or make the debating society, or the drama society, although I knew he'd tried out every year for all three. I guess the only outstanding thing about him was that he'd never missed a day on his paper route or skipped a customer, and that wasn't yearbook copy.

"What do you care?" I said. "Who reads the yearbook anyhow?"

He didn't say anything for a (Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

"I don't expect to be much good at track, but I want to give it a try," he said. "You're kidding," I said

# BIRTH OF THE QUINTS:



COLOR PHOTOS BY ROLF SHERICK

Donilda Legros, one of the two midwives at the quint's birth, shows the basket which was their original crib and the bowl in which they were first bathed. The photograph was made in her store. Below, Elzire and Oliva Dionne with another child, Claude, aged 4



Sixteen years ago on May 28, in a French-Canadian farmhouse near Callander, Ontario, occurred the most famous multiple birth in history: the birth of the Dionne quintuplets. Since then millions of words have been published about Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, now living with their family in a mansion near their birthplace; about the glitter of their lives as wards of the Crown and as a five-star tourist attraction; about the fortune they reaped for themselves, the Ontario government and the late Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe.

But the most amazing story about the quint's, the story of their actual birth, has never been fully told. Collier's here presents it as written by Lillian Barker, who, as a reporter for the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, covered the quint's from their infancy on, and gained unique access to the confidence of their parents, Dr. Dafoe, the midwives at the birth and others. The story is taken from her book, soon to be published by Doubleday & Company.

THE sudden pain frightened Elzire Dionne. Startled out of a heavy sleep, she wondered if this was the beginning of labor. But that couldn't be. The new baby wasn't expected for two months, at the end of July, around haying time.

The last week in July was the time Madame Lebel, the *sage-femme*, the most experienced midwife in the community, had saved for her. It was also the time Oliva, Elzire's husband, had told Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the country doctor in Callander, Ontario, to expect a call.

Elzire had fought against having a doctor. His fee would be \$15, maybe more, depending on the number of visits he made, and money in the depression year of 1934 was scarce and getting scarcer. But Oliva had argued her down.

Elzire had to admit this pregnancy, her seventh, was different from the others, so different she had sometimes wondered if she might have twins. Her cousin, Ernest Chretien's wife up in North Bay, had had a boy and girl the first of April and people said twins ran in families.

She had been terribly sick, too, with headaches, dizzy spells and a horrible swelling in her feet and legs, something that had never happened before. Elzire sat on the side of the bed and looked down at her feet. In the dim light of the kerosene lamp on the table they seemed twice their natural size.

The swelling and the specimen Dr. Dafoe had examined when Oliva took it to him three weeks ago "showed a dropsical condition." That was May 7th, Elzire's twenty-fifth birthday, and the doctor, sending her medicine to reduce the swelling, had said:

"The more your wife rests and stays off her feet, Oliva, the better it'll be for her *and* the baby."

The medicine had helped some and Elzire had rested all she could. But with five children to look after, Ernest, Rose, Therese and Daniel, asleep upstairs, and eleven-month-old Pauline asleep there in a crib at the foot of the bed, there had been so much to do. With a start the mother realized she had hardly had time to hem diapers, make clothes and crochet sacques for the new baby. Right now, this Sunday night, Oliva was out looking for a maid.

The pain subsided, and Elzire decided it was a false alarm. She rubbed her tired eyes and worried about the morning chores. Would she be able to cook breakfast for Oliva and the children? But if he brought back the maid, the girl could do the cooking, the Monday wash and some of the cleaning, and she could sew on the baby things.

## Morning Brings Another Anxiety

She turned up the wick of the lamp and glanced at the alarm clock on the dresser. It was set for four thirty, getting-up time in the Dionne farmhouse. Now it was twenty minutes after one, way after midnight. She'd slept longer than she thought, and Oliva hadn't come home yet!

Of course Trout Lake, where he had gone, was far and the roads were bad. Still, he should have been back long ago. Nobody had ever heard of Oliva Dionne having an accident, in all the years he'd driven an automobile, since he was seventeen. What was keeping him?

Elzire reached for the rosary under her pillow, lay back, closed her eyes and said the beads twice around, praying *le bon Dieu* and the Blessed Virgin to protect her and her family.

Half an hour later she was definitely in travail. Pains seized her, went away and came back in the rhythmic succession she knew so well from her six previous experiences. (One of her babies had died.) These were the little pains, *les petites douleurs*, the French called them, and they preceded the hard ones that came later and lasted long. With her anyhow. Some women had easy times, but she never did. All her confinements had meant suffering from 24 to 30 hours.

Alone in the house except for the children, Elzire looked at the clock again. It was nearly two, and still no sign of Oliva. And the pains were getting harder and coming faster.

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# The Untold Story

By LILLIAN BARKER

"*Mon Dieu*, if he'd just come," she murmured, "or if I could get word to my aunt . . ."

The aunt, her Uncle Alex Legros' wife, Aunt Donilda, lived with her husband and five children in the nearest farmhouse, a short way down the road. Also a *sage-femme*, Auntie had promised to help in this confinement too, as she had in the others. She was less experienced than Madame Lebel, but they often worked as a team—with or without doctors—and things went fine unless there were complications.

When the second girl was born there had been such serious complications that Dr. Dafoe, assisted by the midwives, brought her into the world. But the other Dionne children Madame Lebel had delivered.

Terrified by her aloneness and the frequency of the pains, Elzire prayed more and more. The little pains had turned into *les grandes douleurs*.

## Husband's Tale of Frustration

Finally she heard Oliva's steps. He was back, at last, but without the maid. "I'm sorry to be so late," he began. "But the girl already had a job in North Bay. Thought I'd never find her house, and coming home I had car trouble."

"Don't stop to talk," gasped Elzire. "Get Auntie quick . . . Madame Lebel . . . Dr. Dafoe! The baby's coming soon. I know. Hurry!"

Oliva wondered if there wasn't some mistake. Nevertheless, he hurried. Shortly after two o'clock the midwives, fifty-four-year-old Madame Lebel and forty-odd-year-old Madame Legros, were there to take over the job of getting things ready.

They transferred infant Pauline and her crib to the front parlor and removed the older children, except three-year-old Daniel who was left sleeping upstairs, to Auntie's house. They made a roaring fire in the kitchen stove and put on gallons of water to boil. They covered the mattress with stacks of newspapers saved for the purpose.

There was no time to lose. Madame Lebel, who had had 18 children herself and had delivered 200 others, losing only one, a premature baby, took Oliva aside:

"The pains are closer and closer together. Elzire's pulse is bad. So is her general condition. Get Dr. Dafoe here quick as you can."

The race against the stork was on. Oliva, a fast driver, even over the bumpy country road, was soon in Callander, pulling up in front of the doctor's house.

All lights were out, but the moon was bright and the old-fashioned bell was easy to see. The thirty-one-year-old husband grabbed the bell and turned it frantically. But the little doctor—that's what everyone called him—didn't seem to hear. Suppose he was out on another case!

Madame Lebel's alarming words kept coming back to Oliva as he stood on the Dafoe porch and waited. Madame Lebel didn't frighten easily. She wasn't that kind. He rang the bell again. Presently a light flashed on in the hall and Dr. Dafoe opened the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

Oliva explained.

"But the baby's not due for two months," the doctor drowsily insisted.

"My wife is very, very sick, Doctor. And my car's out front."

Dr. Dafoe, back from another delivery only a couple of hours, told Oliva to go on and he'd come along in his own car as soon as he could make it.

How long would that be?

"A few minutes."

On the drive home Oliva asked himself the same question fathers, mothers, doctors, nurses and midwives have asked from time immemorial: Why are so many babies born at night or early in the morning?

Back in the Dionne bedroom, Elzire looked terrible. Her lips were white, her eyes glazed. Madame Lebel's bright blue eyes were grave. Never had the *sages-femmes* seen Elzire (Continued on page 38)

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Dr. A. R. Dafoe, who won fame almost equal to that of the quint, delivered only two of them, the author reveals. Above, he is being assisted by Nurses Louise de Kiriline (left) and Yvonne Leroux. The quint (below) at the 1949 wedding of sister Rose and Maurice Girouard. The quint (l. to r.): Emilie, Cecile, Annette, Marie, Yvonne

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# Multiple Mr. MAYPOLE

A man can live more lives than one—but  
he wants the privilege of doing it himself

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

**B**UT I've never in my life given a reading of my works," said L. Taylor Maypole. Charles Ruddeback, his publisher, took a pipe from the rack on his desk. In the bit of America that is forever England, the book-publishing world, Ruddeback smoked a pipe incessantly, although it made him cough. He also wore unpressed tweed suits and said "Haw" a great deal, and Maypole half believed he kept a dog and a shotgun under his desk just in case a grouse season should be declared open on Madison Avenue.

"Haw, that's odd," said Ruddeback. "Mrs. Ruddeback didn't clip the announcement, but she seemed quite positive. This coming Friday evening. A reading before the Garibaldi Literary Society by L. Taylor Maypole, haw, author and world traveler."

"Somebody on your Bronxville newspaper got hold of the wrong name. I'm not going to give any reading," said Maypole.

Ruddeback, lighting his pipe and coughing, gazed between belief and disbelief at the plump, pink little man across his desk. L. Taylor Maypole confused him. He did not look like an author. He didn't look like anything except a man who ate too much. Moreover, the books he wrote were little more than inflated travel circulars.

Once or twice a year Maypole took a pleasant cruise with a notebook for his cabinmate. Returning from the cruise, he fictionized his travel notes—and this was the full extent of L. Taylor Maypole's authorship. But evidently there were readers who preferred "And there on the shore of Lake Titicaca he tasted the pomegranate sweetness of her lips," to a straightforward description of Lake Titicaca, for year in and year out his books maintained a modest but steady sale.

"Are you sure, haw, you aren't just being coy with me, old boy?" asked Ruddeback. "The women in these literary and lecture clubs are your best customers, you know. The more readings you give them the more books we'll sell. If you're going to give a reading in Bronxville you don't need to be modest about it. I'm delighted."

"I tell you I'm not going to give a reading from my books or anyone else's," said Maypole. "I get stage fright."

He shook hands and went in his rather duckish walk about his business, which happened at the moment to be the final typescript of his newest book, *Flame of the Pampas*. It needed, he thought, just a few more *mañanas* and bananas, *duennas* and *buenos*.

A week later Ruddeback telephoned to him. "Haw, Taylor," he said, "why in the world didn't you tell me the truth about that reading you gave Friday evening? Now Mrs. Ruddeback is saying I can't get tickets from my own authors. She says I'm, haw, weak-willed."

"I didn't give any reading, Charles," said Maypole patiently.

"Oh, come now. Mrs. Ruddeback's best friend heard you. She says you're gorgeous. She says you have an ethereal quality."

"She's a dirty liar," said Maypole. "What did I speak on, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Well, you read. And then—oh, the joy of travel, the—" Ruddeback broke off. "What do you mean, what did you speak on? Why keep on with a bad joke, Taylor? I'm not biting. Once burnt, haw, twice shy, you know." Ruddeback had a weakness for old sayings.

"Friday evening I went out to dinner. There were two tables of bridge. I have seven witnesses, if you don't believe me."

"Then somebody is impersonating you," said Ruddeback less truculently.

"I'm not a best seller, I'm not a well-known name. Who in the world would want to impersonate me?"

"How do I know?" asked Ruddeback. "Somebody must be doing it though. Better investigate. A stitch, haw, in time saves nine." . . .

Perturbed, L. Taylor Maypole wrote at once to the Garibaldi Literary Society of Bronxville. He had been informed, he said, that somebody had spoken before the club using his name. Might he have details?

He got a letter in reply, written in green ink on puce paper. "Dear Mr. Maypole: Your humorous little note is so very like you that I am taking the liberty of posting it on our club bulletin board. May I say again that your wicked 'impersonator' was very much enjoyed, and that our Maypole evening was a memorable one for us all? Yours sincerely, (Miss) Bernice Simpson, Secretary."

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed L. Taylor Maypole, profanely. "Somebody's doing it, all right. How can I catch him at it?"

**D**URING the next couple of weeks four acquaintances told him they were sorry they missed his readings in White Plains, Tuckahoe, Weehawken and Newark.

Then his publisher, Ruddeback, telephoned to him again.

"Taylor," said Ruddeback, "go down to Wall Street and have a chat with an old schoolmate of mine, Daunton Stringfellow, haw, will you? He's going to sue you for breach of promise."

"I haven't promised to marry any old schoolmates of yours," protested Taylor. But he went.

Stringfellow, Stringfellow, Kearns, Byrnes and Stringfellow were a firm of attorneys living like eagles at the top of a tower. Led past a glittering array of glass doors, Maypole found himself in a Jacobean office with the senior partner, an elderly eagle with enormous white eyebrows.

"Sir, this is an old-fashioned firm," said Stringfellow in a voice which came from far back in a deserted mine shaft, rumbling and echoing. "If we find a clerk or stenographer of ours is being victimized we step in. We know the law, and we've made more than one smart aleck regret his smartness."

He pressed a button on his desk. A moon-faced girl in a black skirt and crisp white blouse entered. "Ethel, my dear," asked Stringfellow, "is this the man?"

Ethel peered. "No," she quavered, "this isn't Mr. Maypole."

"I'm afraid it is," said Stringfellow. "His publisher says so." (Continued on page 50)



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN



The policeman knew an agitator when he saw one. "You'd better come with me, Fatso," he said to Mr. Maypole

# The Red Plot to Seize Berlin...

*Half a million German Commies will mass May 28th, but we are ready for them*

By **DAVID PERLMAN**  
and **SEYMOUR FREIDIN**

**I**F THEY start a fight," Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, American commandant in Berlin, told us, "we'll finish it."  
"There will be a conflict of some proportions," Major General Jean Ganeval, Taylor's French colleague, soberly predicted.

Their British opposite number, Major General Geoffrey Bourne, put it this way: "This is quite different from anything the Russians have tried before. This is more insidious, more dangerous."

The Big Three Allied commandants in the Ger-

man capital were not just talking for the exercise. Imminently confronting them, and the countries they represent, is a carefully plotted Red maneuver which, if it succeeds, will eventually blast the Western Powers out of Berlin for good and pave the way for the conquest of all Germany by the Cominform.

This fateful maneuver has been timed for Whitsuntide, May 28th.

On that normally placid holiday half a million young German Reds will stage the biggest political demonstration ever held outside Soviet Russia. Under the banner of the *Freie Deutsche Jugend*—the Free German Youth—they will march through the charred ruins of the Soviet sector of Berlin with banners flying and bands blaring.

They will reach the high, columned arches of the Brandenburg Gate at the very border between Communist Berlin and the free sectors of the city.

When they arrive at that unbarred frontier it will be H hour. For this vast demonstration of Communist youth has a purpose.

Its purpose is to churn West Berlin into a turmoil that will lead to the ultimate expulsion of the United States, Britain and France from the divided and devastated city.

May 28th will be only the beginning, although it may be a very bloody beginning. For this plan against the Allies was designed in the Kremlin, and the Kremlin doesn't stop at less than all-out effort.

Collier's is now able to reveal for the first time the nature of this plan, carried out of Moscow last December in the worn brown brief case of Walter Ulbricht, the Soviets' number one boy in Germany (see opposite page). Known as "Berlin Operational Plan for 1950," it calls for (Continued on page 42)

Police of Allied-controlled Berlin formed a human chain to hold back Reds during a rally staged by Gerhard Eisler

INTERNATIONAL



# and the Man Behind the Plot

*Walter Ulbricht, the Kremlin's No. 1 German boy, got the plan from Moscow*

By ERNEST LEISER

Berlin

THE man behind the Reds' new bid for Berlin and all other Kremlin power plays in Germany today is a cold-eyed zealot with a single human vanity and a single inhuman passion. His name is Walter Ulbricht. His vanity is his resemblance to Russia's greatest revolutionary, Vladimir Ilich Vlianov Lenin. His passion is to create a Germany in the image of the Soviet Union.

So long as Comrade Ulbricht's stubby fingers wield the instruments of total authority in what is potentially the most explosive of Russia's satellite states, the eastern "German Democratic Republic," Moscow may be sure of his unfaltering obedience to orders, no matter how shifting. It may rest confident that every idea, every act of the East German government and its 17,000,000 people will be stamped, "Made in Russia."

Fat old Wilhelm Pieck, as President of East Germany, receives Stalin's public, ceremonial messages and the formal obeisance of diplomats of the Kremlin's vassal states. Sallow, soured Otto Grotewohl, the renegade Socialist who is the "Democratic Republic's" closely watched premier, nominally sets the pattern of actual government. Officially, Walter Ulbricht ranks only a poor third. A deputy premier, one of three, he acts only when the premier is indisposed, as Grotewohl has mysteriously been of late.

Ulbricht never sits at the head of the table. But no one with more than a passing acquaintance with the grim workings of the East German State has the slightest doubt as to just where Moscow has placed the real power. Genosse (Comrade) Pieck and Genosse Grotewohl may receive the salutes of the sinister "people's police." It is Genosse Ulbricht who runs the police.

Premier Grotewohl may act as master of ceremonies at the parliamentary puppet show whereby an elaborate Two-Year Economic Plan is translated into the law of the land. It is Deputy Premier Ulbricht who drafted that plan and will mastermind its execution. President Pieck, resplendent in unproletarian morning coat, may speak in orotund tones of the need for accepting Nazis back in the "community of patriotic Germans." It is untidy Walter Ulbricht who worked out the new tactical plan behind Pieck's speech with the Kremlin's men at Karlshorst, Soviet headquarters in Germany.

## Typical "Little Lenin" Stratagems

It was Germany's "little Lenin" who in 1946 forced the shotgun wedding by which the strong Social Democratic party was compelled to unite with the weaker Communists to form a "Socialist Unity" party (SED); he who, in 1948, launched that SED as a "new type" workers' party to get all east Germans into a national front. It was Ulbricht who was Germany's representative in Moscow at the deification of Stalin on his seventieth birthday last December. It was Ulbricht who in late February again went to Moscow to discuss the Kremlin's new drive for German "unification" and to plan its execution.

Moscow could not have found a servant better suited to its imperial purposes than Walter Ulbricht. He is not personally ambitious or at least he is willing to permit the Politburo to circumscribe his ambition.

For 30 years Ulbricht has been trained to play the role of a shadow ruler. He is perfectly satisfied to go on exercising power from behind the scenes;

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or he is ready openly to assume the mantle of authority, if Moscow decides it cannot be avoided.

In a speech outlining the Communist program for 1950, Ulbricht declared: "Why, we have no thought of liquidating other political parties!" But he added as an afterthought, "Of course, there will be no old-fashioned interparty strife in the Germany which our destiny calls us to create."

In any event, whether he assumes the title as well as the tools of authority, or whether the party line is to let Grotewohl hang around, so long as Ulbricht's passion for what the Germans call *Macht-politik*—power politics—is given free play, and so long as he is able to cultivate his personal vanity, he will continue a satisfied and faithful servitor. The Soviets know this, and appear willing enough to make these minor concessions.

Like his Kremlin masters, Ulbricht has none

of the engaging frailties which might make his a warm human personality. Like theirs, his vice is the joyous, ruthless manipulation of power. The "little Lenin" is a man hated by many, known by few, loved by none.

A literal Iron Curtain guards Walter Ulbricht's private life. With other leading German Reds and top Soviet functionaries, he lives in a heavily guarded section in the pleasant Berlin suburb of Niederschoenhausen known simply as the "compound."

Ulbricht's pattern of existence is not that of a man who relishes pleasures. A cold fanatic, he has no time for emotional outbursts or physical excesses. His working day lasts from 14 to 16 hours. From his desk in the massive building which the gaudy Goering built to house his *Luftwaffe* staff, Ulbricht runs the various (Continued on page 34)

Ulbricht, a ruthless zealot, trained 30 years to become a puppet ruler for Moscow





Beach was calling, "Mira, Jose!  
I found your blonde." Jose knew  
Beach wasn't there by accident.  
Dulcinda Farrar's face was just  
as lovely as it had been before

# The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

*From the moment Aragon set out to visit the sinister Señor Praxiteles, he knew he was being followed . . .*

**The Story:** It was no wonder the girl mistook JOSE ARAGON for a farm laborer when she saw him lounging in front of the Chenoweth Hotel in El Paso, wearing dirty dungarees and smelling like a cattle pen. He and his cousin, BEACH ARAGON, had come in that morning with a load of cattle from the Aragon ranch near Santa Fe, New Mexico; and Jose hadn't yet had time to change into the kind of clothes that befitted his station as a wealthy young rancher.

Jose was partial to beautiful girls, and when this one offered to pay him to pick up a package for her in Juárez, the rowdy border town, he agreed. At worst, he suspected she might be engaged in a minor piece of smuggling. He did think it strange when she bolted and ran merely at the sight of a commonplace man in a seersucker-suit, who came out of the hotel while they were talking. But before she left, the girl told Jose he was to pick up an envelope at the desk of the Chenoweth—an envelope with the name of the person who would give him the package in Juárez.

From LOU CHENOWETH, the dryly humorous and pleasant woman who owned the hotel, Jose learned that the blond girl's name was DULCINDA FARRAR. All the rooms at the Chenoweth were occupied, but after some wheedling by Jose, Lou agreed to let the Aragon cousins stay overnight in her own private suite. Jose had barely reached the suite when the man in the seersucker suit entered, mumbled an apology for entering the wrong room, and left hastily. Jose commissioned PABLO, one of the bellhops, to find out who the stranger was. Later, Pablo sent a friend to tell him the name of the man in the seersucker suit was MR. TOSTEEN.

Accompanied by his carefree cousin Beach and by ADAM ADAMSON, a trader from Santa Fe—a huge and genial man who was loved by everyone, especially by Lou Chenoweth—Jose went over the bridge into Juárez at night. At the Café Herrera, where they went to dine, he slipped away from the others; but before he could leave the restaurant, he was accosted by a thin and wistful little Mexican girl who seemed anxious that he should not leave.

But Jose was determined to call on SEÑOR PRAXITELES—the man whose name was on the envelope left by Dulcinda—a name of evil reputation in the international underworld, as Jose knew from his experience in Counterintelligence during the war.

A short distance from the café, Jose found his path blocked by a shadowy figure. It was the man in the seersucker suit.

## II

THE man's back was turned to this small street of the Café Herrera. It would seem that he didn't know Jose was approaching his seemingly defenseless rear. But Jose had no illusions in this respect. Mr. Tosteen was there with intent.

Jose walked quietly. The man hadn't moved. His big frame in the loosely draped, wrinkled coat and wilted, sagging trousers had the implacability of a cop on the beat. The comparison struck Jose like a snapping whip. This man wasn't necessarily the enemy. He might well be the law. It was Jose who was dabbling outside the pale of respectability. Whoever Tosteen was, he wouldn't have declared his shoulder holster at the border.

Jose moved the last few paces with additional silence and with speed. He spoke the moment he was behind the big shoulders, "Your pardon, señor."

The man swiveled ponderously. He didn't unblock the exit; he merely reversed his position. Jose

was wired for quick movement, to dodge away, to duck through the opening into the safety of the avenue. But there was no opening. Tosteen stood where he was; nothing moved but his pale blue eyes. They were photographing the size and shape and features of Jose Aragon. He gave no indication that he'd ever run into Jose before. He might have been observing a complete stranger.

Jose repeated, gesturing toward the street, "Your pardon, señor." And out of whim, surely for no other reason, he converted to the Spanish tongue. "Step aside, you great mountain of warm chicken fat," he said. "Allow a true gentleman to pass beyond the stench of your uncleanness."

All of this he spoke in gentlest fashion, smiling courteously the while, bowing in compliment.



The girl wore a mourning shawl that partly covered her black hair

The man gave no indication that he understood. Not one of his sparse eyelashes twitched. He did stand aside, but only as if it had just permeated his thick brain that Jose wanted to go by. He said nothing at all, not so much as a grunt of apology.

Jose passed, murmuring, "Mil gracias." He turned left. He had no idea where the Street of the Little Female Burro was. It wouldn't be to the right; the bridge lay to the right. Tourists were coming across it in a constant trickling line by now. He had moved one block only when his path was again barred. Again it was deliberate—but this time it was not because of the envelope he carried.

The barrier was a small stanch man, incredibly dirty from his shapeless straw sombrero to the gunny sacking laced about his feet. Not because shoes were difficult to steal—from a *borracho* it was nothing—but because shoes hurt the man's toes. Hung from his neck were a battered accordion, an equally battered cornet, a flute which had once been polished, and two small brassy cym-

bals. He clanked when he moved; he had clanked from the doorway of a liquor store just before Jose approached. He was called Canario.

He swept his dirty hat from his dirty head and bowed with a renewed clanking before Jose. "It gives me pleasure," he said in Spanish, "to make music for you, Don Jose."

Jose had not expected the old brigand to remember him after so long an absence. It was true that Canario had helped him and a couple of fraternity brothers escape the police on a night out in long-ago college days. But the memory was as far away as childhood to him. How Canario could carry one face in memory, out of the hundreds he saw come and go on the bridge, was little short of incredible.

Jose gave him bow for bow before apologizing, "Later, my good friend. I am in haste at the moment."

He might as well have saved breath. Already the flute tootled from Canario's lips, his elbows squeezed the accordion, a string wound about his tapping foot clanged the cymbals.

"Later," Jose repeated impatiently, attempting to crowd by. But Canario would have none of it. He pulled away the flute and began to sing in cracked falsetto. It was a moment before Jose listened to the words.

*"Take care when you walk the Avenida Juárez,*

*Take care, take care, my old friend;*

*There are girls who will wink at you,*

*There are men a little drunk,*

*There are men who follow you . . ."*

It was the last line which stung Jose's ears to attention. When the nut-brown eyes in the wrinkled monkey face observed the attention, he broke off the song, snapped the cornet to his lips and blared a brassy grin.

Jose said, "I would hear the song again." As soon as Canario began inventing a new chorus, he spoke softly. "Perhaps it would give you pleasure to make music for the man who comes behind me? Is it possible?"

"It is possible," sang Canario, "that the band will play when the man walks down the street—"

Jose tossed a silver dollar into the cup as Canario shuffled by. Jose slid ahead of two stolid couples who were stacking Juárez up against Alton, Illinois, to the detriment of Juárez. A fresh cacophony from the Canary's band gave him courage to twist his head about. Tosteen was blocked by music.

Jose moved on quickly. He did not believe that Canario could delay the seersucker man for long. The *músico* was not brawny enough for that. Jose wasn't particularly surprised that Tosteen would follow him; obviously he had blocked the exit from Calle Herrera for a purpose, and also obviously it hadn't been to stop Jose from proceeding on his errand. Jose could have eliminated the pursuer after he knew where he was going. Until then the chase would be an aimless one guaranteed to tire the wilted man. Nevertheless, he was grateful for Canario's assistance. If he could get away now, all the better. And it looked as if he were going to make it. The music had halted in the middle of a phrase; an altercation was taking place. Not a quiet one—an uproar. From a jewelry stall, sly comment was offered, "Canario performs again."

There was going to be a chance to duck across the street under cover of a (Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

# Chicken à la Queen

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Damon's restaurant in Cleveland makes it a tempting specialty



Dining at Damon's (l. to r.): top left, Dr. Haskell Schweid, a patron for 25 years; Josephine Robertson of the Plain Dealer; Elenor Hanson, Station WHK. Top right: Mrs. D. F. Meier, and husband, an A & P Food Stores vice-president. Center table: Mrs. S. E. Kramer, and husband, Cleveland jurist; Mrs. Henry Pirtle, and husband, mayor of Cleveland Heights. Front: Mrs. Milton Widder, and husband, Press columnist; (standing) Mrs. Damon; Mrs. E. Schweid; Jack Kennon of the News, and his wife; and Attorney E. Schweid (back to camera)



Donald Strang (right), Mrs. Damon's business partner, stops by to chat with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Seltzer (he's the editor of the Cleveland Press). Strang bought into the restaurant last year

NE busy day last year, a frightening grease fire flashed through the kitchen of Damon's Dining Room, a homelike and hospitable family restaurant in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Smoke immediately filled the room, and waitresses and bus boys began colliding and dropping trays. In the midst of the commotion, the kitchen staff kept right on working. One salad girl grabbed a hand extinguisher and began using it at intervals between filling plates; a cook turned his back on a broiling steak to throw a bucket of sand on the blaze.

The calmest person in the place, however, was Mrs. Bertha Damon, the owner, a gray-haired, sweet-faced lady in her sixties.

"Don't scare the customers!" she admonished her help. "Just act as though nothing's happened."

With that, she took her own advice. Her performance in the dining room, strolling casually about and greeting friends, was so successful that none of the 150-odd guests were aware that anything was wrong until the red trucks pulled up outside.

By then the kitchen people had the fire under control, and Mrs. Damon asked the firemen to walk through the room quietly, as though they were on a routine inspection. The fire was put out, the smoke expelled, and the only mishap was the delay of a few orders of chicken à la king, a house feature.

A few nights later, a husband and wife who were waiting for dinner became involved in a somewhat heated argument. Their voices began to rise, attracting the attention of other diners.

"Serve them right away," Mrs. Damon whispered to a waitress.

The waitress scuttled for the kitchen, and Mrs. Damon, beautifully groomed and serene, wandered over to the warring couple's table.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs.———" she said, in her habitually soft voice. "So nice to see you again. How is your little boy?"

The man broke off in the middle of a sentence; the woman looked surprised and sheepish. They got themselves under control, exchanged a few pleasantries, and turned their attention to their food, which the waitress had begun to put on the table. They didn't quarrel again the rest of the evening. "Nothing like dinner to break up an argument," Mrs. Damon later remarked.

The quiet composure that Mrs. Damon exhibited in these two instances was typical of the way she always has run her restaurant, which is a Cleveland institution and an imperative stop-off for thousands of tourists each year. She behaves in it as she does in her own home—and, in fact, spends more time in the former than the latter. Widowed early in life, after only a few years of marriage, she opened her first place in 1922 and threw herself into her work with all her heart. Today, although she likes an occasional movie, a game of bridge, or an evening of conversation with friends, her dining room is her life.

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Damon spent two years at the Battle Creek, Michigan, School of Home Economics and Dietetics, after which she became a teacher in the Cleveland public school system. She much preferred the work she did in the summers, when she managed restaurants and cafeterias in the city's department stores, and soon decided that teaching wasn't her forte. After she had saved around \$5,000, she and a friend, Mrs. Elsie Bowman (now with the Town and Country restaurant in New York), opened a small place called the Brown Betty at 1848 Coventry.

The partners couldn't spare the price

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLIER'S BY IKE VERN

of an attention-getting sign and had no budget for newspaper advertising. Mrs. Damon, undaunted, persuaded a sister-in-law, Mrs. Ruth Howk, to sit at a table near the front window all evening, looking as though she were enjoying her food.

Mrs. Howk, now living in Dayton, still eats Damon's food when she visits Cleveland, but not in her former role of shill. Damon's has no need to fake eaters or advertising. Mrs. Damon always has been inflexibly determined to serve the best food she could produce, and this policy has paid off to the extent that the restaurant's four rooms are crowded seven days a week at lunch, teatime and dinner. The kitchen turns out from 500 to 800 meals a day. Last year the gross was over \$350,000, and it will probably go higher in 1950.

Mrs. Damon does not regard her achievement as particularly remarkable. She is much prouder of the record she set in a branch restaurant that she opened in near-by Shaker Heights in 1931, the middle of the depression. There she used to serve tenderloin steaks for a dollar, but she held on and managed to build the sister place into a highly profitable operation, which she sold in 1946.

"I like to stay on the floor and welcome our guests," she often says. "I think the customers like to know that we want them to feel at home."

#### Help Seem Part of Family

Mrs. Damon extends this feeling into every phase of her business. Her employees call her "Mother"—although not always to her face—and she regards all her help as part of her immediate family. For this reason, many of her employees have been with the restaurant almost as long as she has.

Mrs. Ella Blair, a plump and pleasant grandmother, has been waiting on tables for 28 years; she was there when the Brown Betty's doors were opened. Mrs. Mae McGrath, tall, gray-haired and witty, has been serving for 25 years, and two other waitresses have been on hand for 18.

Not long ago, Mrs. Blair, speaking of a woman who had been a Damon's employee for 15 years, momentarily forgot the other's name.

"You know," she said to Mrs. Damon, "that new girl."

Mrs. Damon's daughter, Gladys Damon Talbot, a lively, green-eyed lady in her mid-thirties, is now associated with her mother as manager of the restaurant's candymaking operation. The Damons are comparative newcomers to a

long list of mother-daughter combinations who have worked for them. In 1946, a mother, daughter and granddaughter were working side by side at the salad table in the kitchen.

Not unnaturally, even the customers have soaked up some of this familial atmosphere. Many smart young Cleveland Heights mothers are placing their children in the same high chairs they sat in themselves as tots.

This is a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Mae McGrath. "Look at that one over there!" she will call to the room at large, indicating a young matron dining with her husband. "Bless her heart, I remember when her folks used to bring her in here in a basket!"

#### A Faithful Patron Explains

Loyal as most of the customers are, none can match the loyalty of a lady who lives near by, the wife of a prominent real-estate man. "Do I eat in Damon's?" she said not long ago. "Listen. I eat here three-four days a week, some weeks every day. Today I was downtown shopping. Plenty of good restaurants there, and it's a 20-minute ride back out here. Me, I had to come back. Don't ask why!"

For some time, the lady had only one fault to find with her favorite place. She never could get the kitchen to serve Palachinkins, or cheese blintzes. She was constantly telling Mrs. Damon about them—how delicate they were, how the cheese and the light pancake dough blended so that just to look at them made one hungry.

At length she took things into her own hands. One Wednesday noon she showed up with her cook, and the two of them marched into the kitchen and showed the help how to make them. Palachinkins are now on Damon's menu regularly.

To make them at home, take 1½ pounds of dry cottage cheese, 4 egg yolks, a teaspoonful of salt, ½ cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon of nutmeg. Mix all this together. Use 2 tablespoons as filling for each crepe Suzette, and fold over. Put in a baking pan and pour over ½ cup of cream. Bake 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven, serve warm, sprinkled with powdered sugar. (Continued on page 36)

**Manager Charlotte Darragh inspects operations in the kitchen where the cooks have just finished a Virginia ham and a platter of fried chicken. That's a mouth-watering portion of chicken à la king she's dishing up**



Typical Damon's setting, featuring the delicious Palachinkins (cheese blintzes) prepared according to an old family recipe a patron supplied Collier's for May 27, 1950



Most popular dish on the restaurant's large menu is the chicken à la king à la Damon's. For this recipe, as well as for Palachinkins, see reporter Gehman's story on these pages



# Count Heads in the Land

By DAVE GRUBB

WHEN Polk Lowther got home from the sawmill that night he was not surprised to find that his wife Rita had gone to town and left the beds unmade and no supper ready and the kids ripping and tearing around like a pair of crazy hound pups. And when Polk went to the doorway and called to them to come to bed they grimaced scornfully at him and galloped on, unheeding. Polk shrugged and glanced down through the dusk at the carnival lights beyond the distant village. She'd be there, he knew, squandering the last cent of his Friday pay on caramel popcorn and an armful of plaster Kewpie dolls, their faces fixed in the same expression of perpetual, vacuous astonishment that one might see in the face of Rita herself. Polk Lowther redd up the house as best he could; he mixed the slop for the two pigs, and then made his way down the weedy slope to the pen.

"Hey there!" came a voice from down on the dirt road. Polk whirled, startled, and strained his eyes through the gathering mist at the two headlights and the black shape of the old jalopy.

"Are you Polk Lowther?" hollered the voice.

Polk moved slowly and suspiciously down toward the fence. "That's me!" he yelled in answer.

At that the car lights were suddenly extinguished, and presently the beam of a flashlight came weaving up the path to the gate.

"Name's Higley," said the stranger at last. "From the U.S. gov'ment. I just need a few minutes of your time. Could we go up to the house where there's a little light?"

"Well," said Polk, "I reckon there wouldn't be no harm."

In the light of the oil lamp Polk studied the thin, white-haired stranger with ravenous curiosity as he opened the large cracked brief case and took out some papers.

"Mister Lowther," exclaimed Polk's visitor with a cheery, ceremonious nod, unscrewing his huge fountain pen, "I'm the census taker from the U.S. gov'ment. Every ten years they send people like me around to count heads in the land."

Polk nodded darkly and, folding his arms, regarded Mister Higley, the census taker, with pale, unflinching suspicion.

"All right," he said presently. "I don't allow there is any harm in that. There's me and my wife Rita. And there's the little girl yonder, Pearl Harbor, and there's the boy, Oliver—he's the least one."

And he watched every move, answering Mister Higley's questions promptly but with caution and staring at the tiny gold point of the pen winking in the lamplight. Suddenly Polk flushed and glanced about him at the litter of the unmade beds and the dirty dishes on the pump stand and his two kids, grimy and uncombed, staring openmouthed at Mister Higley from behind Polk's chair.

"You'll have to pardon the house," Polk said feebly.

Mister Higley waved a hand and shook his head, smiling. "Think nothing of it, Mister Lowther," he said. Then he asked, "Now, you tell me your wife is living?"

"Yes," said Polk, staring at the ceiling with a sniff. "She's went to prayer meeting this evening."

"And you're the sole wage earner?" said Mister Higley.

"How?"

"What I mean is—you're head of the house?" explained the census taker.

"Head of the house?" said Polk. "Why—I don't rightly know. I never thought much—"

"What I mean is, Mister Lowther, you *are* the breadwinner?"

"Why, sure!" cried Polk. "I work at the sawmill up by Gypsy Lick!"

"Then you're the head of the house," Mister Higley said with finality. He commenced writing again.

"Now then," Polk said presently, clearing his throat like a man about to testify in church, "what you mean is—I'm head of *this* house?"

"Why, certainly!" said Mr. Higley, showing his white, shiny teeth in a smile.

Polk scratched the top of his sandy head soberly and was silent for a moment. "Well, God Almighty," he said after a bit.

Presently Mister Higley folded his brief case, rose, and bade Polk farewell.

"Wait just a minute," said Polk softly, his eyes



ROBERT J. LEE

He gathered up the dolls and threw them as far as he could, listening till they smashed against the rocks

narrowed with crafty speculation as Mister Higley made uneasily for the door. "Could I have that in writing?" Polk said. "I mean—official. From the U.S. gov'ment?"

"I—I don't believe I understand, Mister Lowther."

"Please," whispered Polk, towering above the astonished Mister Higley, his huge fingers opening and closing in supplication. "Just—just that part about me being the head of the house. Couldn't you write that part down on a paper? What you might call a sort of a—a deed?"

Mister Higley eyed Polk wildly and backed away with a chattering little laugh.

"Why—why, I suppose so," he agreed. "Certainly. Certainly!"

Polk folded his arms and stared through the kitchen window at the slowly circling string of lights on the distant carnival Ferris wheel.

"There!" exclaimed the census taker after a spell. "I suppose that's what you mean."

And though Polk could not read, he took the sheet of paper and studied the marks reverently in the steady, yellow circle of the lamp.

"Yes," he said softly, and his voice was shaking now. "Yes."

Polk did not answer Mister Higley's hasty fare-

well, nor even know that he had left. He sat now at the table with the paper in his hand, gravely regarding the black lace of words. He could hear Pearl Harbor and Oliver down by the hogpen teasing the pigs.

"Pearly! Oliver!" called Polk from the open door. "Git on up here to the house! It's bedtime!"

"Don' wanna!" yelled Pearl Harbor.

"Don' wanna!" yelled Oliver.

Quietly and without anger, Polk went down and cut himself a slim switch from the young peach tree. In a moment he was herding the astonished and screaming youngsters up the yard. When they were silent in their beds at last, Polk sat down by the lamp and lighted his pipe.

In time the lights of the distant carnival winked out. Polk settled back calmly and waited. When Rita appeared in the doorway an hour later, Polk was standing by the table, his hand resting dramatically on the back of the split-bottom chair.

"Where you been?" he said.

"Well, how about that now!" whined the pretty, black-haired girl. "What's it to you where I been!"

She scowled at Polk with a mocking pout on her round, implausible mouth. Her arms cradled two new Kewpie dolls and a large sack of caramel popcorn.

"It's plenty to me where you been!" said Polk, keeping a good hold on his temper. "I'm head of the house!"

"Since when?"

"Since tonight," said Polk.

"Who said so?"

"The Census, by God!" shouted Polk, slamming his palm on the table till the lamp jumped and chattered. "He was here from the U.S. gov'ment and he made me head of the house! Now wash them dishes and make them beds and git me some sandwiches for my pail tomorrow! And not no peanut butter, neither! Bacon and eggs!"

"I like that!"

"You'll like it a sight better," roared Polk, "'gainst I take this leather belt after your triffin' butt!"

The red, streaked faces of Pearl Harbor and Oliver, still outraged and unbelieving, appeared abruptly in the doorway.

"Git back in bed!"

"Polk, you leave them kids be!"

"Git back in bed!" roared Polk.

The two moonfaces disappeared into the darkness of their room as if snatched there from behind.

"Who's this here Census comin' around here and bustin' up my happy home!" whimpered Rita.

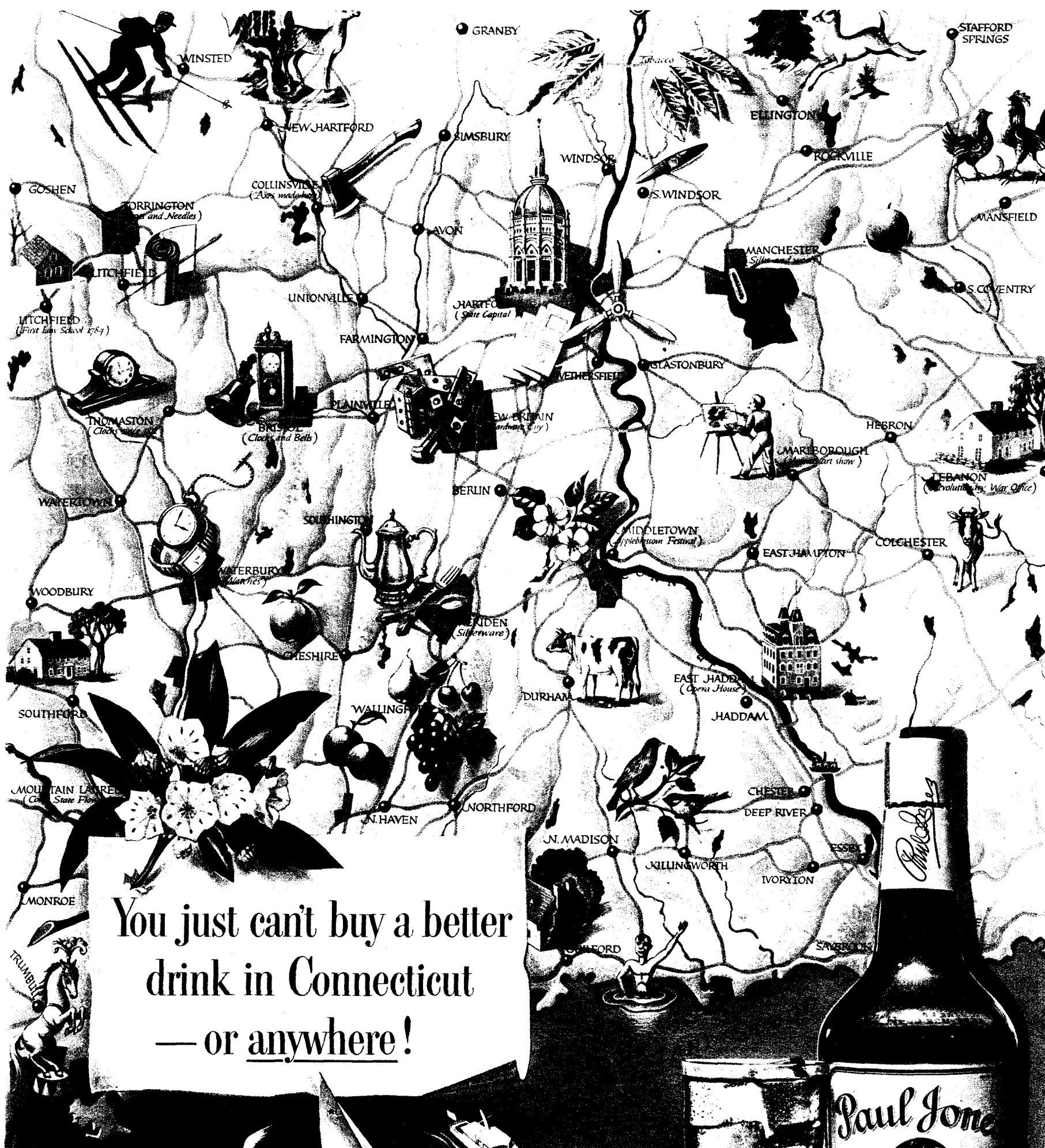
"It's a shame and a caution about your happy home, Miss High-and-Mighty!" shouted Polk. "Buyin' beers for every drummer that gets off the bus! But from now on, things is different! The Census has made me head of the house! Now git busy and go feed the chickens!"

"But, Polk! It's dark out!"

Polk took the big leather belt out of his trousers and tried its weight in his hands. Then he doubled it and whacked it loudly on the tabletop, as if he were testing it. Rita scurried into the dark. When she was gone, Polk gathered up the Kewpie dolls and threw them into the night as far as he could, listening until they smashed on the rocks below the hogpen. Then he fetched his toolbox from under the bed and gravely nailed the white sheet of paper to the wall above the pump. He stood back, regarding it for a moment—the whitest thing by far in all the room. And then Polk Lowther sat down on the front step and began to eat the caramel popcorn from the bag Rita had brought home from the carnival that night.

THE END

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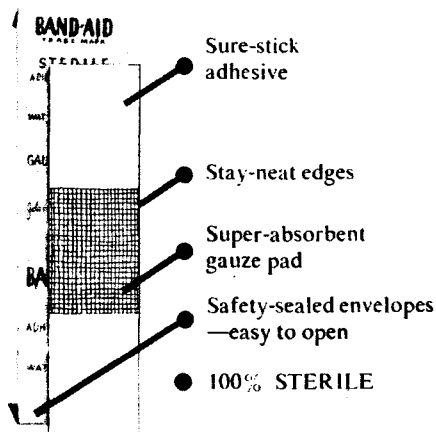
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## ... and the Man Behind the Plot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

economic ministries which fall within his province as Master Planner. From another desk in the headquarters of the SED party, in an office where a portrait of Lenin looks down on his latter-day imitator, Ulbricht runs party politics; offers its bribes and conducts its purges. When day is done, a single light burns in Ulbricht's villa, signifying that he is still at work there.

Ulbricht and his mistress Lotte entertain rarely, but keep a room especially for political "guests" from Western Germany. Max Reimann, boss of West German Communists, always stays with them when he comes to Berlin for new instructions. One of the few associates who pay "social" visits to Ulbricht is Kurt Fischer, chief of the East zone's police force and on whom Der Walter relies most heavily. Infrequently, Ulbricht will have a small party for high-ranking Russian neighbors in the compound, and will break out some excellent vodka—the only drink that he professes to like, although he sips it sparingly.

Ulbricht was born fifty-six years ago in a Leipzig slum. His father was a tailor who was barely able to keep the family alive.

After a brief and perfunctory education in the elementary schools, morose young Walter was apprenticed to a carpenter. At fifteen, in 1908, he joined the workers' youth organization which the Socialist party was setting up. At seventeen he became a full-fledged member of the woodworkers' union and learned the language of revolution. In 1912 (there was as yet no Communist party) he joined the Socialists.

During the first World War, Walter, along with other young Socialist firebrands, distributed illegal antiwar literature, always a jump ahead of the Kaiser's police. He became an ardent disciple of both Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the two revolutionaries who, during the war, founded the German Communist party. Ulbricht each year religiously delivers a memorial address to Liebknecht and Luxemburg, who were murdered in Berlin in 1919 and are now the party's official martyrs. Veteran observers report that, for this very special occasion, the emotionless Ulbricht manages a few worshipful tears.

In the early 1920s, the new Soviet Russia was hopeful of a Communist revolution in Germany. Keenly aware of the Moscow party line and determined to tell the Politburo what it wanted to hear, Ulbricht, then a party organizer in Thuringia and his native Saxony, reported that all that was needed was the signal to arise.

"But are we strong enough?" a worried comrade asked.

"In my territory," Ulbricht answered, "every worker has a rifle in his kitchen closet."

Although it turned out that the Germans were not ready for Communist revolution, the men of the Politburo forgot that Ulbricht had misled them. They remembered only that he had promised them utter loyalty and so, in the middle twenties, they summoned him to Moscow and promoted him to the inner circle of German Communists.

Ulbricht became occupied, first, in cultivating the sparse brown hairs on his chin in pious imitation of the master; second, in learning the newest technique which the Kremlin had devised to sow the seeds of world revolt.

This technique was that of "atomization." The old party apparatus with its reliance on personal comradeship was dissolved. In its place was substituted a new structure, of which the secret Communist "cell" was the foundation.

As always, Ulbricht learned his lesson by rote and was soon dispatched back to Germany to root out the growing number

of dissidents and to put into practice the theory of cell organization.

How eagerly he accepted the mantle of anonymity when the order to do so was issued can be seen from the alias he adopted. Ulbricht became simply *Genosse Zelle*—"Comrade Cell." He went around the country probing for signs of weakness or "deviation" in the party structure.

By 1928, the cell system was well established, and Moscow permitted Ulbricht to regain his identity in order to take a seat as a Communist deputy in the Weimar Republic's Reichstag.

Der Walter had by then won the high esteem of the Kremlin. He became a member of the German Politburo and, though still relatively inconspicuous, one of the five or six leading men in the party.

The importance which Moscow attached to his services was evidenced even more clearly in 1933. When the Nazi terror flamed across the Reich, the Communist small fry were left behind with orders to wage a desperate underground fight. But Ulbricht was one of the handful selected for "higher service to the party" (and a longer life). He was spirited out of the

in eastern Germany. Ulbricht and the Soviet strategists with whom he consulted daily decided to force a merger with the numerically stronger Social Democrats.

Just before Christmas, 1945, the story goes, Ulbricht was visiting Major General Alexander Kotikov, then Russian commander at Halle. Also a visitor was Social Democratic leader Grotewohl, upon whom heavy pressure was being put to accept the proposed fusion. The three men had a long evening of politics and vodka. Finally, Kotikov suggested that Grotewohl and Ulbricht spend the night. He generously offered to give up his own bedroom to them. He showed them up the stairs and to the room. Then, as he shoved them through the door, he shouted jovially, "There you are, you two. Now—beget unity!"

The merger was pushed through a few weeks later despite bitter objections by the Social Democratic rank and file. Effective opposition to the Communists was eliminated. Grotewohl, in the local phrase, was neatly "tucked into Der Walter's brief case."

Gradually and unobtrusively, after this early coup, Ulbricht emerged as the "Iron Man" and real boss of the postwar German Communists.

It is Ulbricht who has been the main repository of Moscow's trust and the principal channel for transmission of its orders. He has become the only German leader whom the Soviet occupation chiefs regard as one of them.

As the Kremlin's trusty, Ulbricht has been responsible for all the planning by which Moscow has moved to tie eastern Germany hand and foot to the Soviet bloc economy. At first, he was charged with the impossible task of reviving industrial production at the same time the Russians were stripping the zone's industrial plants for reparations. Then he was given a job which was relatively easier: to communize industry through a Two-Year Plan. That plan is in turn to be followed by a full-fledged Five-Year Plan, starting next year.

Ulbricht also has been charged with shaping the party into whichever mold Moscow finds most attractive at the moment. First he was to establish it as the leader of the "democratic working-class movement." Then he was told to "strip it of its fatty tissue and make it a tight, militant cadre," then to make it a party of a "new type" altogether; then to establish it as the guide-counselor of a national front held together by Teutonic patriotism.

He has had to welcome not only former Nazis, but even Ruhr capitalists. "We cannot," he wrote in an appeal for the national front, "ask every German first whether he is a good democrat, or whether he is a capitalist, or was a member of the Nazi party. The only question must be: Is he a loyal German and not a traitor to the unity of the Fatherland?"

Few would call Ulbricht a comic character, yet there is an element of the farcical in his attempt to project himself as the new, German Lenin.

A thoughtful German journalist, watching the Communist boss as he spoke to a meeting of trade-union representatives not long ago, pointed out how Ulbricht held his left shoulder higher than the right (in imitation of Lenin) and how he chopped the air with his hands (in imitation of Lenin). Then the observer said:

"I wonder if he will ever see the real difference between himself and Vladimir Ilich. I wonder if he will ever understand that Lenin originated a system and that he is only one of its uglier by-products."

"I wonder if Der Walter can comprehend that, while Lenin created the Soviets, Ulbricht himself is only a Sovietized man."

THE END



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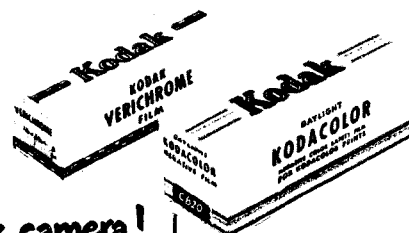
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## ***Chicken à la Queen***

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31**

The customers' loyalty sometimes switches to dependency, possibly because Mrs. Damon gives the impression that she can handle any situation. One day a harried doctor from upstairs—the restaurant is located on the ground floor of the Heights Medical Building, at 2466 Fairmount—came in and said, "Mrs. Damon, my wife just called and said to bring home something to serve with roast beef. What do you suppose she means?"

"Dill pickle relish, most likely," Mrs. Damon said. "I'll get some ready for you."

"Mrs. Damon," said the doctor, sighing gratefully, "what would we do without you?"

Neighborhood housewives often ask themselves the same question. On busy days, they sometimes dispatch their offspring alone, coins clutched in their hands, to Damon's for lunch. "Mrs. Damon acts as though they're her own children," one mother says, fondly. Kids get a special menu with a picture of Red Riding Hood on the front; it offers meals called Peter Rabbit (vegetable plate), the Three Bears (peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches), and Little Red Hen (chicken and vegetables).

Touched though she is by her customers' constancy, Mrs. Damon is also a little puzzled by it. "I'm glad they're so faithful, but I should think they'd want a change every once in a while," she says, shaking her head. She herself eats mostly in her own place, but now and again she will turn up in other spots around town. An active member of the Northeastern Ohio Restaurant Association, she served as its president in 1941; her business partner, Donald Strang, who joined her last year and who owns two restaurants, headed the group in 1946.

Mrs. Damon joined forces with Strang because she wanted to be relieved of some of the business responsibilities. Right away, she decided to go on a month-long trip to South America, but a columnist in a Cleveland paper changed her plans. He wrote that she was selling out completely, whereupon old customers protested so vociferously that Mrs. Damon had to wait around for a month or two, reassuring friends that she wasn't leaving for good.

Strang is an affable, modest, stoutish gentleman who was once an investment broker. When he came into the Damon's picture, he recognized at once that the place could not be changed. Consequently it still bears a strong resemblance to the dining room of a friendly, well-established home.

## Fashion Show at Lunchtime

The personnel, from manager Charlotte Darragh on down, are as gracious as hostesses at a tea party, and the *décor* is as feminine as an embroidered guest towel. The main room has blue walls, a black and pinkish flowered rug, crystal chandeliers, lyre-backed chairs and a pink leather clothes rack. Every day at noon, three or four models parade from table to table, showing off the latest fashions from neighborhood shops.

This atmosphere of femininity—plus, perhaps, the fact that Damon's serves no alcohol—keeps men away at lunch. Nothing, however, prevents them from crowding in at night with their wives and children, for at that time the fruit salads, tomato surprises and the rest of the bridge-party dishes give way to rich, red-brown roasts of beef, delicately browned joints of chicken with savory stuffing, garlic-touched lamb chops, golden cheese dishes, tender, broiled fish and filling, steaming casseroles.

The first night I ate there, I had a tomato juice cocktail (served, by the way, with a chicken salad *canapé*, another homelike touch), baked glazed pork chop, whipped potatoes, buttered new cabbage and a tossed salad of greens with garlic dressing. For dessert I tried Mrs. Damon's famous lemon

meringue pie; it was nearly four inches thick, with a crust that cringed and crumbled when the fork came near, and when I breathed on it, it trembled.

The bill for all this came to \$1.85. Cleveland Heights is one of the highest per capita income cities in the country, but Damon's prices always have been modest. Dinner, beginning at \$1.35, never runs over \$3.55 (for the tenderloin steak).

The pork chop I had was an inch and a half thick, brown and gold on top and brownish-white inside, moist and soft clear through. The fat near its bone was crisp and succulent, and I cut it with my fork.

"Must take a lot of trouble to prepare chops this way," I said to Martha Courter, the dark-haired dietitian, who came to Damon's last year from Cornell.

"Don't be silly," Martha said. "All we do is put the chops in a baking pan, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and put a slice

*From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places*

of lemon and a teaspoonful of brown sugar on each one. Then we make a mixture of half catsup and half water and pour it around the chops so they're just covered. We bake them for about an hour in a medium oven, and that's all there is to it."

Damon's kitchen is no bigger than a dozen pool tables lashed together. In front of the big, shining black stoves, a battery of immaculately uniform salad makers, broilers and steam-table girls work elbow to elbow. When one girl gets too busy, another goes immediately to her aid. Mrs. Damon hasn't cooked in the kitchen for years, except experimentally, but she sometimes steps in to add a sprig of parsley to an outgoing salad. When the electric dishwasher broke down once last year, Donald Strang put on an apron and pitched in at the sink.

Each day, when Mrs. Damon sits down to eat, she chooses dishes to test their

flavor, not necessarily because she has a particular hankering for them.

At table, Mrs. Damon eats slowly, with a speculative look on her face. When something displeases her, she makes an immediate decision. One day a few months ago she set her coffee cup in its saucer with an irritated, ringing clatter.

"Martha," she called to Miss Courter, "tell them to throw out this coffee and make some fresh."

"But they just made some," Miss Courter protested. "What's the matter?"

"It doesn't taste right, that's all," Mrs. Damon said, compressing her lips. "Out it goes, Martha."

Coffee is the number one concern in Mrs. Damon's life. The second is her garlic-flavored salad dressing. Generally speaking garlic is not among the 10 favorite foods of the bridge-party set, but ladies make an exception for the dressing that comes from Mrs. Damon's kitchen. Like most of the things she features, it's made from a remarkably simple recipe, but it tastes better if it's made in a rather large quantity and stored for future use. Here's how it's put together:

Take  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of vinegar (half cider, half tarragon),  $1\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon pepper, 2 cloves of garlic (cut in half),  $3\frac{1}{4}$  cups of oil (at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  should be olive oil), and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of Cheney's Choice, a mixture containing cheeses, salts, herbs, garlic, soya flour, sugar and spices. All this should be mixed together and allowed to stand for at least three days; the longer it stands, the better it will be. The garlic buds should be strained out and the mixture shaken well before it's used.

Mrs. Damon serves this dressing over a plain salad of mixed greens. Sometimes, for variety, she puts the greens and the dressing in the bottom of the bowl, and spoons over the top a mixture of cooked and chilled peas, asparagus, string beans, limas or other garden vegetables blended with mayonnaise. To this she adds crumbled Roquefort cheese and a garnish of tomato quarters.

Damon's is booked for a great many ladies' luncheon parties every week. The hands-down favorite at such functions is

chicken à la king. Because she was getting more requests for this than any other dish, about five years ago Mrs. Damon went into her kitchen and devised a recipe that she's used ever since without variation. After much messing with blends and sauces, she transformed the ordinarily prosaic dish into a masterpiece of elusive, winy flavor—and, at the same time, a more satisfying, sustaining meal.

To make Damon-style chicken à la king, she takes  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of butter, melts it slowly in a double boiler, and gradually blends in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of flour and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt. Little by little, then, she adds 1 cup each of milk, cream and chicken stock. When the resulting cream sauce has cooked thoroughly, she adds  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of chicken breast and thigh meat, cut in large cubes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of sliced and sautéed-in-butter mushrooms, 3 tablespoons of pimiento,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of green peppers (cut fine, cooked in chicken stock) and, just before serving,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sherry wine. This recipe yields 6 servings.

## Many Substitutes for Toast

Damon's doesn't stick to the time-honored toast as a base for her chicken à la king; Mrs. Damon serves it in a pastry shell, a nest of fried noodles or julienne potatoes, a julienne potato basket, a vegetable soufflé ring or a noodle ring, a large French pancake, or a timbale case. To add color to plates, she puts on one green vegetable and any one of a number of garnishes, such as spiced peach or pear, preserved kumquats, grilled tomato, baked peach or pear filled with red jelly, sautéed pineapple ring, split banana filled with cranberries, or grenadine grapefruit slices. Each serving of chicken à la king is topped with a medium-sized sautéed mushroom, a sprig of parsley and a pinch of paprika.

Although Mrs. Damon is proud of this and other recipes she has devised, she is prouder of her pastry and candy. All her bread, brioche, buns and cakes come from her own tiny bakery in the basement. Some years ago, heeding the pleas of her customers, she began to sell baked goods at a counter just inside the front door. Now, more than 200 loaves of bread and dozens of pies, including the famous lemon meringues, are carried out every day. The pastry is light, delicate and exceptionally attractive.

The front counter also offers about 40 kinds of handmade, hand-dipped candy, including several varieties invented by Mrs. Damon's daughter, Gladys. Some of them were born purely by accident, as on the day one candymaker mixed oil of peppermint with almond flavoring, thinking they were the same. The mixture tasted so good it was used in a cream filling, and it's been selling steadily ever since.

Soon after Gladys Damon came into the business, a friend, John Christ, offered to show her how to make marshmallow. He used about 25 pounds of precious wartime-rationed sugar, and when he was finished every shelf and table in the kitchen was covered with the candy. "What am I to do with all this marshmallow?" Gladys waited to her mother.

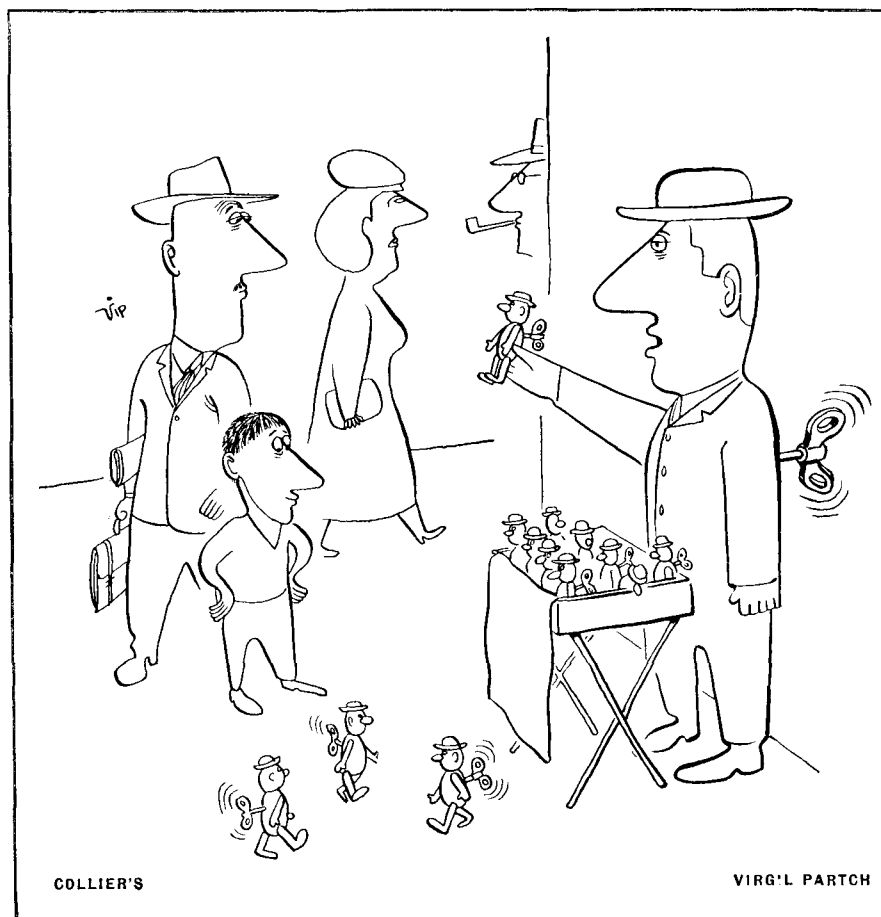
"Try dipping it in chocolate," Mrs. Damon said.

The coated marshmallow was sold out in two days, and has been a featured candy since that time. The candy operation turns out 3,500 pounds a week, and last year grossed \$90,000.

Sometimes the colorful, tempting pastry and candy displays are almost too much for Mrs. Damon's customers. Recently a plump, well-dressed lady, lingering by the counter, turned on Mrs. Damon indignantly. "Why don't you sell these things somewhere else?" she demanded. "How can I ever stay on my diet when I have to pass this counter all the time?"

THE END

THE END



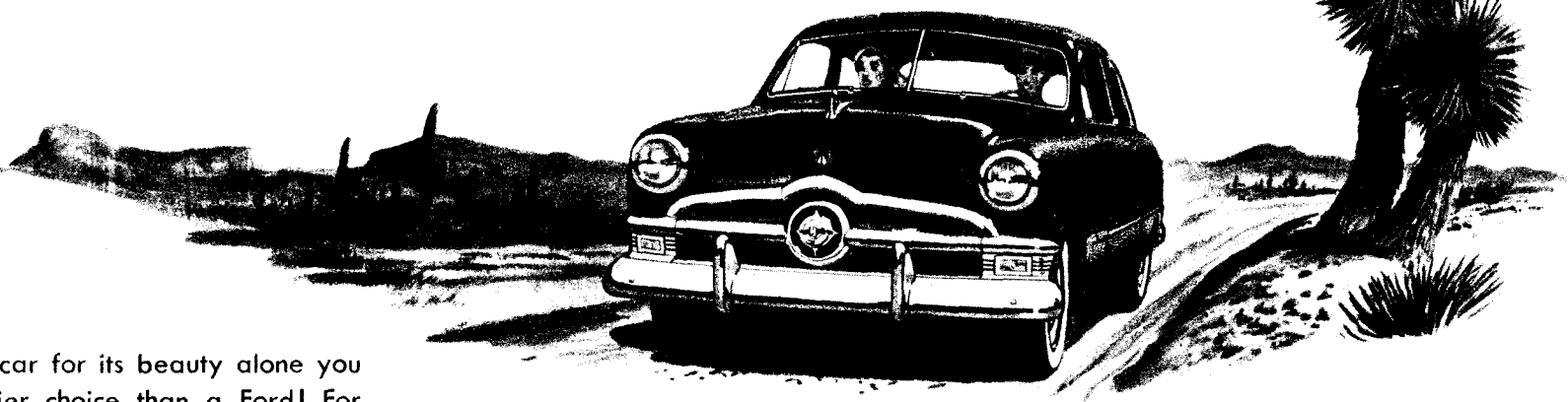
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## Birth of the Quints

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

like this. It must have been her dropsical condition and the fact the child was a seven-month baby. The women's whisperings and their words terrified Oliva. "When did the doctor say he'd be here?" they wanted to know.

"In a few minutes."

The pains were only five minutes apart now. Madame Lebel had timed them. This was a quick labor, quick and dangerous. The mother, suffering excruciatingly, made no outcries. She only moaned and prayed she'd pull through without complications, and that the little new baby, born too soon, would pull through with her.

### An Expert in Child Care

But even if the mother didn't cry, eleven-month-old Pauline did. She set up such howls in the front parlor that her father went to quiet her. He succeeded with a change of diapers and a bottle of milk, heated on the stove where the emergency water was boiling. After eight years' practice, beginning with Ernest, Oliva Dionne was an expert in child care.

The slender, dark-eyed father walked Pauline up and down on the front porch. Out there he watched for the doctor's car and saw the sun rise over the forest across the road, on the other side of the farm.

It was a big farm, 400 acres, rocky and none too fertile. Oliva had bought it from his father. There was still a \$3,000 mortgage to pay off. That wouldn't have been so bad if the depression hadn't hit him.

Before the thirties Oliva had been pretty well off. They had money in the bank, a car—the only one in the parish except the automobile owned by the priest—and a hay-baling machine he rented to other farmers by the day.

With the farming of his 80-odd tillable acres, and the trapping he did on the side, he had cleared between \$900 and \$1,000 a year until the depression.

During the winter just past he'd also hauled gravel for the government. For his labor and the wagon and team of horses he furnished he got \$4 a day. But the gravel money was spent, savings had dwindled, and now Elzire was sicker than he'd ever seen her.

While Oliva watched the road vainly and walked Pauline, the obstetrical event of the century was taking place inside the farmhouse in the very same bedroom where Oliva himself first saw the light of day in 1903.

At 4:10 A.M. on that historic Monday, May 28, 1934, the tiniest baby the *sages-femmes* ever saw put in her appearance. It was a strange one. The child, a girl, was not only unbelievably small, no more than a handful, she was blue.

"Blue all over, a bad sign," the midwives agreed.

Blue and grotesque, with spiderlike legs and distended stomach. Yet, on her head, in size like a small orange, there were patches of dark hair and her eyelashes were longer than the lashes of many full-time babies.

A weird creature, more dead than alive, apparently!

Could she be saved? The *sages-femmes* worked over her in their primitive fashion. She breathed and made a mewling sound like a kitten.

She hadn't drawn many breaths when a sister, exactly like her, only smaller, was born. She also breathed and cried faintly. Twins!

Ten minutes later the third girl was born. She was smaller than the second. Smaller and bluer, if that was possible. Triplets!

The first thing was to get those mites baptized. While Madame Lebel hovered over Elzire, dazed and racked with pain, Madame Legros flew to the kitchen and ran back with a dipperful of water which she sprinkled on the babies' heads "in the

name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

That was according to the ritual of the church, in the absence of a priest, and now the premature triplets, apparently doomed, were baptized in the faith of their ancestors.

The *sages-femmes* were devoutly thankful that in all the stress and excitement they had done their Christian duty. If the babies had died without baptism, the sin would have remained on their conscience.

The gnomelike little creatures breathed on weakly. At four thirty or thereabouts—the alarm clock must have gone off, though nobody ever remembered hearing it—Dr. Dafoe arrived, satchel in hand.

The minutes the doctor had figured it would take him had stretched to an hour and a half by the calculation of the father and the midwives. But whatever the time of his arrival, it was a moment of destiny for him. He stepped into the bedroom just in time to deliver the fourth and fifth quints, both tinier than the others and the last one the smallest of all.

Nobody in the farmhouse had ever heard the word quintuplets except the little doctor, and he had seen it only in medical books. Little attention as he had paid to the references, he remembered that such babies, invariably premature, lived only a few minutes in most instances.

Elzire Dionne went into convulsions, lapsed into a uremic coma and suffered internal hemorrhages. Pituitary and ergot solutions, administered by Dr. Dafoe, checked the hemorrhages temporarily, but they recurred and her condition remained critical. The coma that blacked out so much of the amazing birth for her continued, but she emerged long enough to ask Madame Lebel:

"Did I have twins? I must have . . ."

"Not twins, Elzire. Five girls!" Madame held up her hand and counted them off on her fingers. "*Cinq fillettes!*"

"*Cinq fillettes?*" Elzire foggily repeated. "How could any woman have five babies at one time?"

Madame Lebel who, in all her experience, had ushered only one set of twins into the world, couldn't answer that. All she knew was that there were five babies there, that Dr. Dafoe, now in the kitchen scrubbing his hands, had delivered two, that she had delivered three, and that she had baptized them all.

"Five," repeated Elzire. "How will we clothe so many children? What will the neighbors say? (*Les voisins, que diront-ils?*)"

Oliva's reaction was one of shock, incredulity, bewilderment. In the kitchen, trying to pacify Pauline and three-year-old Daniel, who had toddled his way downstairs, he heard the news from Dr. Dafoe.

### Mr. Dionne's First Reaction

Father of five one day, ten the next! Speechless for a moment, Oliva's first words were: "Five babies, five girls . . . impossible!" Shortly afterward he looked at the tiny wizened creatures and, like his wife, wondered how any woman could have five babies within an hour.

Watching Elzire, he thought she was about to die. So did the midwives. The doctor agreed that it was best to get the parish priest in Corbeil, Father Routhier, to come and give Elzire the last rites of the church. At the father's request, Dr. Dafoe, a Protestant, rushed for the priest, then returned.

In the next half hour Elzire rallied again. Madame Legros asked the doctor if he would stay in the sickroom with Madame Lebel till she could go home for diapers, blankets, sheets and other things needed in this undreamed-of emergency. But when she ran back across the road with her bundles, she spied the doctor at the barn talking to Leon, Oliva's oldest brother. A

Collier's for May 27, 1950

garage owner in Callander, Leon had come out for a load of manure for his garden.

Dr. Dafoe's manner was so jocular that Leon took the congratulations on his astonishing unclehood as a joke. He thought the doctor was just trying to be funny. But in the sickroom there was no levity. Dropping her supplies on the dresser, Auntie stood on one side of the bed, Madame Lebel on the other, and both gazed down at the mother.

"Elzire's dying," whispered the elderly midwife to the younger one. "I can hardly feel her pulse, and look at her nails! They're black!"

Madame Legros yelled to the doctor from the back porch. He worked over the mother for about an hour, giving her more injections to which she responded so favorably that he decided to get along back to Callander. The midwives hated to see him leave. He was a doctor and knew so much more than they did. They asked him what they should do.

Madame Lebel knew what to do for the mother, but the two women were thinking of the babies. The doctor watched but issued no instructions as they sponged them a second time with warm olive oil, wrapped them in squares cut from a blanket and laid them in butcher baskets, three girls in one basket, two in the other.

He said, "You're wasting your time. They won't live. The first one *may* last till tomorrow, but the others will be dead before night. Children born five at a time never survive." Then he left.

The two women turned the butcher baskets into homemade incubators, kept warm with hot bricks and flat irons. Additional heat was provided by the cookstove after the baskets were transferred to the kitchen. Oliva chopped wood, heated the bricks and irons, looked after Daniel and Pauline and sat by his wife's bedside and prayed for her recovery and for the lives of the babies.

Every now and then, helped by Madame Lebel, Auntie wet the babies' lips with a drop of water. She turned them on their sides to help them breathe, and when they choked up she pressed her lips against theirs and forced her breath into their lungs.

She and Madame Lebel also sponged the infants several times with olive oil and dropped sweetened water in small quantities into their mouths. They swallowed it. "When the doctor returned at half past five in the afternoon," Auntie recalls, "he was most surprised to find all five alive."

In the interim Dr. Dafoe had reported the birth to quite a few people in Callander. The first to hear about it was Mrs. Jean Tate, the postmistress. Calling for his mail, a letter and a Toronto paper, he said to Mrs. Tate, "I saw something this morning I bet you never saw, five babies!"

"You mean *you* delivered five babies?"

The postmistress didn't know whether to take the doctor seriously or not.

"I mean five babies were born to the same mother, Oliva Dionne's wife . . . five girls," he explained. "They won't live, though. They can't."

Mrs. Tate didn't see how they could either. "Poor Madame Dionne and poor babies!"

The next person to hear the news was the quints' Grandfather Dionne who, with his own hands, had built the farmhouse where the miracle birth had taken place.

Stopped on the corner by Dr. Dafoe, the grandfather said, "How will my son take care of all those children? Times are so hard and farmers can't sell their produce."

#### Words That Started Trouble

Others informed of the event by the doctor later reported that, in describing the babies, he called them "five little French frogs."

Oliva Dionne heard this the next day and never forgave Dr. Dafoe. Nor did the mother forgive him "for making fun of the *petites*."

Months later she told me, "The doctor claims to love the quints now. He's got 'em calling him 'Da-da.' But the day they were born he called them 'five little French frogs.' Is *that* love, I ask you?"

So the seeds of the discord that was soon to develop into the Dionne-Dafoe feud and lead to passage of an act by the Ontario legislature that made the quintuplets wards of the crown were sown that very first day.

The Dionnes didn't blame Dr. Dafoe too much for his late arrival, "just in time to deliver the last two quints . . . he was tired, it was early in the morning . . . and he probably didn't realize the birth was so near." They did blame him, however, "for taking all the credit for everything, things he didn't do . . . and talking us down to reporters and others, and bossing us around."

The parents never understood "how the doctor had the heart to leave the babies in the care of the midwives all day long without once coming back, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, or even telling the *sages-femmes* what to do. He just said 'the quints would die that day, all but Yvonne who might possibly last till tomorrow,' and went on about his business."

Some of that business, it must be said to the doctor's credit, was a trip to the Red Cross outpost in Bonfield Parish, a French-Canadian settlement 10 miles from Callander. The purpose of the trip was to ask the Red Cross nurse, Nurse Cloutier—while out on her rounds—to stop by the Dionne farmhouse and look into the situation.

Nurse Cloutier did stop by, but with a

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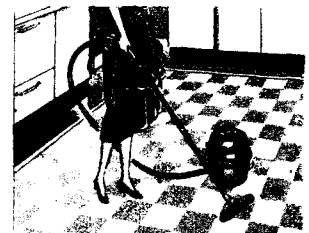
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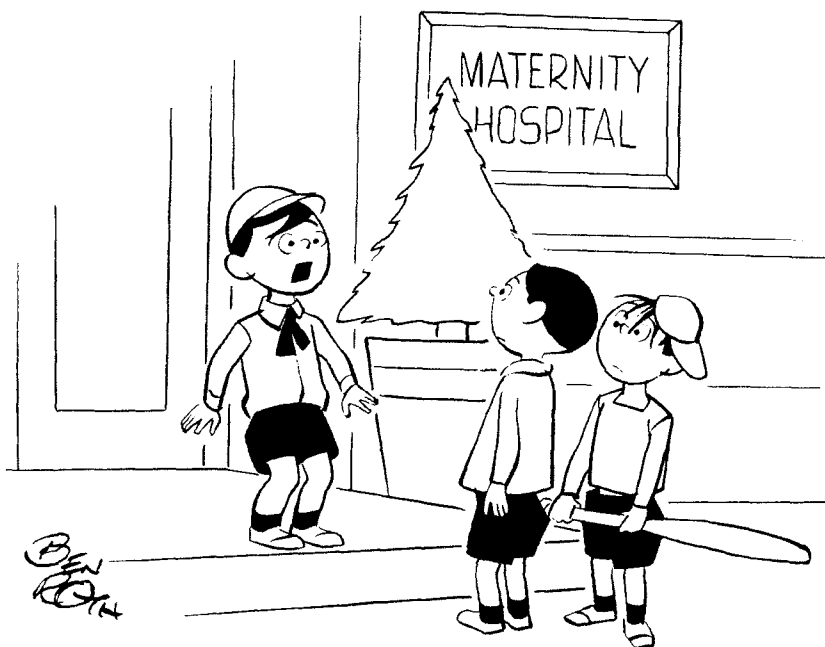
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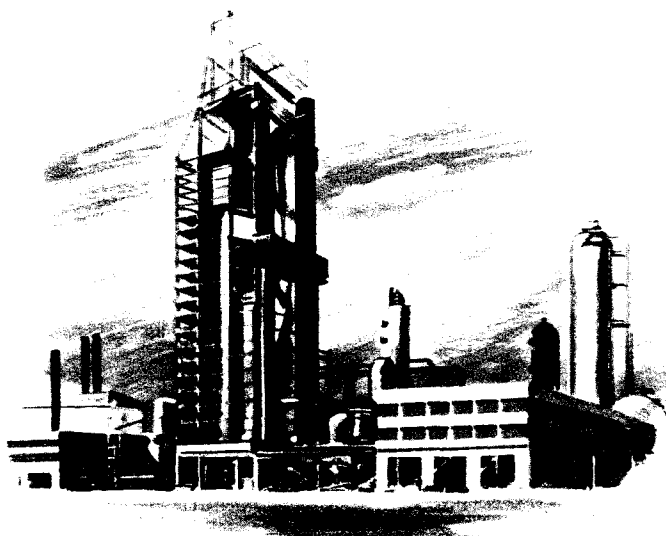
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large territory to cover, she couldn't stay long, just long enough to prepare nourishment for the mother and help make her comfortable.

Later in the afternoon Miss Cloutier made her report to Dr. Dafoe at his office. The mother was doing as well as could be expected and the babies were all alive when she left them. But they needed the services of a trained nurse. The only graduate nurse available was twenty-one-year-old Yvonne Leroux, Georges Leroux' daughter, who lived two doors down the street from the doctor.

Excited over her "first outside case," the Leroux girl, who was to figure prominently and romantically in the quint case (she married the babies' first "big-time photographer"), promised to come.

Meanwhile, the midwives carried on in their quiet, persistent way. The dispatch announcing the birth, "once in 57,000,000 times," flashed round the world without their knowledge, the knowledge of the parents or even of the doctor.

For, oddly enough, Dr. Dafoe, to be headlined in the ensuing years, had nothing to do with the first bulletin. Despite his reports to several local people, he did not relay the news to the *Nugget*, the triweekly newspaper in North Bay.

It was Leon Dionne, Oliva's brother, who gave the *Nugget* the scoop when he called

up Eddie Bunyan, the editor, and asked "how much it would cost to announce the birth of five babies."

"Five babies!" What was Leon Dionne driving at? Mr. Bunyan, working against a deadline, required an explanation.

It was forthcoming. "Five babies born to the same mother... in one confinement," Leon said.

The editor had no time for kidding. It was close to press time. Leon kept Bunyan on the wire long enough to convince him his sister-in-law, Elzire Dionne, had for a fact had five babies between four and five that morning.

The editor allowed that the announcement would cost nothing, not a penny, thanked Leon, slapped down the receiver, put fresh copy paper in his typewriter and typed out a dispatch to the *Canadian Press*. It read:

"North Bay, May 28:—Mrs. Oliva Dionne, residing within a few miles of Callander, nine miles south of here, gave birth to five girls today. All were healthy, said Dr. Dafoe, Callander attending physician. Mrs. Dionne is 25 years of age, and had previously given birth to six children."

These words, put on a leased wire in Toronto, were flashed to the *Associated Press* in New York and by the A.P. to all parts of the globe.

THE END

## The Red Plot to Seize Berlin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

a full-scale effort toward a definitive conquest of Berlin this year.

The plan's authenticity is not doubted by the highest Allied officials. They have double-checked it against Communist tactics thus far, and have found that already, in the first months of this crucial year, it has been scrupulously followed, point by point.

These are the major aspects of the plan:

1. A stepped-up series of mass demonstrations, throughout the year, whose tactical pattern will be determined by the success, or lack of it, of the mammoth Whit-sun rally. These demonstrations are planned to terrorize West Berlin residents, weaken their resistance and keep the city in a mounting state of chaos.

2. A propaganda campaign to discredit the West German government at Bonn by emphasizing its "indifference" to Berlin's problems. Soviet-style propaganda is exploiting the reluctance of West Germans to pump business lifeblood and capital into the city, already face to face with economic crisis and heavy unemployment. "You're being abandoned, you might as well come in with us" is the Communist persuasion line.

3. An intensified harassing movement against the city's economic life by sporadic interruptions of rail and truck traffic—in effect, a "little blockade." This, too, has already begun.

4. Abolition of all political opposition to the Communists in East Germany by formation of a satellite-style "national front." This was scheduled for completion in six months, but some weeks ago Herr Ulbricht was able to fly to Moscow and report the job already done.

5. Rooting out of all "disloyal" elements in East Berlin itself. This was speedily accomplished with the help of arrests and the imposition of the same sort of house-to-house informer system built up by the Nazis.

6. Infiltration by picked Communists into the anti-Soviet political parties of West Berlin.

What makes May 28th so important is that it will mark the first effort at direct action by the Communists. No one, except Herr Ulbricht, a handful of other top German Reds and, of course, the Russians, knows how far that action will go.

If the half-million marching German youths seek to invade Berlin's Western sectors, May 28th will be a day of battle among the city's ruins—perhaps the first of many

such days. If they seek to infiltrate, hold flash demonstrations, gather and disband on the run, there will be street fighting.

For the Western Allies and the West Berlin municipal government have refused permission for any Red assembly in the Western sectors on May 28th: they're prepared to back their edict with military force, and it is the strength of that refusal that the *Freie Deutsche Jugend* is assigned to test and, if possible, to batter down.

Why all this fuss about a single city? Why squabble over miles of rubble-lined streets, shells of once-proud buildings that may take generations to rebuild? Berlin is only a tiny island entirely surrounded by Soviet-occupied territory. Why commit American and Allied lives to hold an outpost so deep in hostile territory?

That's the kind of doubting the Russians like to hear.

But American officials here don't indulge in such doubting; they know the answers to those questions. They know that Berlin is the atomic pile that could set off a political chain reaction all over Europe.

If we permit ourselves to be pushed out of Berlin, according to these officials, the potentially democratic structure we have started to build so painstakingly in western Germany would crash immediately. The Germans, whose greatest respect still goes out to the side that shows the power, would accept Soviet power as a reality. Further, the loss of Berlin would shake the morale of every nation in western Europe pledged to the building of a free Atlantic community. "The Americans cannot even protect their own" would be the cry, and there would be a rush onto the Soviet band wagon.

Viewed from this outpost of American policy, where the tension grows daily, the issue is clear: Either we stay in Berlin at any cost or we retire to the continental limits of the United States, awaiting—in fear and isolation—the moment of the final Communist assault on our own democracy.

The decision has already been made: We stay in Berlin. Whitsuntide may see the first test under fire of that decision. Already the Communists are challenging it with their call to the great "*Deutschland-Treffen*," or German Rally. The slogan, plastered on posters throughout Berlin's Russian sector, is "Peace, Unity, National Independence and a Better Life."

Picked youth cadres, chosen from the *Freie Deutsche Jugend's* militant Commu-

Collier's for May 27, 1950

nist leadership, have since the beginning of March been training to handle the demonstrators, billet them, feed them and spearhead the march. The Socialist Unity party (SED), Germany's name for the Communists is handling this training program and setting up the liaison posts that will operate throughout the Russian sector on D day.

Not all the rally's marchers will come from Soviet-occupied Germany. Thousands are expected from the Western zones too, but all will be bound by common membership in the F.D.J. This organization, formed by the Russians four years ago, strikingly parallels the setup of the old Hitler Youth with its elaborate chain of command, its powerful group leaders and section chiefs, and its uniforms.

If you are a young man or woman in the Russian zone of Germany today you must belong to the F.D.J. if you want to go to school, get a job, hunt or fish, or travel. Every person between the ages of fourteen and thirty is either a member of the organization or just doesn't eat.

So that when Berlin Communists claim they'll haul in 500,000 for May 28th, the figure isn't fantasy.

At least 10,000 F.D.J. leaders will have completed their indoctrination course by

sified as secret. But the defense scheme may be summed up this way:

West Berlin's German police, who number about 11,000, will be the first line of defense. They will be armed with truncheons and pistols. Johannes Stumm, their chief, will have in his office a "war room," with maps of all sectors and colored pins indicating police concentrations, plus other pins showing the movement of youth groups into the Western sectors from the Russian-controlled area.

If there is a mass movement of Red demonstrators into the Western sectors, and the German police are overwhelmed or badly pressed, Allied MPs will rush to their aid. Should these prove insufficient, combat-wise Allied infantry and other armed troops circulating in trucks and weapons carriers—including soldiers of the American First Infantry Division and a battalion of Britain's Black Watch—will be called out. Troops will be in full battle dress with carbines, rifles and automatic weapons.

The total Western Allied military strength in Berlin is 11,000 men (4,500 are American). But if reinforcements are needed to combat the invading Reds, General Taylor told us there is no question about his next move: "We would fly in reinforcements over the air lift route, just as we flew supplies to beat the blockade."

The determination of the Allies to resist invasion fuels the Communist youth leaders' fury as they build up pressure in advance of the demonstration. We attended one *Freie Deutsche Jugend* meeting in the Russian sector where Erich Honeker, chief of the F.D.J., roused 5,000 young men and women to fever pitch by accusing the Americans and British of deliberately laying waste to Berlin during the war while the Russians "spared the working class."

Then the scrawny Moscow-trained youth leader cried: "Berlin will be ours on May 28th! Nothing can stop us! The peaceful wish of 500,000 German youth cannot be resisted! Let our slogan be: Forward to Berlin!"

The very next day we saw Gerhard Eisler, who was Moscow's undercover chief of the Communist party in the United States before he jumped bail a year ago and fled on a Polish ship, start a full-fledged riot with an inflammatory speech right on the American-Soviet sector boundary.

#### West Is Ready for Defense

The dynamism of the East German Communists can, however, be matched in the Western sectors, we learned.

Chunky Johannes Stumm, the West Berlin police chief, told us: "They will undoubtedly attempt to leave some people behind on the ground. They want martyrs. But for the emergency, my force is ready."

Ernst Reuter, West Berlin's embattled mayor, whom the Communists and Russians hate perhaps more than any other opponent in Germany, wearily swept back his straggling gray hair as he sat down on a sofa beside us in his office.

"The Communists are always hoping to conquer Berlin," he said. "But here in the Western sectors we will defend ourselves. We can fight anything save actual Russian intervention, for we know that if Berlin is lost, we are lost too, and so is all Europe."

We walked down Unter den Linden to the Red organizational headquarters for the rally. Young men, sixteen to twenty-five, slouched around the doorway.

"Americans?" one inquired. "We'll be in your homes and in your offices on the 28th of May. Get some coffee ready for us and then get out. Berlin will be ours."

We said we would still be seeing him in Berlin on the 29th and for a long time after that.

THE END

### My Feathered Friends

I toss and turn and scowl and yawn  
As early birds foul up the dawn  
The thrush, the robin and the finch  
Are characters I'd like to lynch.  
They've no respect at all for beds;  
They disapprove of sleepyheads,  
And, I, as one upon vacation,  
Lie seething here with indignation  
That they won't wait till later on  
To stage their concerts on the lawn.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

the time the *Deutschland-Treffen* is held, among them compact units of *Volkspolizei*, the People's Police.

Established by the Russians at the end of the war, the *Volkspolizei* has for some time been trained as a paramilitary organization. These police units are equipped with automatic weapons and light armor, in violation of the four-power Potsdam Agreement.

West Berlin, on the other hand, will not take the Red threat lying down. Spoiling for a showdown, Socialist youth organizations have pledged themselves to defend their sector of the city. They have even asked permission to form flying squads along the east-west boundaries. American, British and French authorities have turned down this request with the same firmness with which they rejected Communist demands to march through the Allied areas. Yet it would be almost impossible to prevent street fighting if determined youths on both sides come to grips.

Every skirmish and riot in Berlin since the cold war started—and there have been many—has ended in tragedy, in deaths and maimings.

But how many will result on May 28th or how widespread the fighting will be rests with the Communists to decide. It's up to them how far they intend to go. West Berlin cannot be vacuum-sealed against infiltration.

"If they intend to sneak into the West sectors, we can't prevent it," Major General Taylor told us. "The West German government has developed a very efficient police force that can cope with emergencies. If a situation develops that the West Berlin police cannot handle, it is our duty to maintain security with our own troops. We are not going to let the city fall into the hands of these people. But we are prudent men among the Western Allies, and we will act prudently."

Detailed tactical plans for the defense of West Berlin on May 28th are naturally clas-

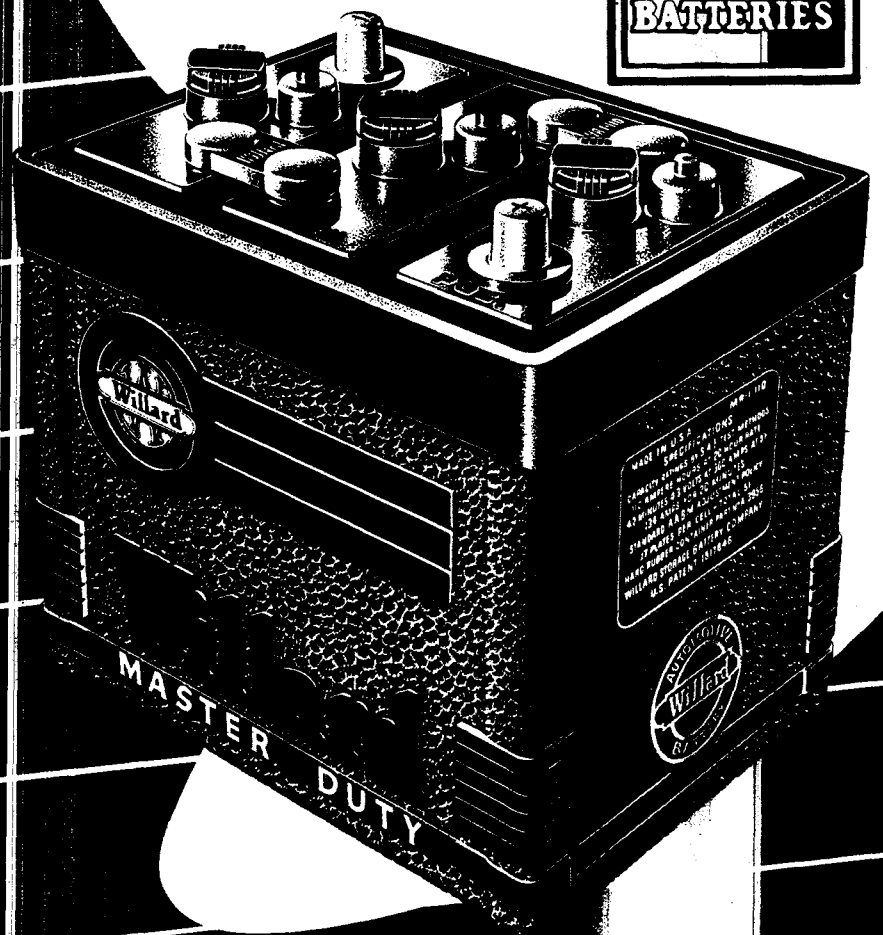
Collier's for May 27, 1950

## The Sign of Top Performance

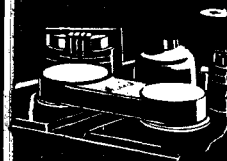
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# My Father Doesn't Like Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

while, and I could hear kids playing down the street in the moonlight, and the radio in the house giving out soft with Dave Rose music that seemed just right for the kind of night it was. Go home, Stainless, I thought; and let me think about my girl, and going to the university next year on a football scholarship.

And then he looked up at me and said in a low voice, "I'm not worried about the yearbook, Joe. It's—well, I don't think my father likes me very much. Because I can't play football or anything. I can't do *anything*, and when he was a kid he could do *everything*. So I sort of thought if I could maybe just *run*. You don't have to be big or strong to just run. Maybe you don't even need to have good eyesight. See, Joe?"

Boy, he sure lowered the tone of my evening. I was embarrassed. I knew his father was always pretty grim and short and impatient, sort of, with Stainless. He never kidded around the way my father did, but I just figured it was because he was a sad-sack kind of guy. It never entered my head that he didn't like Stainless. For Pete's sake!

**S**TAINLESS got up and cleared his throat. "I guess I shouldn't've said that, Joe. But I'd just like to show him I can do something. I guess it's nutty, thinking I could make the track squad, huh?"

"I'm no authority on the subject," I said. "There's no law says you can't go see the coach about it." A car came down the street and stopped out front, and I started down the walk. I said to Stainless, "They're going to check out stuff Monday afternoon."

"Come on, Mule Train," Betty called. "We'll miss Donald Duck, you bum. Kick it in gear and let's get rolling."

"How about that!" I said. "Me waiting two hours, and now look who says hurry up." I went out and slid in under the steering wheel and looked at Betty. "Dig that moon, lover lips," I said in a deep, corny voice. "Wouldn't you rather go park on Red Hill? H'mmmmm?"

"Not me," she said. "Four years ago next Tuesday my mother had a long talk with me, pardner. And I think she meant you." She looked out the car window. "Hi, Stan," she said. "How's my dream man?"

"Aw, okay," he said, and went on down the walk, pushing his bike.

We drove downtown and saw the movie, and afterward we got malteds in cartons and drove out to Red Hill and found a parking space next to Herman Deeler's jalopy. Herman was smoking, and with Irmalou Wilson.

"Hiya, Mule Train," he said. He was an average athlete, and one reason he wasn't better than average was because he didn't train, even during football season. Another thing about him I didn't like much was that he had a yen for Betty. I said, "Hi," and he waved the cigarette and laughed. "One last little nicotine binge, man," he said. "Gonna quit Monday. Gotta build up my wind. Rough, ain't it?"

"You're starting late," I said. I was thinking: Here's a guy who could be great in track, and doesn't care—and then there's a guy like Stainless who does care, and maybe can't even be mediocre.

Herman was still laughing. "Hey, man, you don't really think this here cigarette has nasty old *tobacco* in it?" he said. "Good gracious, it's nothing but some nutritious, harmless marijuana, man."

"Oh, that's different," I said. "Proceed with your courting, man."

I found some dance music on the radio, and Betty leaned on me, and we sat there looking down at the river in the moonlight. Everything should have been great, but I felt down. And it wasn't like me. Why should I feel gloomy?

"Something gnawing at your little pea-sized brain?" Betty asked me.

"I was just wondering," I said, "how a

guy feels when he knows his father hasn't got much use for him. You know, just can't see him?"

"Stanley Steele?" she said. I looked at her, surprised that she'd guessed who I meant, and she said, "Had you just noticed that little fact, sweetie? Nature played a dirty trick on Stan's papa—he wanted an All-American end or something, and what he got was just a nice kid."

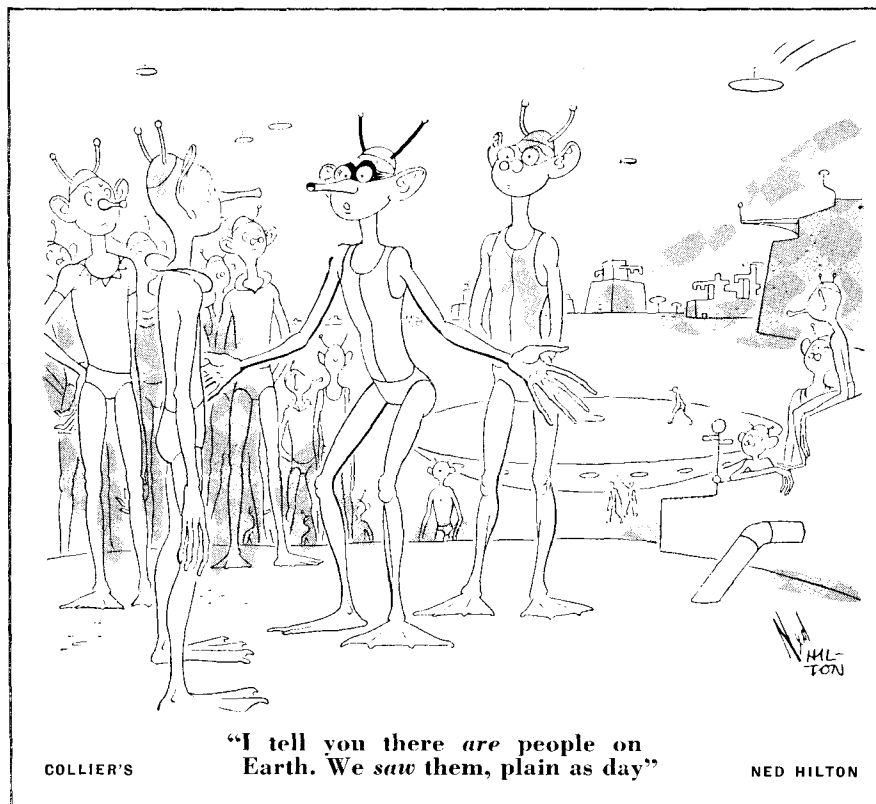
"Yeah," I said. "It makes one to think. It glooms me all up."

"Listen, sweetie," Betty said sternly. "Let's get it straight right now. So all right, you're a big football, basketball and track-type hero. But I'm not, and maybe our kids will take after Mama, see. Well, so don't ever let me catch you sneering at them just because they got born with brains and beauty, instead of big biceps, or I'll sharpen

father snoring, and hearing the sad mockingbird. Maybe I been taking things for granted too much, I thought, lying there; maybe I have a shallow mind; maybe I'm superficial.

All I'd ever worried about was whether I'd be good enough to make first-string at the university, whether I'd have trouble staying eligible—stuff like that. I never brooded much about people. Maybe I just assumed people like Stainless didn't mind being that way. Maybe I figured they ought to be used to it by now.

Stainless was the right name for him, because he didn't smoke or go out necking with girls or anything. He was real pure, but even if he hadn't been, his nickname would have been a natural. Stanley Steele—maybe that proved his dad didn't even like him when he was born. They called me



"I tell you there are people on Earth. We saw them, plain as day"

your pointy head with an ax. You dig me, sweetie?"

"I dig you," I said. "But I can't help trying to imagine how I'd feel if I was Stanley Steele's father. I don't think I care, now, if our kids don't grow up to be athletes, but maybe if I was middle-aged, and all I had were hazy memories and a mess of faded newspaper clippings—"

"Oh, pity the living!" Betty said. "Now I am worried." She moved away from me and put her chin on her fist and stared through the windshield. "I guess I better wise up right now, and not risk my future peace of mind. We're through, Mule Train. Washed up. The dream is over. Take me home to Mama."

"Right now?" I said. I didn't know if she was kidding or not.

"Well," she said, thinking about it. She scooted over close and leaned on me with her face turned up. "Well, not right this minute, Mule Train."

I started to kiss her, but she ducked. "Hold it, Clyde," she said. "What I meant was, we might as well drink our malteds before we go home. And from now on, this kissing stuff is out, see. I might grow fond of you, and I don't wanna."

Women are unpredictable, all right. Especially high-school women.

Later, lying awake in my bed, hearing the peaceful night sounds made by crickets, and a mockingbird and a radio down the street and a faraway train rumbling through the night, and my father snoring gently in the back bedroom, I thought about Stainless. I imagined him lying awake listening to his

Mule Train because I was a pretty good high-school fullback. I guess you could say they called him Stainless because his father didn't name him Ralph, or George, or something. I'll tell you the main trouble with him: He was timid-acting, self-conscious, and always seemed anxious, like he was trying too hard to please people. You know—*obsequious*. But that other thing, holy cats! My dad liked me, and I guess I just figured all fathers liked their sons.

**M**ONDAY morning, I met Mr. Higby in the hall at school. He's the principal and track coach, and a good guy. He said hello, and asked me if I'd cut down on my cigar smoking any.

"I got it down to eight or nine a day," I said. "Listen, Coach, you know that little character we call Stainless Steele?"

"Sure," he said. "Has he been picking on you, Joe?"

"He wants to come out for track," I said. "Maybe he won't get up the nerve to ask you, so I'm asking you for him."

Mr. Higby chuckled. "What does he do, Joe? Pole vault?"

"I don't know if he can do anything," I said. "He wants to try."

Mr. Higby shook his head. "He'd never cut the mustard, Joe. His legs are too short. Besides, we're going to be short on spikes."

There it was: Tell the kid to stop dreaming. Tell him to stop pretending he's human, like other people.

All of a sudden I saw red. But it wasn't just Mr. Higby—it was me, too. I was sore at me, too.

"Okay," I said. "Give him *my* spikes." Sure—I was six one, I wore size-ten shoes. And Stainless probably wore sevens, or smaller. Just hearing myself talk crazy like that made me madder. "Give him my gear, if you're the kind of guy that won't give a kid a break," I said.

"Joe!" he said. People going past were staring at us. "You can't talk to me like that, Joe," he said. "Not here, you can't." He didn't act really sore, just surprised. "What's all this about, Joe?" he said.

I looked at his middle vest button, feeling like a fool, and I couldn't tell him. I didn't know myself.

"Forget it, Mr. Higby," I said. "I'm sorry." The buzzer rang, and I looked at him and tried to grin. "I'm sorry I shot off my yap, Coach. Something I ate for breakfast, maybe."

"Sure, fella." He made a fist and poked my shoulder. "Happens in all the better families all the time. Get on to your class."

I went on to English Lit class. Stainless was there, sitting in the front row so he could see the blackboard. I took a seat in the back and didn't look at him. I tried, I thought; that's all anybody could expect a guy to do.

And I thought that was the end of Stainless and track, but it wasn't. The little character went down to the sporting-goods store and got spikes of his own. And Mr. Higby let him come out for track, and found him some running pants and a sweat suit.

**W**E DIDN'T run any that day, just checked out gear and were assigned lockers, and when I came out of the gym there was Stainless, waiting. I felt a little sick, seeing him there. Now he'll start treating me like an equal, I thought. But it wasn't that way at all.

"Joc," he said, "I heard about you talking to the coach for me. I just—well, I'm much obliged, Joe, I appreciate it."

"What're you talking about?" I said. "Everybody knows me and Higby aren't even on speaking terms these days."

He grinned, and his eyes looked like blue Ping-pong balls behind his thick glasses. "I'll try not to let you down, Joe," he said, and then he got on his bike, acting embarrassed.

"What about your paper route?" I said. "How you going to keep from being late and getting your customers sore at you?"

He looked solemn. "Birch Rosen's got an early-morning route," he said. "He's always wanted to swap routes with me because he don't like to get up at three o'clock in the morning. So now I'm going to swap."

I stood there watching him ride across the school ground, and I thought: *Three o'clock in the morning!* I don't know, you've got to sort of admire a little cuss like that. . . .

Tuesday afternoon, when he came out to the stadium wearing his new spikes and a sweat suit that was too big, he looked pretty comical, but I kept thinking how bad he wanted to look *good* in track—bad enough to give up a nice afternoon paper route for a three-o'clock route in the morning. So when the coach came over by the jumping pits where I was limbering up, I stuck my neck out again for Stainless.

"Coach," I said. "A kid that's been riding bikes as long as Stainless has might be okay for track at that, you know it?"

"Sure, except that he's got mighty short legs," the coach said.

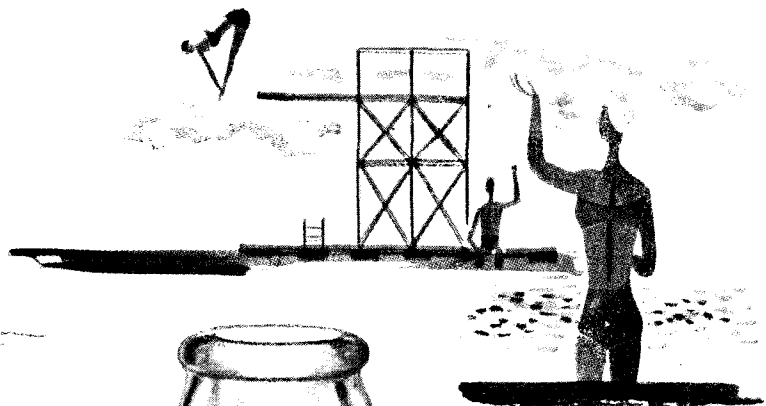
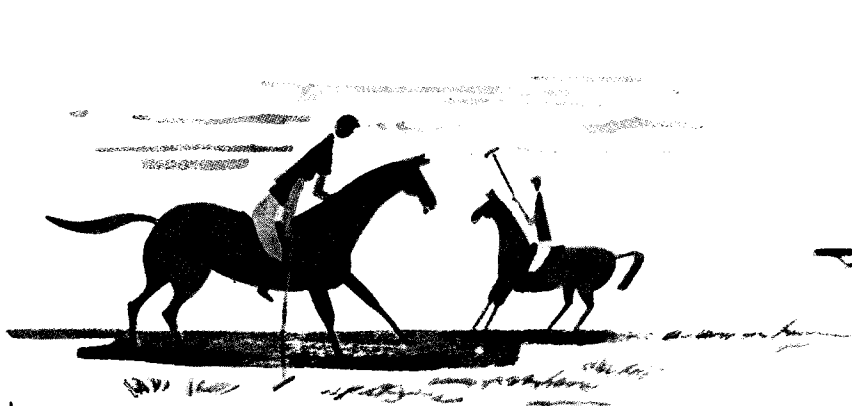
"Yeah," I said. "They're short, all right. But if you sort of gave him a try and found out his best distances—you know, he might—"

Mr. Higby looked at me. "Joe, do me a big favor, will you?"

"Sure," I said. "Name it, Coach." I didn't feel it coming.

"Joe, let *me* coach the track squad," he said. "Okay?"

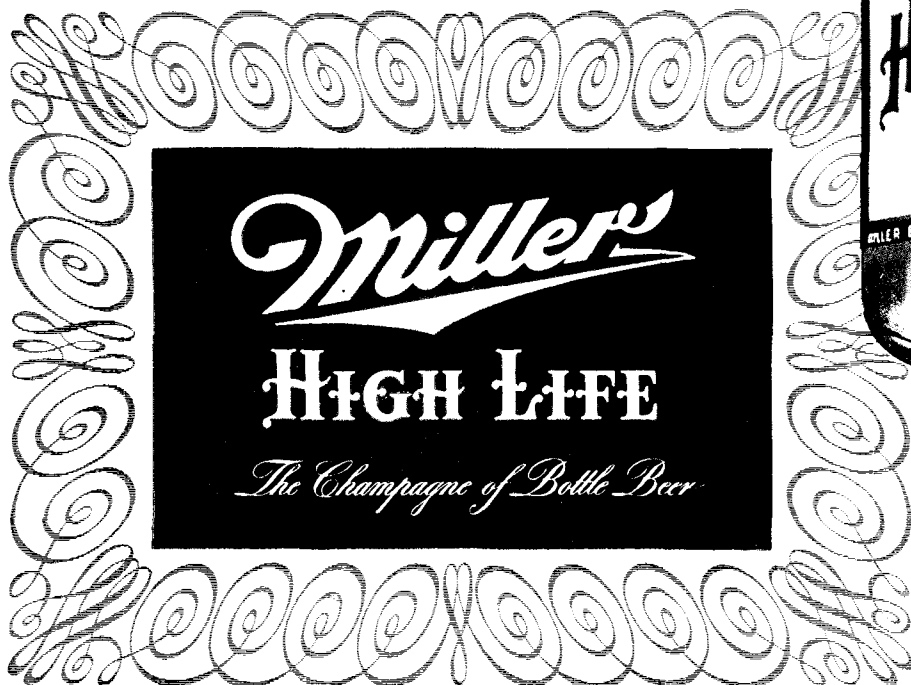
"Okay," I said. And that was the last



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time I put in a word for Stainless. All I wanted after that was to forget him and think about the home early-season track meet coming up in a couple weeks, and about Betty and stuff. I couldn't help seeing him out every afternoon that week, jogging around the track in his new spikes, but I got so I didn't pay him any attention. And everything was going along smooth. I was looking good in the broad jump and high jump, and everything was fine.

**B**UT on Saturday afternoon I was in the drugstore, hoping Betty would drift in, and Stanley Steele's father came across the street from his insurance office. He kept glancing at me while he was buying some cigars, and then he came back where I was. "I've got a bone to pick with you, Riley," he said.

I was surprised. "What about, Mr. Steele?" I said.

"I understand this practical joke was your idea," he said.

I didn't know what he was talking about. "What joke, Mr. Steele?"

"This stupid business of getting Stanley all hepped up about going out for the track squad," he said. "I don't like you making him the butt of your sadistic sense of humor, Riley. I don't like it at all, understand me?"

"You got it all wrong," I said. "It was his idea. All I did—"

"You know he can't make the track team, Riley. He's no athlete, you know that. With his short legs he couldn't even make the girls' track team." His face was getting red now. "I suppose you smart alecks think he's pretty damned comical, don't you? A half-blind little runt like Stan wanting to be up there with you small-town high-school big shots. I'll bet you letter men get a big belly laugh out of it."

"No, sir," I said, beginning to get sore.

He pushed his chin out at me, and his voice shook. "I've ordered Stanley to check in his stuff and stop making a ridiculous spectacle of himself—and you'd better leave it at that, Riley. If you try putting him up to any more damn' foolishness like that, I'll take care of you personally. Get that through your head right now."

"You got no call to talk to me like that,"

I said. I thought of telling him why Stainless wanted to make good in track. "Listen," I said. "You got no right to jump on me like this." It was weak. I felt helpless, the way any young guy feels when an old guy starts climbing his frame. You're not supposed to hit old guys like that.

"And if I so much as catch him hanging

around after school down there watching," he said, almost yelling it. "I'll—damn it, I'll—" All of a sudden he whirled around and went tearing out of there.

I went home. I was boiling inside, and I wanted to take something apart. The way I felt, I didn't even want to see Betty. So I went home and spaded up a couple flower beds for Mom, and pretty soon Stainless came over.

"Joe," he said. "Listen, my father is sore, and he's looking for you. I told him you helped me go out for track, and he's—"

"He found me," I said.

"Oh," Stainless began leveling off a place in the dirt with his foot, acting like it was very important to get it just right. "I'm sorry if he got on you, Joe. He said I hadda check in my gear."

"He told me," I said.

He kept looking down at the dirt. "You think I should, Joe?"

"He's your problem," I said. "He buys your clothes, doesn't he?"

"I buy my own clothes," Stainless said.

"I buy my own books, too, and I bought my own spikes." He sounded different, somehow. He sounded like he was sore himself. He had the place smooth and level, but it didn't suit him yet; he couldn't leave it alone. He was scowling.

I started spading again. It wasn't any skin off my nose.

"I'm not gonna do it, by gosh!" he said. All of a sudden he kicked dirt over the smooth place and looked at me, squinting through his glasses. "Maybe he won't find out until after next Friday. Joe, and at least I'd—well, maybe I'd've shown him."

Stop dreaming, I thought; you won't show anybody anything, kid.

"The coach hasn't said who's going to run in the relays yet," he said. "Or the half mile. Maybe he'll let me run in something."

Sure, he'll let you run in after some adhesive tape, I thought; maybe he'll let you run in the cross-country, I thought, because there wasn't going to be any cross-country race in the meet.

After supper I called Betty. "Come haul me to a flicker," I said.

"That's mighty big of you, Mule Train," she said. "But you're a couple hours late. I'm going flickering with Herman Deeler."

"Herman Deeler?" I said. "I don't get it. What's the score?"

"I get tired of always being seen around with athletes," she said. "Herman smokes. Besides, he furnishes his own car. It's a real novelty to have a man come by after me once in a while. It's decent of a famous

type like you to let a girl pursue him, but tonight let's not, shall we?"

"Why just tonight?" I said. "Why not make it permanent?"

And I hung up, feeling lousy. Every now and then Betty used to go out with somebody else, because that was our understanding—not to tie each other down. She used to say dating other guys made her appreciate my sterling qualities all the more, and helped keep me in line. But she sure picked a sour moment for it this time. And she used all the wrong words, too. So maybe she was put out at me because part of getting in shape for track was not going out every night, or she might have been sore because I didn't wait around the drugstore for her. Herman Deeler wouldn't let track interfere with his love life. Nuts, I said to myself; who cares? I knew who.

I turned on the radio and looked at the evening paper, but I was worried about what I'd said. Now maybe she'd be really sore. I turned off the radio, folded the paper and went to bed. . . .

The next day was Sunday, and I went fishing with Dad and had a good time in a depressing sort of way. And then Monday morning rolled around, and I saw Betty in the hall at school, and she surprised me by being friendly—very friendly. And, somehow, very finished too. She didn't act sore, she just acted like everything was all washed up. It sure loused me up for the day.

Then after school Mr. Higby was pulling his hair out by handfuls. There'd been a tentative agreement in the district to drop the cross-country race from all district track meets this spring. But the other five schools coming to town for this meet claimed it wasn't a district meet, and they were expecting to bring cross-country teams to enter. So now all Mr. Higby had to do in a week's time was lay out a course and get a team of his own to enter.

"If we don't enter a team, we'll lose total points," he said. "Nobody can become a distance runner in a week, but we've got to enter the race. So I'm asking for volunteers."

**M**AYBE you're not familiar with cross-country runs. High-school cross-country courses are two miles or two and a half miles, across open country with plenty of hills and rough going. The coaches of the other schools wanted a two-and-a-half-mile course, and Mr. Higby said they must have come up with some regular Greg Rices. But a guy that gets pooped running one mile doesn't want any part of the cross-country, and nobody volunteered for the team except Stainless.

"Sorry, Steele," Mr. Higby said. "Cross-country is a tough grind. It needs good distance men even to finish." I raised my hand, and he lifted an eyebrow at me. "That goes for you too, Joe," he said. He looked around, and there weren't any other hands. "All right," he said. "Then I'll pick three volunteers."

He picked a couple country boys, Simmons and Tate, who were milers but not very good ones. For the third man he picked Herman Deeler, and we all knew that was a kind of punishment, because Herman was always gold-bricking at practice. And maybe because Mr. Higby suspected that he smoked cigarettes all the time, too. Serves him right, I thought; cut me out with Betty, will he? Only I had a feeling that I had cut myself out with Betty.

The rest of the week I steered clear of Stainless, and Betty, and Herman Deeler. I concentrated on high jump and hurdles, and Thursday afternoon I broke the district broad jump record unofficially. Mr. Higby had the cross-country team running every afternoon, but only a mile, and he wasn't pushing them hard. He said all he asked was that they finish Friday. "Just cross that finish line," he told them.

And then Friday came, and it was a very hot, airless day for that early in spring—not too bad for the sprints and jumping, but it would be plenty rugged for the distance runners, especially cross-country. Maybe Herman Deeler figured it would be too



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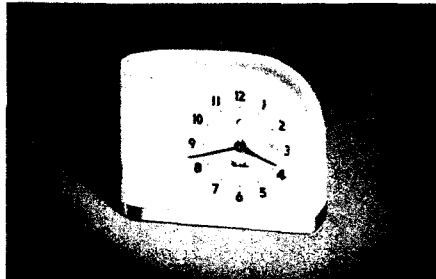
"Oh, stop it, Margaret! The news photographers are not interested in you!"

COLLIER'S

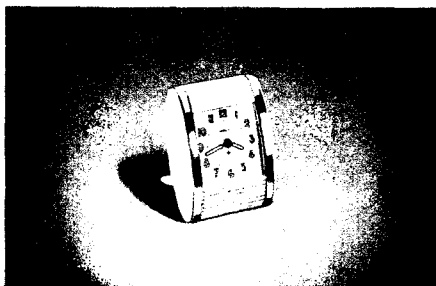
DON TOBIN

## Four thoughtful ways to say

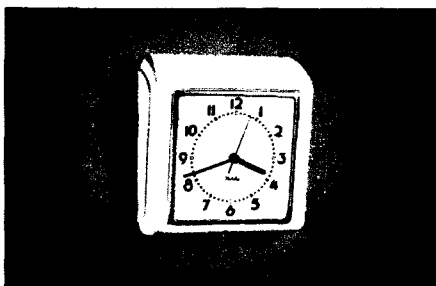
### "Best Wishes"



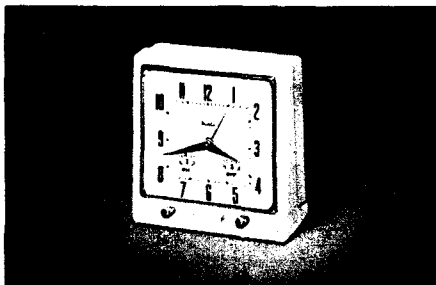
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# WESTCLOX



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rugged, because during the noon hour he managed to get caught smoking.

"You're through, Deeler," the coach said. "Check in your gear."

And that's how Stainless Steele got tapped for the cross-country. Mr. Higby had to have three men, and couldn't spare anybody else.

This tournament wasn't really important. The big ones, the regular official county and district track meets, would come later in the spring. This was just a kind of shake-down cruise, a preview of how the district teams would shape up. But since it was at home, Mr. Higby wanted to win if he could. He wanted us to look good in front of the home-town crowd. And it was a pretty good crowd, for a track meet.

**D**AD was there. He always turned up when I was in anything. School was dismissed for the meet, and most of the kids came out to watch. I saw Betty with some girls. At least she wasn't with Herman. Some of the crowd were there hoping to see me officially better the district broad jump mark, and I guess some just to be outdoors in the sunshine.

I was taking my high jump warmups when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around, and it was Mr. Steele. "Riley," he said, "I guess I went off half-cocked the other day. I was upset—but I owe you an apology. I hope you'll forget the whole thing."

"Sure," I said. "It wasn't anything." I was sweating good in my cotton sweat suit and wishing it wasn't so hot, and Mr. Steele took off his hat and wiped his forehead and watched one of the visiting jumpers clear the bar. Then he gave me a funny look.

"The little son of a gun disobeyed my orders, didn't he, Riley?"

He wasn't asking. Just letting me know that he knew. I nodded.

"I wish he hadn't," he said. He didn't act sore or anything. "I don't suppose he even suited up today, did he, Riley?" Funny thing, he looked sort of wistful.

"He's entered in the cross-country race," I said.

He looked at me like he didn't believe it. "Is Higby insane?" he said. "Why, dammit, Stanley isn't up to the cross-country grind. He won't get halfway around the course in this heat! What's wrong with Higby, anyway?" He turned around and pushed through the people on the infield grass, and I figured he was going to make the coach take Stainless out of the race.

I went ahead with my warmup jumps, and then a little later I cleared the bar at five seven for a second place, behind a long-legged kid from Skedee. Then I was walking around to keep my legs from stiffening up, and the cross-country runners were getting ready to start their race, so I went over to watch. Mr. Higby was talking to Stainless and Simmons and Tate, but I didn't see Mr. Steele anywhere.

"Look, fellas, just do the best you can," the coach said. "But don't hurt yourselves. You haven't had a chance to get ready for this race, and it's too ungodly hot. If you get pooped, drop out and come on in. Don't even try to finish. It doesn't matter, see."

They nodded, Stainless squinting solemnly through his glasses. And then they lined up on the track, and the race started. Stainless looked out of place with all those long-legged guys. When they passed through the east gate of the stadium, he was already trailing.

The stadium is at the edge of town, and a course had been laid out through fields and timber and across the creek and back again to the stadium. The course was sort of oval, about a mile long from the east to west, and about a quarter north to south. Part of it was through a pasture with deep gullies, and a couple hundred yards crossed a field that had been plowed but not harrowed. The course was not a perfect oval. It twisted from side to side, and the turns were marked by colored flags—white for right turns, red for left, and blue for straight ahead. Some of it was marked with lime, the rest with staked rags. I hoped

Stainless wasn't color-blind. I hadn't thought of that before.

While they were running the cross-country, we went on with the other events in the stadium. Purcell won the mile relay, but we got a close second. I was the anchor man, and I put out, but I couldn't pull up. After that I had to keep sweating for the 220 hurdles. I didn't know what the other schools had in the hurdles, but I didn't expect to win, and I didn't. I was lucky to get third place when the guy ahead of me tripped on the last hurdle and fell. I was walking around the infield when Dad came over and put his arm around my shoulder.

"Too bad, Joe. You shoulda had at least second in the hurdles."

I grinned at him. "I should've had fourth, and you know it."

He grinned too. "All right, wise guy. What about the high jump?"

"I just didn't have that extra half inch," I said. And he said, "It was the heat. And having only two weeks to get in shape."

"Nuts," I said. "I'm always in shape. All year around."

"Okay, okay," he said. "So then you're overtrained, Joe."

"Let's face it," I said. "I'm mediocre."

He kept grinning. "Well, too much success might ruin a young punk like you, Joe. You need to be a poor third or worse once in a while, or there'd be no living with you. Just win the broad jump, bub. Lose that and I saw off your corner of the table."

He left me, and I saw Simmons walking across the infield toward the coach, so I went over there in time to hear him tell the coach he just couldn't take it, so he'd dropped out. "But I waited until a couple other guys quit first," he panted.

"Good boy," Mr. Higby said. "Cool off and get yourself a shower."

"What about Stainless, Simmons?" I said, and he wrinkled his forehead. "Why, I dunno," he said. "He was quite a ways behind, and I cut across." He grinned a little. "That plowed field was what flipped my wick, Mr. Higby. I didn't have my plowin' shoes along."

Mr. Higby grinned and looked worried at the same time, and I heard someone calling my name. I turned around, and Betty was over across the track, wiggling a finger at me. I went over to her.

"My big third-place hero," she said. "Listen, how can I be all through with you forever when I never see you? It's no fun that way."

"It's no fun any way," I told her.

"I figured that out for myself," she said.

She gave me her most dazzling smile. "You want to kiss and make up, sweetie?"

"Sure," I said. "What happened, anyhow? What occurred?"

"I guess I've been acting like a girl," she said. "You've been so gloomy lately, and so busy with track—well, shucks, Mule Train, it hurt my vanity—or something. I thought I was fed up with wholesome muscle worshipers who put athletics before love."

"That brings us up to Herman Deeler," I told her.

She nodded, wrinkling her nose. "Herman is persistent, and he doesn't put too much emphasis on outdoor sports."

"You can say that again," I said.

"And he's sort of sophisticated," she said. "But today I found out he's kind of shallow and disloyal to the school colors and stuff."

"So that brings us up to me again," I said. "And all of a sudden I don't think I like the arrangement much, sweetie."

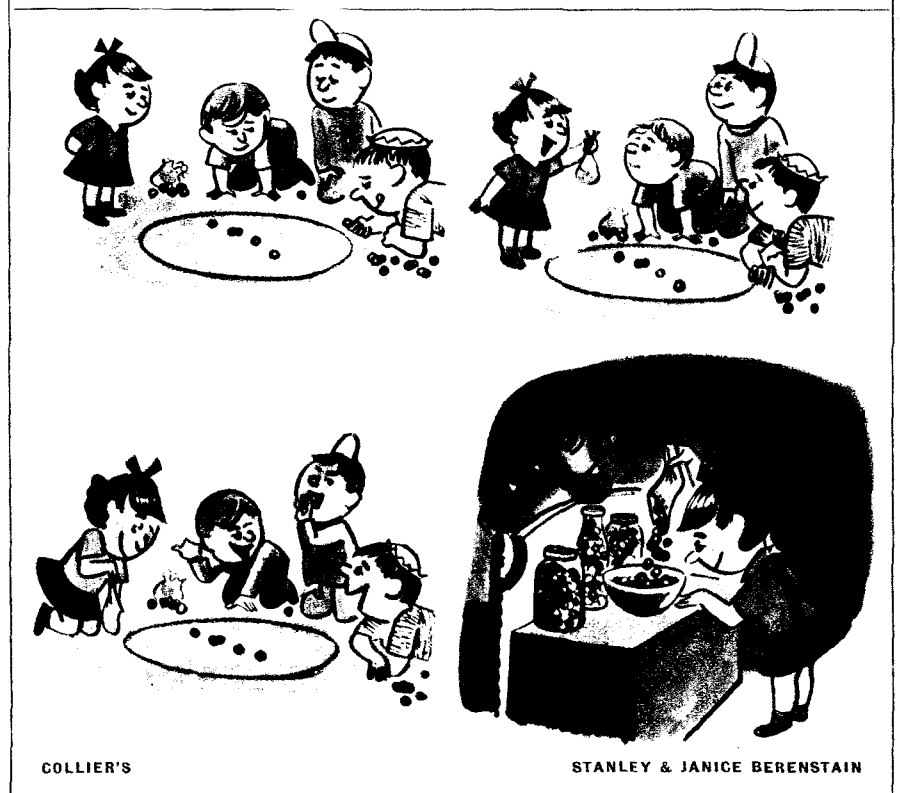
"I know," she said. "All right, so I too have been sort of shallow and kind of disloyal to the school colors—but you still put too much emphasis on thews of steel, you bum. Let's let it go at that until we can have the proper scenery for such a delicate routine, huh?"

"Okay," I said. "I'll see you later." She went back to her seat in the bleachers, and I went on back to the infield, and the public-address announcer said, "Clear the track, please. Clear the track."

**I**T WAS the first half-dozen guys finishing the cross-country. They were scattered and their tongues were hanging out, and a two-year-old baby could have beat them in their sprint for the tape. There were only five guys of the eighteen who had started, and Stainless wasn't one of them. Four more guys came along through the west gate in the next minute or so, and I wondered if Stainless had dropped out like Simmons. Quite a while after the first guys came in, Tate came through the west gate. But he wasn't finishing. He was walking, limping onto the infield, holding his side and spitting cotton. Right then I decided Stainless must have dropped out early in the race and come on back, and I hadn't seen him.

But I wasn't thinking much about Stainless. I was thinking about Betty. Listen, it's kind of the custom for high-school girls to go big for football players. You know, star athletes. But I'll bet eight out of ten of those deals get cold as soon as they graduate

## SISTER



Collier's for May 27, 1950

and become just plain people. Maybe it's a phase girls go through—and maybe Betty was about to start working her way through the next phase. I don't know what comes after football players. I thought: Maybe it's better if you let the whole thing collapse right now, boy. I guess I was bitter. Nothing lasts, I thought, maybe everything is phony.

What can you do when you get on a kick like that? Everything was all mixed up in my mind, but it all kept coming back to Stainless and his father in a screwy way. What can you take for granted? I thought: How do you know what people are thinking when they look at you? See how it was?

I went over to the bleachers and looked up at Betty, and she looked down, smiling, with her eyebrows raised. "The broad jump is in a few minutes now," I said. "You want me to win it for you?"

"Win it for me, Mule Train," she said.

I didn't know whether it was significant or not. I didn't know if I'd found out anything about us or not. And it was right then that the laughing started. Somebody yelled, and somebody else cheered in a phony voice, and the laughter swept through the crowd like wind through ripe wheat. Everybody was looking toward the west gate, and Betty said, "Oh, no," with a sort of catch in her voice.

I couldn't see from the ground, so I climbed up the side of the bleachers and looked. And it was Stainless. He'd come in the west gate and was staggering around the cinder track, and the crowd was laughing at him. He looked funny, all right—but he looked pitiful, too. He looked forlorn and pathetic, and seeing him like that made my throat feel tight and dry. The cross-country had been over for quite a while, and here he came, finishing a bad last, if he finished. I wouldn't have bet a nickel on it, because each step he took looked like it might be the last. He lifted his feet like they weighed fifty pounds apiece.

Even from there I could see he wasn't wearing his glasses, and he must have twisted his ankle or got a Charley horse, the way he was favoring his right leg. I saw Mr. Higby leave a group of men out on the infield grass and start off like he was going to get in front of Stainless and head him off. But then he turned around and came plowing through the officials and other people on the infield, toward the finish line in front of the bleachers. And Stainless kept coming, his head back and his mouth open. I could see the tendons in his neck.

When the straightaway ended and the turn started, he wasn't making his cut sharp enough. Right at the end of the turn he veered into the raised concrete edge of the track and seemed to realize his mistake and try to turn sharp, but his reactions were slow and he was too close, and he slammed into the board fence at the end of the oval and bounced off and went sprawling on the cinders.

**F**EELING sick inside, I looked at Betty. Her eyes were shiny and she was chewing her knuckles. I looked back at the track, and a couple of guys had run out to Stainless and were trying to help him up, but he pushed them away and got up by himself. Nobody was laughing now. It wasn't funny, and they knew it now, and a hush had fallen over the place like at a football game when some guy doesn't get up after being tackled. Only Stainless got up, and he kept coming.

I could see now that he was dirty, from sweat and dust that was streaked into mud on him. The veins stood out in his forehead, and his stomach was all caved in, and his face looked like one of those terrible masks the drama society uses for letterheads, and his knees were skinned from sliding in the gravel when he fell. And in the hush you could hear his feet scuffling the cinders, and you could hear the terrible way he was fighting to get some air into his lungs.

I dropped off the bleachers and headed for the finish line. I had to do something, I couldn't stand it just watching. Mr. Higby

was there. "Help me, Joe," he said. "We got to keep him moving."

Stainless made the east turn all right and came toward us. He was wobbling and staggering, but he got across the finish line. We caught him and held him up between us and started walking with him between us, making him use his legs, making him keep moving so he wouldn't get cramps, or worse. He gasped and sobbed and tried to talk, but Mr. Higby told him not to try yet, but to just keep moving.

And then all at once the crowd let go. Nobody told them to, they just did it. Because Stainless had the guts to come in, even when he knew he was the poorest last that ever finished a race. They weren't applauding his ability, they were applauding his courage.

**A**FTER a while the coach said, "All right, Joe. There's the doctor—we'll let him rest now." We put Stainless on the grass, and the doc felt his pulse and listened to his chest, while Mr. Higby had some guys take off their sweat suits and cover him up.

I didn't see Mr. Steele until he was already kneeling in the grass beside Stainless. The doc said, "Don't worry, he's okay. Just one mighty tired lad, that's all. He's had a hard afternoon."

Stainless looked at the coach, squinting. "Did I finish?"

"You made it," Mr. Higby said. "You finished the race, fella."

"But did it *count*?" He was still having trouble with his breathing.

"Damned right it counted," Mr. Higby said.

Stainless sort of relaxed and grinned. "I fell down in that plowed field," he said. "I lost my glasses and couldn't find them. I guess I got a sort of Charley horse, too, but it wouldn't've been so bad if I hadn't gone and lost my glasses."

"We'll get you some new glasses, Stan," his father said.

Stainless squinted up at his father, and he got a funny look on his face. "I'm sorry I disobeyed, Father," he said. "I had to."

"I know, Stan," his father said. "I'm glad you did."

"No, you were right," Stainless said, squeaking a little. "I'm not cut out for an athlete. I'm short-winded. I can't run—"

"The hell you can't run," his father said. "It takes time, but you can do it if you want to, Stan. Dammit, a man with guts can do anything, if he wants to bad enough, son." He put his hand on his son's head and shook it gently. "All a guy needs is guts, fella—and you weren't behind the door when they checked them out." He looked prouder than if Stainless had won the race.

"Joe," the coach said. "It's time for the broad jump. How about winning this one for Stan?"

I looked at Stainless. "All right," I said. "I'll win it for you, Stainless." His face lighted up. "If I win it," I said. "Okay, boy?"

"Okay, boy," he said.

So I won the broad jump for Stainless. I didn't break any records but I won first place. And then I put on my sweat suit and went across the track, and Betty was waiting for me by the bleachers. She looked beautiful. Her nose was sunburned, and her cheeks were sunburned, and she looked beautiful.

"You did it for me," she said. "Huh, Mule Train?"

"Not this one," I said. "I won this one for Stainless."

She gave me that dazzling smile again. "I'm glad you did, sweetie."

I took her hand and we started walking toward the gym, and I had so many things to tell her I didn't know where to start. About how old Stainless was wrong all the time, his father liked him fine all the time—only maybe he tried too hard to keep him from getting hurt, from being laughed at. Stainless just got fouled up in his thinking, like me. "I'll win the next one for you, sweetie," I said.

Everything was fine again. Everything was *real* fine again.

THE END



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## Multiple Mr. Maypole

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"But—then who writes his books?" asked the girl.

"Now, wait a minute," said Maypole firmly. "I am L. Taylor Maypole, and I write my own books."

"But I don't understand. The reason Taylor postponed our marriage this last time was that he had to go to Guatemala to get material for a book, he said."

"You see," Stringfellow explained, "Ethel is in love with a young man who claims he's a writer named L. Taylor Maypole. He promises to marry her and then goes off on these trips."

"I just came back from Guatemala a few weeks ago," said Maypole. "And I know somebody is going around impersonating me. But how could he know I was going to Guatemala?" He answered his own question. "There was a paragraph saying I was leaving, in one of the trade magazines. Maybe he subscribes to it. Maybe he has my telephone tapped. I'm reaching the point where I'll believe anything."

Ethel, who had believed she was going to marry a real live author, burst into tears. "Oh," she cried, "this is just awful. First he—and then when I—and now he isn't even—"

Stringfellow pressed his button. Another girl in a ruffled blouse took Ethel away, supporting her tenderly, as one with an arrow in her heart.

"Charlie Ruddeback told me somebody was impersonating you," said the attorney. "I guess it's true. I wish I could lay my hands on him!"

"How do you think I feel?" asked Taylor. "Doesn't Ethel even have his address or his telephone number?"

"No. That's why I had to phone Ruddeback to get hold of you. This damned Maypole—I beg your pardon—this lecherous liar just called the girl when he came back from his nonexistent trips. He must time them with yours. When you go away, he goes away. When you come back, he comes back."

"Don't you suppose he'll call her now he's back from Guatemala?" Stringfellow suggested.

"Whatever he has purloined from our little Ethel, I fear he wants no more of it," said the attorney glumly. "In the words of the poet—"

"Never mind the words of the poet," said Maypole. "This is driving me nuts. How am I going to catch him?"

Stringfellow shrugged.

"Hire a private detective," he suggested.

**O**N BROADWAY, in a cluttered office in which it was evident goats had once made their home, Maypole found his detective, a swarthy gnome who spoke in whispers and used knowing winks at the ends of his sentences in place of periods.

"I think I can give you quick action on this, Mr. Maypole," he said.

He was as good as his word. Within the week the Wide-A-Wake Agency reported. The fake L. Taylor Maypole would be at a bookshop in Plainfield, New Jersey, on Saturday evening, autographing copies of *The Gaucho* and *The Girl*.

At last! "How in the world did you track him down?" asked Maypole, breathless.

"Clipping service. I asked for clips on L. Taylor Maypole from papers within fifty miles of New York. Say, you should see the bale that came in! This guy is sure talky. He talks all the time. He talks everywhere!"

Maypole took a late-afternoon commuters' train to Plainfield, ate a loathsome dinner in a knotty-pine-and-chromium restaurant, and arrived at the Satyr Book Shop promptly at eight o'clock. There was a wrought-iron lantern outside the place, and its show windows were of leaded glass. Varnished folding chairs were set up in rows, and at the deep end of the shop there was a table for the speaker lighted dramatically by a small amber spotlight. "I'll sit in the

front row," decided Maypole, "and disconcert him." A sneer on his lips, he did so.

The rows of chairs filled rapidly. Women made up the larger part of the audience, but there were a dozen or so men. Which of them was the spurious Maypole? At last the handsome gray-haired woman who owned the shop gave a brief introductory eulogy, making lavish use of the word "colorful," and the evildoer stepped forward, to applause.

Maypole did not applaud. It took, however, considerable will power to refrain from doing so. For "Taylor"—as he found himself thinking of the fraud—looked every inch an author. Not more than twenty-two or twenty-three at the oldest, he was slim and trim, with a lean, sensitive face and tragic eyes. His hair under the spotlight was gleaming gold; a rippling cascade of molten metal from Fort Knox stopped by a high-speed camera. Not only did he look like an author but he dressed as authors were popularly supposed to dress. He wore a loose dark jacket, with well-pressed flannel slacks and suede Oxfords. Around his Byronic throat was a yellow silk scarf loosely knotted.

"Good evening, dear friends of Romance," murmured the spurious Maypole, and looked straight into the authentic Maypole's eyes, disconcerted not a whit.

The performance ran for an hour and a quarter. Taylor, or whatever his name was, read passages from the works of L. Taylor Maypole and read them far more eloquently than their actual author could have done in a million years. His tone as he described the mountains of Peru (a passage Maypole had stolen from a high-school geography textbook) was majestic. For love scenes he dropped his voice until it became the rustle of palm fronds fingered by Caribbean zephyrs. More than once tears sprang to the magnificent, tragic eyes.

Maypole, sitting with arms folded across his plump middle-aged chest, was the only person in the shop who did not clap enthusiastically as the last musical word died away. People scurried down the aisle thrusting out books to be signed by the great hand that had composed them. Those who did not own books bought them at the counter.

But sales or no sales, indignation rose through L. Taylor Maypole's cupidity like a fist through a sheet of tissue paper, tearing it. Scowling, he leaped from his chair

and strode down upon the busy group in which the false Maypole's gold fountain pen flashed, and into which he was tossing quips—very good quips.

"This nonsense, this mockery, this fiasco has gone far enough!" Maypole shouted. "Who this scoundrel is I have no idea. He's probably the stock boy from a glue factory. But I—I am L. Taylor Maypole!"

There was a horrified murmur. Those nearest Maypole drew quickly away from him, as from a madman.

**T**HE fake Maypole behind the table smiled languidly. His gold pen glittering in his long, pale, artistic fingers, he said with a sigh, "So, it's you again. Please, please, don't be tiresome." He pronounced it "Tah-sm."

"Good heavens," Maypole burst out. "don't any of you ladies ever look at the author's picture on the jacket when you buy a book?" He snatched a book. "Here! Who is this? Does it look like this pretender? It's me, isn't it?"

"Ladies," said the young man at the table, "ladies and gentlemen, I know this poor chap. He's a printer. He works for my publisher when he isn't confined in an institution. He has a delusion that he is a novelist. When the engravings are made for the jackets of my books he substitutes his picture for mine."

Dizzied for the moment, Maypole rallied. "This is incredible!" he cried.

"Not to those of us who are well-read in the psychology of unbalanced minds," said Taylor. "Poor fellow, go away. Go away and I will say nothing about this to the foreman at the printing plant."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Maypole, trying another tack, "in my wallet I have a hotel credit card, an insurance card, all kinds of identification. I also have my passport. Ask this man to identify himself."

The fake Maypole spoke in an aside to his audience. "Forgeries," he said. "His obsession is real to him, you see. He honestly believes everything he's saying. Ah, life is sad—"

At this Maypole became so angry that, for the first time in his life, he struck a blow for honesty. The blow appeared to make little or no impression on the impostor, who was young and sturdy. It made a deep and unfortunate one, however, on the policeman who at that moment, summoned by

the shop's owner, came tramping up the aisle.

"Here now," exclaimed the officer gruffly. "None of that!"

"Arrest this man!" cried Maypole.

"Thank you for coming, Officer," said "Taylor" in a calm, restrained voice. "This unfortunate chap doesn't mean any harm, but he's disturbing our little group. Don't punish him severely, I beg you. Just book him for disturbing the peace."

The patrolman looked from one of them to the other. "Taylor" was urbane and unruffled. Maypole, on the other hand, was red of face and redder of eye, with his necktie askew. "You'd better come with me, Fatso," said the policeman, making his choice without difficulty. He knew an agitator when he saw one: they always wore their ties crooked. Wrapping a large hand around Maypole's biceps he guided him forcefully to the police station.

"Can you pay a fine?" a sergeant there demanded.

"Certainly!" Maypole indignantly responded, reaching for his wallet. His wallet was gone. "No, I can't," he said. "and I demand that you go back and arrest the other man. Not only has he insulted me, but he has stolen my wallet."

"If he did," said the arresting officer, "he's the only pickpocket I ever seen in a yellow scarf. Sarge, this guy has been taking in too many gangster movies. When I drug him out he was yelling, 'I'll get you for this, I'll get you for this,' just like John Garfield. If we let him loose he'll go back and sock the other guy again. He better cool off."

"Oh-ho!" said the sergeant. His face, which was as pink as a ten-cent washcloth and had much the same texture, became distinctly unfriendly. "Well, then—"

**T**HE cooler was a small room with a concrete floor. It contained a cot with a galvanized iron mattress and a pillow stuffed with dried peas.

Maypole cheered himself as best he could by telling himself he might need a description of a provincial jail for a book one day; but in the morning he wanted only to forget the place quickly. His neck felt like an extension telescope. He discovered also that he had a black eye, although he could not recall having been struck by anyone.

When he was released, he hired a limousine with curtains for the trip back to New York, borrowing the money to pay for it from the uniformed doorman at his apartment. In his apartment he secreted himself, refusing bridge invitations until the green and purple beneath his eye might fade.

Charles Ruddeback telephoned. "Taylor, you're the only author I have who ever delivers manuscript on time. Where is Flame of the Pampas?" he asked.

"I can't write," Maypole informed him. "I can't write, I can't think. Terrible things have been happening to me, Charles."

"Is Daunton Stringfellow taking you into court?"

Maypole could barely remember the name. "Stringfellow?" he asked. "Oh—about Ethel, you mean. I'm miles ahead of you, Charles. I've been in jail."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Ruddeback. "I'll put my publicity department to work on it right away. Why, this could make you a best seller! I want to talk to you about your sales, Taylor. You're booming! We're rushing a new edition of *The Gaucho* and *The Girl* to the printer. This faker is the best thing that's ever happened to you! Let me come and tell you about it."

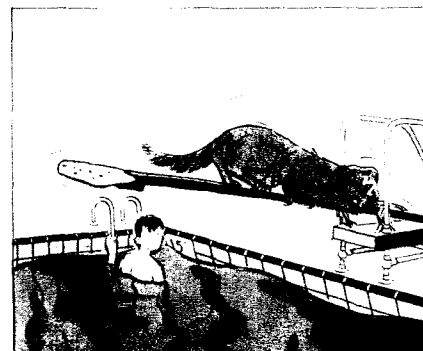
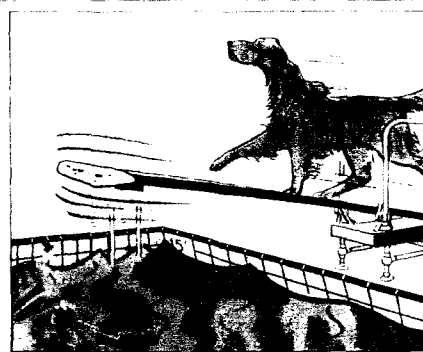
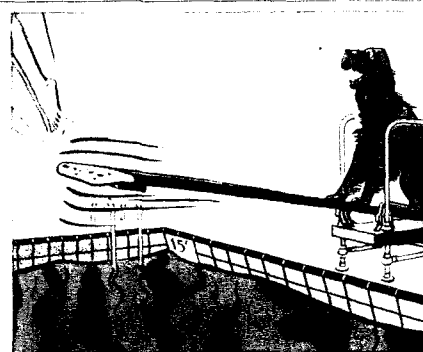
Maypole told him not to but he came nevertheless, puffing his pipe and hawing with excitement.

"Who put you in jail?" he inquired.

Maypole told him in detail.

"Why, the man is a promotional genius!" Ruddeback marveled. "I'll hire him for my sales manager! If he can sell your books he can sell anything. I mean, haw, he's a

### CLANCY



COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



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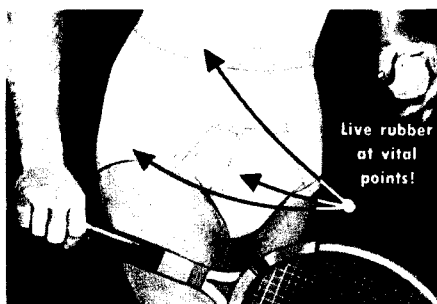
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born salesman. I hope you're grateful for all he's doing for you. Your sales are up eleven per cent!"

"Grateful!" ejaculated Maypole. "I'm going to pay a couple of thugs to double him up in a barrel of cement and roll him into the Hudson!"

"And lose those golden curls? Those curls are selling books for you!"

"Charles," said Maypole icily, "you are ignoring the fact that I, the just, have spent a night in jail while he, the unjust, goes on and on to deafening applause. Don't you think of anything but money? A principle is involved."

"Money is a, haw, principle."

**S**NATCHING up the telephone, Maypole called the bookshop in Plainfield. "This is Rountree Muggridge, social secretary to Mrs. Armonsides Banghart!" he shouted in an affected voice. "I understand L. Taylor Maypole spoke recently at your delightful little shop. I'd like to engage him. Do you have his address?"

The woman at the shop said she had secured Mr. Maypole's services through a lecture bureau in New York. She supplied the bureau's telephone number.

"Taylor," groaned Ruddeback, "what are you doing? Don't do it! Your sales are up eleven per cent, I tell you! Think of a third edition! Think of a fourth!"

"I'm going to find him," said L. Taylor Maypole, "and I'm going to poison him. Or maybe I'll challenge him to a duel. If I don't he'll move right into this apartment. He'll say he's L. Taylor Maypole and everybody will believe him—he'll say he's had his face lifted; he'll say he wears a gilt wig. He'll even convince you, Charles. And I'll be a penniless outcast on the Bowery, a ghost without even a name to call myself by when I fall asleep at night!"

"Eleven per cent, Taylor!"

"What is money?" scoffed Maypole, and dialed the number of the lecture bureau.

"Oh, you're just a teentsy-weentsy bit too late," a lady there informed him. "Mr. Maypole has taken a perfectly marvelous writing job at Excruciating Pictures in Hollywood, at simply thousands and thousands of dollars a week. And he's engaged to marry the daughter of an old California frozen-orange-juice family."

Maypole put down the phone, which broke into halves.

"Charles," he said, his voice trembling, "I have been writing books for you for nineteen long years and no moving-picture studio has ever offered me a job. Now this"—his voice broke—"this fake, this cheat has gone to work for Excruciating Pictures at a fine salary, using my name. And he's engaged to a frozen-orange-juice heiress."

"Frozen? Too bad," remarked the publisher, puffing sadly at his pipe. "He'll never be happy. And he'll never take a sales manager's job now. We've lost him."

"Charles," said Maypole quietly, "you don't understand. This man is robbing me of money that is rightfully mine. Second, he is robbing me of my identity. Think of the implications."

Ruddeback tried to think. "You mean this could happen to anyone?" he asked.

"Tomorrow! Say your name is Jake Doolittle and you live in Clabber Gulch. Tomorrow morning a perfect stranger can wander into Clabber Gulch and say he's the real Jake Doolittle, and you'll be helpless."

"I'd show everybody my birth certificate."

"He'll say it's a forgery!"

"He will?" asked the publisher, paling.

"Yes; and he'll prove it! He'll take your house. He'll take your bank account."

Ruddeback's jaw fell as understanding came to him. "He could even take Mrs. Doolittle—Mrs. Ruddeback, I mean! Maybe he wouldn't want her, though."

"He'll teach your children to call him Daddy!"

Ruddeback's pipe fell from his mouth. "Why, it's murder!" he cried.

"Exactly," said Maypole. "He has killed me. And that is just what we are going to use to kill him. Oh, nothing like cement

and a barrel; nothing so crude. This will be subtle. But I'll need your help."

"Anything, old—haw—boy!" cried the publisher, aroused. "Anything at all."

Maypole seated himself at his typewriter and tapped busily. "Here," he said. "Tell your publicity department to send this to the newspapers. Make sure the news services put it on the wire to Hollywood. I want it to get into the trade papers the people at Excruciating read. *Charles Ruddeback, president of Ruddeback Books, Inc., has received word from South America of the tragic death of L. Taylor Maypole, author and world traveler. The popular author was crushed to death by a boa constrictor.*

"He lies in a simple grave in the jungle," continued Maypole. "Monkeys chatter overhead, birds of bright plumage dart among the lianas, and orchids glow like memorial candles about his simple headstone. L. Taylor Maypole has written his last colorful romance of the tropics."

"But this brings your career to an end!" cried Ruddeback. "Dear old boy! How can I print your books when you're dead?"

"I'll show you." Maypole seized the manuscript of *Flame of the Pampas*. Slashing at the title page with a red crayon, he handed it to the publisher.

"*Flame of the Pampas*," Ruddeback read aloud. "By—haw—Rountree Muggridge."

"I have a new identity," explained Maypole, "and you have a new author. Evil is vanquished. Virtue triumphs. The aquamarine flag of Truth flies once more! And tomorrow," he concluded gleefully, chuckling, "when Excruciating finds out the real Maypole is dead, they'll fire our young pretender right out on his ear." . . .

On the following day, to make sure that the wrongdoer had been ordered off the studio premises in disgrace, Maypole put through a long-distance call to Excruciating Pictures. "I'd like to speak with L. Taylor Maypole," he said, "if he's still there. He is, or was, a writer."

"Oh, dear," came the regretful voice of the studio telephone operator, "we have so many writers we don't try to remember their names. Is he the deep-sea diver who's writing the story about horse racing?"

"There must be some way you can find out who's working for you," Maypole raged. "Give me the story editor. Give me the payroll department!"

There were sounds of a spirited discussion at the switchboard, with half a dozen girlish voices joining in. "One of the girls says you mean Mr. Maypole, Junior."

"Junior?" Maypole quivered. He felt that a rug was being pulled out from under his feet. "That must be the one. What's happened to him? Tell me!"

"Oh, poor Mr. Maypole, Junior!" crooned

the girl in a mournful contralto. "His father was crushed by a boa constrictor. We all feel so sad for him. The studio is giving him two weeks' vacation on salary."

The words "on salary" were the straw—as Ruddeback would undoubtedly have put it—that broke Maypole's back. That the young fiend in Hollywood should be quick enough to think of such a monstrous lie, that he should transform himself overnight into L. Taylor Maypole, Junior, lay well within the compass of the human brain. But that he should tell the lie so cleverly, so convincingly, so consummately as to be awarded a vacation with pay, even in Hollywood—that, that was superhuman! He was, Maypole at last realized, up against an intelligence infinitely superior to his own. The realization splintered him.

Maypole tried—doggedly and gallantly—to carry on.

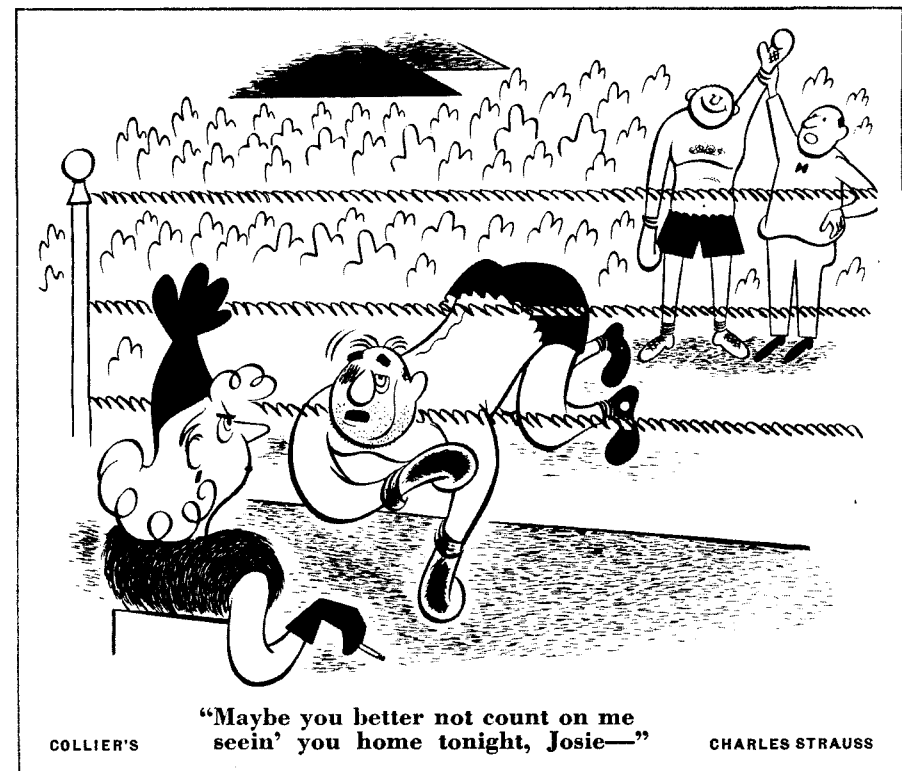
When his *Flame of the Pampas* was published, and he heard that a famous Hollywood writer with golden curls and a yellow scarf was giving readings from it before lecture clubs, calling himself Rountree Muggridge, he wrote Janice of the Jungle and signed it Ephraim Daintyfellow Smottchett.

When Janice of the Jungle was published, and he heard that a famous Hollywood writer with golden curls and a yellow scarf was giving readings from it before lecture clubs, calling himself Ephraim Daintyfellow Smottchett, he wrote Columbine of Colombia and signed it Elsie Gwynnedde Llanffollstrwl.

But when Columbine of Colombia was published and he heard that a famous Hollywood writer with golden curls and a yellow scarf was giving readings from it before lecture clubs, calling himself Elsie Gwynnedde Llanffollstrwl, he reached the end. He quit cold.

**T**ODAY the nameless wanderer who once knew himself to be L. Taylor Maypole won't pick up a pen even to sign a hotel register. Instead he uses little rubber stamps which he carries with him from city to city, town to town. Not a line does he write. He earns his living by giving readings before ladies' lecture clubs. Sometimes he is introduced as Horace Walpole. Sometimes he says he is Ernest Hemingway. He still suffers terribly from stage fright. Practice has made him a better public speaker, however, and his audiences appear to enjoy his interpretations of *Ulysses*, *Forever Amber*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the many other books he says are his own. Perhaps they only pity him, but they show him kindness. And kindness, after the dreadful thing which befell him, is what L. Taylor Maypole most needs.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Maybe you better not count on me seein' you home tonight, Josie—"

CHARLES STRAUSS



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trolley trundling bridgeward. Jose timed it. As he darted out, he managed to glimpse the distant hubbub. Tosteen wasn't watching him. He was surrounded by a pawing, gesturing, gabbling throng. If the man actually had no Spanish, it would take the police to straighten out the affair.

The opposite side of the street was not crowded. There were dark houses to pass, the shops were soon left behind. It didn't take long to reach the Plaza.

Neon was not the decoration here. There was moonlight instead. On the steps of the old church, a few old men rested, a few women wandered inside and a few women wandered out.

Jose walked close to the darkened shop windows. There was no one following him. There would be as soon as Tosteen could proceed. He must move fast: he was too easy to follow, his white suit was a glimmering beacon. He could ask anyone on the street the way and be directed to Calle de la Burrita. He could ask the way to Señor el Greco's but that would be less circumspect; the reputation that surrounded the señor's name was not savory.

He made a quick decision. He beckoned a street urchin sitting on the curb. The boy, small and cheeky and ragged, came without haste. "Gimme dime." He stuck out a hand encrusted with dried, dirty juice of the watermelon. "Gimme cigarette."

Jose measured the boy with his eyes. "Chico!" he commanded.

The boy dropped his hand. Suspicion clouded his eyes.

Jose spoke in the boy's tongue. "I have need of a guide. I will give you a dollar if you will serve me."

The suspicion didn't go away but greed crowded it.

"What do you say?"

The boy muttered. "You will give me a dollar?"

"Yes."

"I cannot go far," the boy hesitated. "The old one, my grandfather, leans on me." Jose followed the gesture to the bent shoulders and gray hair of the man who stood beside the tray of watermelon slices.

"Is the Street of the Little Female Burro far?" Jose inquired.

"But no." Suspicion vanished in a smile. "He will not know I am gone. Come, señor."

THE boy squirmed away, taking care his grandfather did not observe the departure. Jose followed, cutting across to the opposite corner, in the direction he had come, but not on the avenue now. Up a darkened side street. They had gone but a brief way before the boy stopped and faced him.

"If you are an honorable man, give me the dollar now."

Jose began to shake his head but the boy's grimy finger pointed. "This is the street you desire."

The words flaked on the wall, Calle de la Burrita. Jose walked quickly to the corner, peered into the narrow passage. "My dollar," the little boy wailed, tugging at Jose's coat.

"Yes." Jose reached into his pocket, drew forth a silver cart wheel and pressed it into the small hand. The boy's eyes rounded with disbelief. The señor had been an honorable man. It was not often so in his experience. Jose warned, "Say to no one where you have found this." The boy nodded.

Jose turned into the alley. It was as narrow as the street where the Café Herrera stood but it was not elegant, not even in a faded fashion. The houses here were not walled, they crumbled on the street without protection. The street was not

## The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

paved with tipsy bricks; warm dust sifted over the hard-packed dirt. It had one advantage over Calle Herrera—it was not dead-end. At the far corner it twisted into another lane, much like the one he had just traveled with the boy.

This byway seemed deserted. It showed no light, it made no sound. The faint echo of the Avenida's merriment whimpered from another world. Jose walked the entire length of the narrow lane before coming upon the shop of Señor Praxiteles.

It was a real shop with a large glass window. Jose did not stop to peer through the undisturbed dust which swathed the pane like mist. He merely made note that the darkness was broken by a flicker, dim as a candle, far in the rear of the shop. The light was so small it laid no color on the street. The entrance was on the corner; there were tiptilted earthen steps leading to a heavy wooden door, so old the iron of the hinges and the latch were worn black and thin. Above the door was a small iron bell, a dirty piece of string hanging limply from it.

Jose put his hand on the latch. It didn't give. There was nothing to do but ring. Gingerly he took the soiled string between thumb and forefinger; he pulled. The clang was faint, but he could hear it echoing within the shop, attached to another bell inside.

Nothing happened after he rang the bell. He stood there waiting, wondering. He might be too late but the blond girl hadn't set any particular time for him to pick up the package. Perhaps she'd taken it for granted he would rush with the envelope from the desk to the señor's. The sooner to enjoy his pay. He wasn't wondering so much about the delay as about the number of people who seemed to be in on this business. Canario couldn't have remembered him from more than five years ago; the *músico* was a part of this thing. It was not accident that Canario had waylaid him; he had been watching for Jose's appearance.

The door opened so softly he was taken unawares. There'd been no warning creak;

those ancient hinges were well oiled. Someone was peering out at him but his eyes were unable to penetrate the blackness inside. The door was open only a crack. A voice whispered dustily. "It is too late. Return tomorrow."

Jose rebelled. He'd be damned if he was going through this again.

He edged one white buckskin toe against the crack. He announced, "I won't be here tomorrow." The words sounded too loud in the empty night—and prophetic in an unpleasant way.

The croaking whisper didn't care. "The shop of Señor el Greco is open only by day. El Greco is a poor man—*el pobrecito*—he does not have the lights *electrico* to shine upon his poor treasures—"

AT LAST Jose realized two things. He'd been peering at eye level for the figure; he knew now that it huddled no taller than the latch. The other thing was that the señor wasn't interested in anyone without an envelope. Jose whispered, "I bring this to you." He took the envelope from his pocket, held it to the crack in the door.

A claw snatched it. Again Jose waited. The door pushed against his foot but it didn't close because his foot was there.

And then the door gave. "Come inside," the whisper invited.

Now that the invitation had come, Jose didn't think much of the idea. Yet sinister as the place appeared, and sinister as he knew Señor Praxiteles' reputation to be, there should be no danger attached to picking up a package. He wasn't here officially as he once might have been. He stepped in, blinded by the dark as the door was shut. He didn't know where the old one was standing until the whisper came from behind him. "Go straight ahead."

He moved cautiously and perceived after a step that a heavy curtain separated this vestibule from the shop, creating the black-out. It explained how the old man had been able to study the envelope. Jose reached out and spread the curtains. The shop was dark but not black; the globule of flame at the rear conjured enormous grotesqueries of shadow which clawed the walls. The room seemed to be empty. There was no way to be sure. There were hiding places in the black of shadow, in giant ollas and mammoth woven baskets.

The old man followed Jose into the room. He was as old as his voice, old and withered and dusty, yellowed like vellum with age. He would never have been tall; bent now with the years, he was no larger than a child, no larger than the *sorbeta* who had barred Jose's path at the café.

He was dressed as if he had been expecting company other than a messenger boy. He wore a frock coat, too large for him and green at the seams; the shirt front was a warped dickey, the string tie had been fumbled into an effort at a bow.

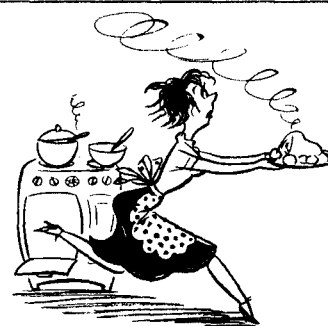
This man was Señor Praxiteles—it could be no other—yet Jose asked the question. "Señor Praxiteles?"

The man did not answer. He stood there, his eyes fastened on Jose. He had eyes like a lizard, hooded, unblinking. The hand which clutched the envelope lifted slightly. "Your name is—?"

"I am Jose Aragon," Jose repeated. "You are Señor Praxiteles?"

"Yes."

There was again the silence, the lizard study of Jose. "Why do you come here?" the old man finally asked.

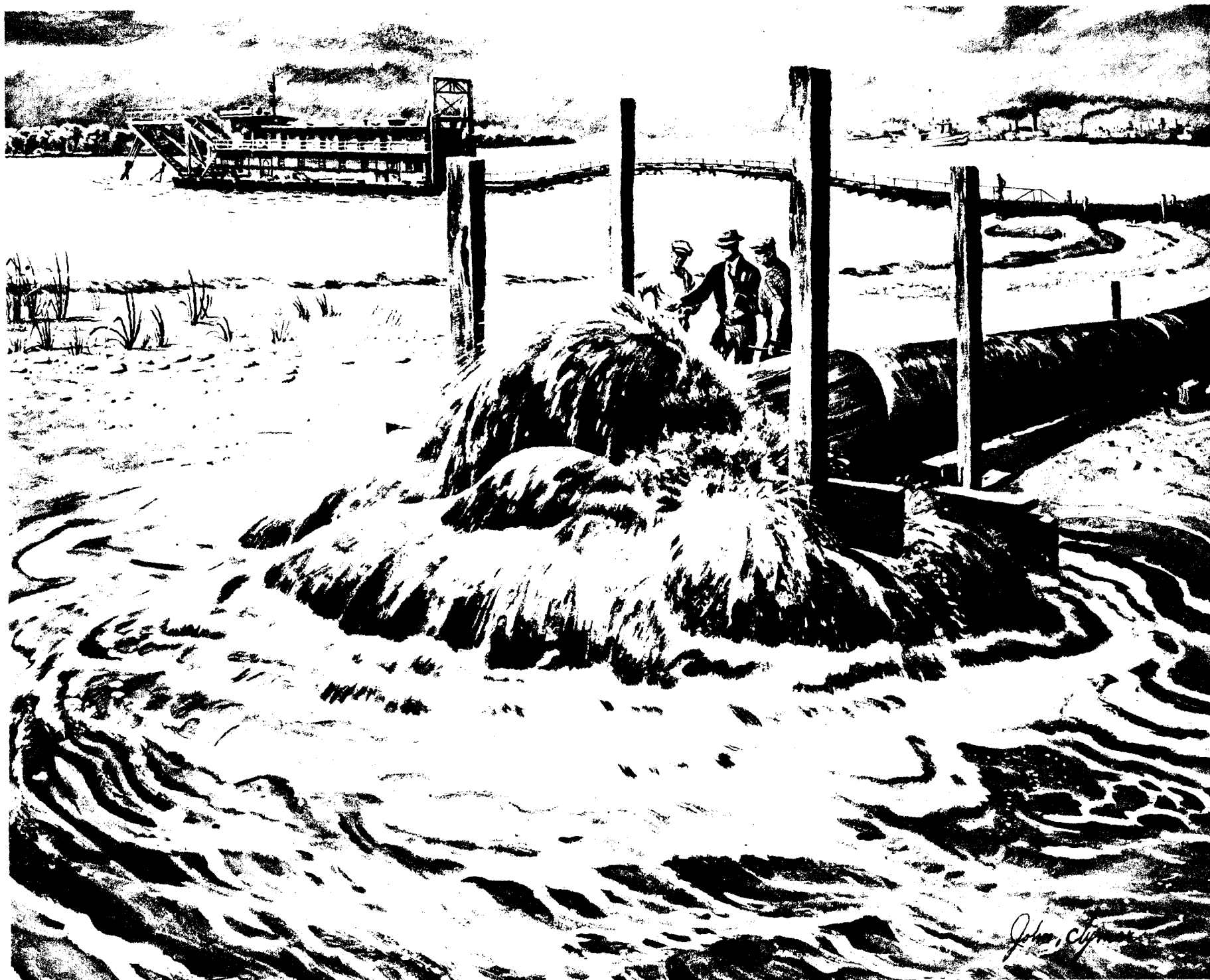


MARY GIBSON

## DINNER BELLS (in My Head)

The hungry urgings of my clan  
Accompany each meal I get.  
They cluster underfoot and beg  
For speed. Impatiently they fret  
And tease and snitch and fray my nerves,  
Declaring that they cannot wait  
Until the roast is carved because  
Their pangs of hunger are so great.  
Thus flustered and besieged I rush  
The food from stove to plate each night  
And then discover suddenly  
They all have disappeared from sight,  
As though on one unspoken cue  
Designed to drive me balmy. Then  
While all the food is growing cold  
I have to round them up again!

—BETTY ISLER



## A New Bed for a Restless River...

*how "Your Unseen Friend" helps keep the flood from your door*

Old Man River never rests easy.

All year long, he twists and turns in his bed. And, in the spring, he sometimes forgets he's old. He leaves his bed, spreads across the lowlands, floods homes, and sweeps over rich farm lands on which cities depend for food.

When this happens, the flood control experts get busy.

They bring up dredges to make a new bed that's straighter and wider and deeper... so the river won't overflow its banks.

These dredges are big and tough and well-designed.

They *have* to be. They must gulp tons of mud, sand, and gravel. Force it up through pumps at high speed. And then pump it out through big, long steel pipes onto the surrounding land.

This calls for tough metal parts. And that's where Nickel comes into the picture.

Sometimes it's used in the cutter heads that chew up gritty silt.

Sometimes it's used in the pumps as well. It may be in the form of Nickel steel castings or Nickel cast iron ("Ni-hard"). But whatever the form, these Nickel alloys have what it takes to stand up to the harsh scraping action of fast-moving sand and gravel.

When you see a powerful dredge making a new river bed, or a big bulldozer clearing off land... when you see a lightning-fast jet plane, or a huge trailer truck... remember that Nickel figures importantly in the dependability of each.

You don't see the Nickel because it's intermixed with other metals... adding toughness, hardness,

endurance, and other special properties. That's why Nickel is known as "Your Unseen Friend."

*Fascinating Booklet, Free—There's a fascinating story behind the use of Nickel in much of what we eat, wear, use. Where does Nickel come from? How does Nickel serve you? Send for "The Romance of Nickel." Address Dept. 184z, New York 5, N. Y.*



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EMBLEM OF SERVICE



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If you think all ginger ales  
are alike—try  
Canada Dry—the original  
pale dry ginger ale...

Here's a ginger ale you can't help getting excited about! Honey-colored and brilliantly clear, Canada Dry sparkles like a jeweler's window. But the flavor's the pay-off. It's smooth. It's light. It's wholesome. You can thank purest Jamaica ginger for this different ginger ale. P.S. It's the most delicious drink—of any kind—you've ever tasted.



**CANADA DRY**  
World's Finest Ginger Ale

Enjoy Canada Dry  
Beverages at your  
favorite soda fountain.

56

"I come for a package."

"Who has sent you?"

He was not supposed to know her name. He shrugged. "I am earning an honest dollar, señor. A lady has hired me to come for her purchase."

Señor Praxiteles began to shuffle slowly toward the rear of the shop. Jose followed. It wasn't a candle that led them; it was a lamp, the wick turned low to save oil. It stood on a high-built desk, out of another century. It was whispered that the old miser was the richest man in Juárez, that he owned the Avenida Juárez from the bridge to the Plaza, that he even owned a bank.

Praxiteles shuffled around to the back of the desk, his head alone visible above it. He climbed onto the high stool as if he were climbing a ladder, rung by rung. His ledgers lay open in front of him; a stubby pen rested on a penwiper fashioned of yellow and white felt into the shape of a daisy.

Impatience grew in Jose. "The package," he reminded.

The fiddled eyes lifted. "Yes," said Praxiteles. His hand reached under the desk.

Jose had stood like this before and had a gun drawn on him. With El Greco it would be a knife. All Jose had was two empty hands and the instinct when to drop. But what the old man brought forth was a package, wrapped in green paper like that used by druggists in the States, tied with thin brown cord. It was about the size of a book but of uneven bulk. It was perfume; you could have smelled it all the way to the Plaza.

Jose's relief came out between his lips. As if the expelled breath had chilled him, the old man hunched his shoulders higher. "There it is," he croaked. He seemed in a hurry for Jose to take it and be gone.

"The papers," Jose demanded. "I am no smuggler, señor. The lady assured me the papers were correct."

Praxiteles' head swiveled in the direction of the window. Swiftly Jose's eyes followed. But there was nothing to be seen outside.

"The papers," Jose repeated. He had not touched the package.

The yellow claws rummaged under the ledgers. They brought forth a receipt book. Praxiteles dipped the pen into an encrusted glass well. His fingers squeezed the wooden holder and he scrawled the necessary forms. Carefully he wiped the pen on the daisy before pushing the receipts across the desk. "This satisfies you?"

Jose took time to scan the scrawl. There didn't seem anything wrong: the wording was standard. He folded his slip, placed it in the inner pocket of his coat. The unblinking eyes watched as carefully as if it were a wad of bills Jose placed there. Praxiteles held out the package, and Jose accepted it as if it were nothing, as if there were no blond girl and no man in a seersucker suit.

He said briefly, "Thank you, señor." The old man returned his bow.

WHEN Jose stood outside the door again, he took a deep breath to expel the odor of mold which had seeped from the old man. The smell of perfume he couldn't escape. It wasted its cheap headiness on the still, dusty air of the mean little street, the fragrance seeping through the heavy green paper. His hands would be stained with it. Tosteen would have no difficulty following him now, no matter what back streets Jose covered.

It was the thought of Tosteen that held him to the protection of the doorway for that long minute. Should he retrace the length of the street or round the corner here?

Out of past experience, remembering other murky alleys, Jose hushed the rise and fall of his breath to listen. Where before the drift of metallic music from the street of the turistas had been ephemeral, it now rattled with perverse frenzy—drowning out any faint footfall, obliterating the heartbeat, the muted breath, the trickle of blood through veins. The spoor of those who lurked in dark places. Yet without

eyes and without ears, he knew. He was no longer alone on the Street of the Little Female Burro.

The darkness stirred, a waver of dark against dark in the doorway of the house next door. Even as his eyes distinguished this, his nose sniffed through the reek of perfume another odor. The sweet cigar smell of a Mexican cigarillo. Around the corner.

He was caught then, between a cigarette and a shadow. It was up to him to choose. He hadn't any idea what he was going to do but he moved—moved before Señor el Greco could approach him from behind.

The whisper was softer than breath. "Señor!"

He stopped, balancing on the shaky step.

"Señor!" The sound, if you could call it a sound, came from the doorway of the next house. The shadow stepped away from the shadow and was a little thing, a *sorbeta*. He didn't believe it but he was off the steps, against Señor Praxiteles' wall, and edging toward her.

"For the mercy of God," he breathed.

IT WAS the girl, the sloe-eyed child who had been selling cigarettes in Herrera's, got up in a mourning shawl that covered most of her long black hair; it also covered her brown shoulders and thin white blouse, hanging down over her red flowered skirt. In the dark the skirt was black.

She said, "There is no time. Give to me the package."

With his free hand he shoved her back into the doorway, flattened himself beside her. "What package?"

"The one you carry." Her thin little hand reached for it.

He closed his free hand over hers. "Listen to me, *sorbeta*. I have here perfume for my girl, get it? I'm not giving it to you or anyone."

She was breathing soundlessly but too fast. He realized all at once that she was terribly frightened. Her hand, despite the firmness of his clutch, was trembling.

"You will not return to your friends with that package. You will not be permitted. Give it to me and I will bring it to you safely. I swear by Jesus, Mary and Joseph."

He didn't believe her. He wanted to warn her to get out of this tumble; whatever it was, it wasn't for a kid. Also he wanted to find out what she knew about it. They stood close together in the doorway.

At his silence, a sudden bleak anger was in her. "I will not steal it. I have sworn to you." Her hand touched the package.

He held on. "What's so important about it?"

The waft of smoke seemed sharper as he spoke. She twisted the package out of his hands.

"*Sorbeta!*" He exclaimed aloud in his anger, reaching out for her, but she had already melted away. He could hear no disappearing footsteps. The anger rose up hot in him and then burned out. There was nothing he could do now. He wouldn't know which way to start out chasing her through the labyrinth of dark streets. He could only hope hopelessly that she had meant what she said. If not, he'd find her even if he had to put the seersucker man on the job.

Right now he was free to investigate the cigarillo. And incidentally give her time to get safely away. He whistled as he rounded the corner, making sure his approach was announced. Nor did his step falter when he saw not one but two men leaning against the side wall of the Praxiteles *tienda*. He walked directly up to them. "Hey, bud," he said, "which way to the market?" He put a cigarette in his own mouth, struck a match.

They were Mexicans—youths corrupted by the evil that washed back and forth over the bridge. They wore similar suits, the bluish purple in this unlight, pinched at the waist, sharp-labeled. Their shirts and ties were garish in pinks and greens, their dark Hom-burgs shaded their faces. Their shoes were narrow and pointed, patent leather.

"El mercado?" one said.

Collier's for May 27, 1950

Jose was not the man they were waiting for. He carried no box of perfume.

"You go this way." A thumb jerked in the direction Jose was headed.

The other said, suspicious, not certain of Jose, "The market she is not open this late."

"You sure of that? They told me—" He slid his sleeve, looked at his watch. "Yeah, you're right. It's after nine. Then how do I get back to the main drag?"

Directions were reversed. The opposite direction, follow the curve of the street at the next corner.

"Okay. Thanks, Mac."

He made a wide wheel before putting his back to them. And he walked off with the cigarette glowing, slanting across to the opposite side once he'd passed the entrance of the Burro's street. From his sidelong glance, there was no sign of the small girl. If she were there, she wouldn't let herself be visible.

Once he was out of the hirelings' sight, he walked fast. Not until he was again on the Avenida did he actually slow down.

**C**ALLE HERRERA wasn't deserted, and looking down it, Jose could see two couples emerging through the garden door. He passed them midway. He walked by but was stopped by the "Hey, Jo," called after him. He hadn't noticed in his hurried passing; it was two businessmen from Santa Fe with two fairly good-looking Texas dames. They were staying at the Chenoweth. "Did your friend catch you?" the plump one asked. He was Wade—Wade's Plumbing Fixtures.

"Friend? What friend?"

"Some guy at the hotel. Just missed you. He was asking the bellhop where you were. I just happened to be standing there."

Jose swallowed the words gagging him. He asked, "Who was he? What was the name?"

"I don't know." Wade might have had more to say but the babe was dragging at his arm.

"Thanks, pal." Jose lifted his hand, made it fast to the gate while the guys and their one-nighters were sauntering away.

Most of the tables were empty—the dinner hour was over. A scattering of late-comers and winebibbers lingered. Neither Adam's massive shoulders nor Beach's taffy head was among those present.

Jose went to Señora Herrera, following her until she put away the silver she was carrying. When she saw him, her black eyebrows salled high. "Where have you been, Don Jose? You did not finish the dinner you ordered."

He gave her the smile with which Beach

charmed the older generation. "I had a small errand and was delayed. What happened to the other fellows, señora?"

"Señor Adam has returned to El Paso."

Jose groaned. Adam had meant it.

"Señor Beach is out looking for you."

In the bars. Jose knew what that meant. Following the elusive cousin from spot to spot, always one jump behind him. A night of it. And him hanging onto a smelly package which advertised itself to the ones who were after it. But first he had to get the package.

The señora herself brought hot food. "I'm keeping you late," Jose apologized.

She shrugged. "I do not close when there are customers."

He finished the dinner, finished two cups of coffee, finished the sweet, and knew comfort of body but disturbance of soul. The small girl hadn't shown. He'd delayed as long as possible; it was past ten o'clock.

The Herrera girls had gone; there was no one left but two dallying tables, the señora and himself. He went to the desk where she tallied the day's accounts. He was reluctant to question, knowing the curiosity it would prod in the woman, the questioning of the girl which would later ensue. The *sorbita* was too young to stand up to the iron of the señora.

While he pulled out his wallet to pay, he tried to make it sound unimportant. "Where did the small one disappear to?"

Señora Herrera didn't understand and he had to describe further, "The cigarette girl. The one with the straight hair."

"Francisca," the señora said. Her lips set narrowly.

She muttered. "Francisca. I gave her a job because I am so sorry for her, half-starved little rabbit. And what occurs? She is so ill! While we are most busy, she must go home right away."

"And she went home?" His stomach, well-filled though it was, suddenly seemed to have a big hole in it. "Like that?"

The head nodded direly. "Like that, she goes. Running. So fast one would consider the devil himself is on her heels. She can be trusted no more than her *abuelo*."

His mouth hung open. Warily he repeated, "Her grandfather?" He wanted to kick himself in the seat of his pants.

She wasn't waiting for his reaction. Fire waved from her nostrils. "That wicked old one. It is he who sent her here, to ruin my business that he may put a mortgage on the name of Herrera." Her hands beat the air. "And I, a woman of charity, have pity on her, so hungry-looking, so sorry that he beats her, that she is afraid of worse things he will force on her. I say to her—"

# Look! Party style!

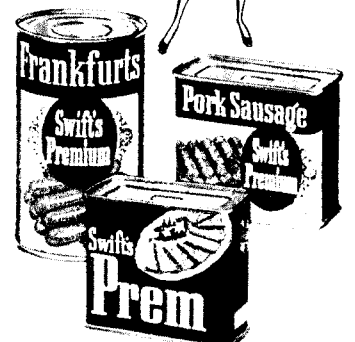


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You've got confidence when you  
see that name Swift on the  
canned meat you buy!



"When you say that civilization as we know it is doomed, Espers, is that bad?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

Collier's for May 27, 1950

# 3 WINNING HITS!



# FLEISCHMANN'S

## PREFERRED

\* THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

He broke in, refusing to believe his belief, insisting it be said. "Señor el Greco is her *abuelo*?"

"Of whom am I speaking but that foul spawn of the evil one and the lies he has put into her mouth to ruin a hard-working lady of family—"

Again Jose broke her words. With demand. "When did she begin to work for you?"

"But I have told you. It is this evening she comes to me and she tells me—"

He wasn't listening. And he'd hesitated to inquire about the girl, fearing she would suffer from the señora's wrath. The dirty little liar.

THE Avenida dinned his ears. But not as raspingly as the names he was calling himself. The bright guy. The kid with the medals. The prize package of the cloak-and-dagger boys. So he stood there and handed the package over to the old man's granddaughter. Whoever didn't want that package delivered didn't need to strong-arm Jose Aragon. No sir! All he had to do was ask for it. The girl wasn't even a babe.

One thing was certain: he must find a bottle of the same size and perfume of the same smelliness as the one the *sorbita* had taken from him. All he had to do was drop in at every perfume shop on the street. You couldn't fool a dame on perfume. Why the blonde wanted such blatant-smelling stuff wasn't his business. Her package was going to contain the right one if he had to sample every bottle in Juárez. The small matter of locating Beach would have to wait until this mission was completed.

He tried two shops without any luck. In the third, which was given over to *guarachas* and *sombreros* and glittering Chino Poblano skirts, his spirits soared. The girl who flirted over to assist him reeked of the right stuff. She was too plump for her flimsy blouse and teetering red heels, too old for the flower, artificial, stuck in her thick black hair. Her hair was oily, it smelled dirty. Her red lips breathed garlic. But the overall smell was the perfume.

His manners were those of a gentleman; he tempered enthusiasm with courteous dignity. "Would you be so kind, señorita, as to tell me the name of the perfume you wear?"

"It is La Rosa," she told him, tilting her head flirtatiously. "La Rosa del Amor."

"I wish a bottle."

She shook her head. "We do not sell it here. We do not sell the perfumes."

"Where can I find it?"

"Anyplace." She shrugged.

He thanked her and hurried out. He

found what he wanted at one of the open booths. La Rosa del Amor. He bought the big bottle in its cheap cardboard box, a bright pink rose decorating the label, the name wiggling around in gold letters. Made in Mexico. It cost five pesos, possibly because he was a North American. About a dollar. He insisted on having it wrapped—brown paper for this one, and dirty white string. Dulcinda Farrar wouldn't know about the wrapping; she'd know only she had the perfume she was expecting. Her nose would know.

He carried it openly; there was nothing else he could do. Now he could take up the problem of Beach. It would be a problem to get his charming *primo hermano* steered back to El Paso. Yet unless he wanted to leave Beach on the loose here, which would mean they wouldn't get started home in the morning, he'd have to cozen him into calling it a day.

He cut across the street to the side where all the saloons were. He made his way in and out of the noisy palaces and their reek of music, booze and jabber. He didn't stop for a drink at any of them; he was so weary a drink would make him fall on his face. He wasn't discouraged. The Mint and the Central were just ahead, the biggest and best. Beach was a true Aragon; he preferred the best.

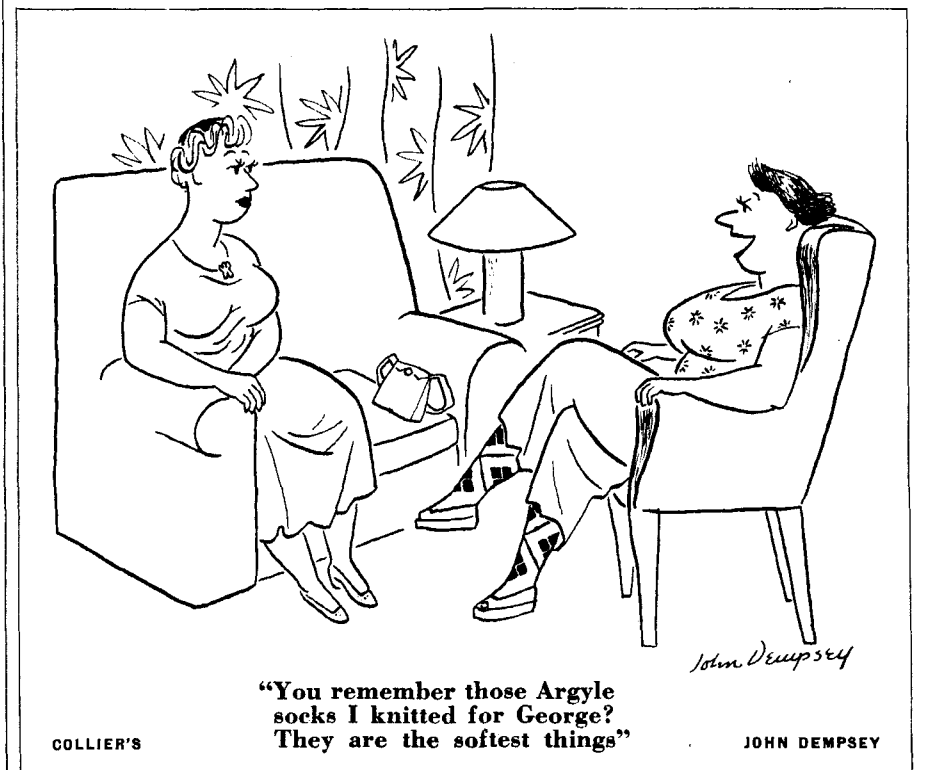
AS JOSE was leaving the Caballo, he ran smack up against Tosteen, the man in the seersucker suit. He could have said excuse me and gone around him—the man wouldn't start anything in a crowd. But Jose didn't. By then he was sick of the sight of anyone connected with Señor el Greco. This time he blocked Tosteen and with mocking courtesy said, "I keep running into you, señor." Out of contempt for the man, he put on a Mexican accent.

The big, sagging man looked twice as tired as Jose. He also looked startled, as if the last person he expected to run into was the man he'd been following, Jose Aragon. Or Jose Aragon carrying a bottle of rose perfume.

"Or is it you seem to keep running into me, señor?" Jose showed his nice white teeth. "I do not like it. I do not like you. Remove yourself."

He might not have been so bold in a dark alley but here in the safe din of the Caballo with the police only the roar of a fight away, he swaggered. Tosteen didn't say a word. He didn't move his hand to his armpit. He wasn't interested in Jose, only in the package that Jose carried. His eyes were damp on it. Almost eagerly he stepped aside.

The encounter had revived Jose. He strode next door to the Cock. The old



"You remember those Argyle socks I knitted for George? They are the softest things!"

COLLIER'S

JOHN DEMPSEY

Collier's for May 27, 1950

Cock had been a small place, away from the hurly-burly, a favorite spot. The new one was as popular; it coined money enough to live up to its reputation, but it was a gaudy show place—not a comfortable beer parlor. Over the rhythmic shoulders of the rumba dancers he found the one head he was seeking. He started directly for it, gesturing aside the waiters who would have led him. It wasn't until he reached the other side of the dance floor that he saw what ringside party Beach had joined. Actually he saw only one member of the party, Dulcinda Farrar. Beach wasn't there by accident.

It was too late to retreat. Beach was calling across the intervening space, "Mira, Jose! I found your blonde!" With a firm hold on the brown-paper parcel, Jose reluctantly put one foot in front of the other until he reached the table.

After what had been happening, he was more critical in his study of the blonde than he had been in the gay noonday sun. But she was just as lovely as she'd been then. The patrician face wasn't marred by the rigors of a night in Juárez, the eyes were as golden-brown, the mouth as bold. She was wearing something in dark blue—something that dived, but not too daringly. The blue of her dress accentuated her sun tan and she wasn't wearing La Rosa. There was something about her that stirred his pulses, something that made the poetry he'd woven about her earlier no longer a joke. And it wasn't the dress.

Her glance flicked over Jose as it would over any stranger. Beach made offhand introductions. "My cousin, Jo. Dulcy Farrar, Tim Farrar, Rags—?"

"The name is Harvey Ragsdale."

"Jose Aragon," Beach concluded. "Sit down, Jo. Where have you been?"

Dulcy continued to appraise Jo as if she'd not seen him before. "Your cousin has been searching everywhere for you," she commented with faint amusement.

Beach moved over to make room for Jose between himself and the girl, and while Beach was ordering a new round, Jose slipped into the vacant space. "Make mine beer," he said. He set the package on the table, keeping it near hand touch. "I know," he told Dulcy. "He has searched in every glass and in the eyes of every pretty girl. And he couldn't find me."

The two men with Dulcinda weren't happy about the Aragon cousins. Tim Farrar must have been a younger brother. His face seemed very young—all of it that wasn't buried in a yellow-brown beard. His features were like Dulcy's, but the supercilious sneer descending the slender nose, burying itself in the beard, was all his own.

**R**AGSDALE was a big brute and he didn't need to get to his feet to prove it. No fat; brawn and muscles. Tim was a matchstick stacked beside him. A Tim would need a Rags. Ragsdale's window dressing was okay; he had the right clothes and the right crop to his curly hair, dark as Jose's own, but he was out of his class. He belonged in the ring or in the oil fields or on the docks, not with the Farrars. Nor the Aragons.

Beach, the order given, demanded cheerfully, "Where did you disappear to, Jo? All of a sudden, you're gone. Without a trace. Adam went on home."

"I ran into some old friends," Jose explained easily. "I left a message. Didn't you get it?"

"No messages."

"You probably didn't miss me until that señorita ran you off. Or did she have a husband who objected?" He told Dulcinda, "My cousin was very busy with a young lady when I left him."

Beach managed to glare.

Dulcinda tilted her eyes at Jose. "Why has your cousin insisted that I am your blonde? I've told him we never met—can you convince him?" There was no hidden message in those clear eyes; she was clever.

"Convince me," Beach grinned. "If she's not your blonde, she's mine."

"Perhaps then I do not wish to convince

him," Jose said softly to her. He didn't like it that he could have meant what he was saying.

"But he has a blonde stashed out somewhere," Beach warned. "That's why we're not in Santa Fe tonight."

"You are from Santa Fe?"

Jose said, "I am. Beach is the California branch."

"We're headed for Santa Fe," Dulcinda said casually. "Perhaps we'll run into each other up there."

"We will." He looked deep into her golden eyes, as if he were just another guy bowled over by her fascinations. Not one who didn't intend to be. As if he didn't know that she'd known where he was from and that somehow it was important to her. It was after the Fernandez brothers had yelled their nickname that she'd returned to hire him.

"I'm warning you to pay no heed to him," Beach insisted. "You can't trust this *burlero*. Women have learned that to their sorrow from cape to lonely cape. Isthmus to isthmus. Peninsula to peninsula." He was enjoying his tongue trouble with the words.

**W**HEN Jose lighted her cigarette, it was natural to bend his head to hers. "Perhaps we will run into each other before then?"

She smiled. "*Quién sabe?*" It must have been her special smile. Despite his decision, Jose's heart leaped. Dulcinda could be dangerous.

Beach was paying off the waiter. Neither Farrar nor Ragsdale had made a pass at their wallets or said thanks for the drinks. Jose told Beach, "Drink up, chum. We've got to get back to the hotel."

Beach opened his eyes boy-wide. "What's your hurry? The night hasn't begun."

Jose was firm. "Your sainted mother told me to watch over you. Besides we're taking off early for Socorro and I don't intend to drive it alone."

"Socorro?" Dulcinda's eyebrows were curious, too curious. "Not Santa Fe?"

He outlined it. "We return a truck to the ranch. We pick up my car—and then homeward bound." He promised, "Where we will meet."

She gave him a hint of the smile again. Just enough to keep him hopeful. If she'd been an innocent, she wouldn't have spent it on him. Not with Beach around. It was Beach the dames went for. For tonight Jose had had enough of Dulcinda's game. He set to work on Beach.

It was simple, after all. Beach was an Aragon, and the Aragons were gentlemen. He whispered, "Lou expected us to return after dinner for a visit with her. She is our hostess . . ."

Beach sighed to Dulcinda, "We must go." He sighed again. "He's right. Usually he's wrong but this time he's right."

If she was disappointed, she didn't let it show. She didn't even display curiosity. She said, "Until we meet again?" She said it to Jose not Beach.

"Until Santa Fe," Jose replied. He tugged Beach's arm. "Come on, *amigo*."

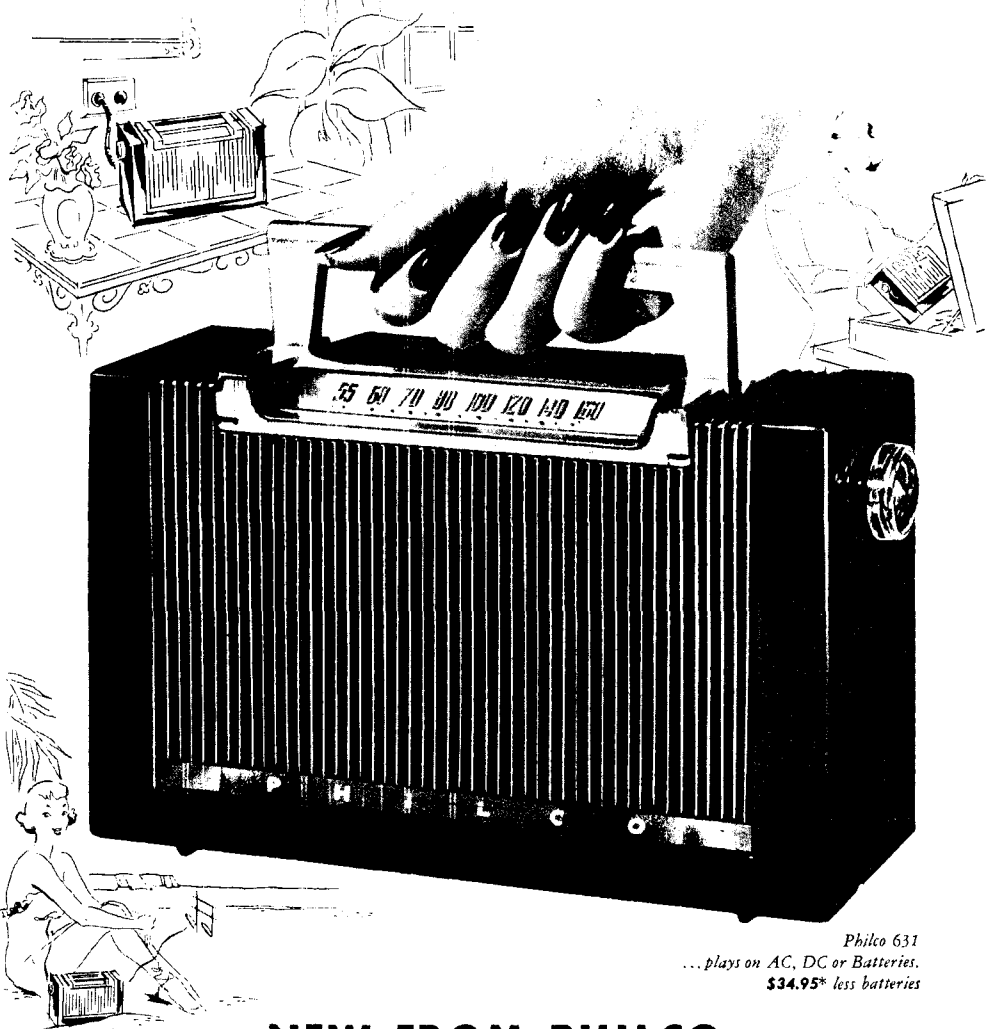
Reluctantly Beach got on his long legs. From under the table he pulled out two jugs of rum. "Bet you thought I'd forget," he told Jose. He made a teetering bow to Dulcinda, "Until Santa Fe." Dulcinda's escorts said nothing, not even good-by.

"Wait," Dulcinda called to Jose. "You forgot your package." She didn't touch it.

He'd left it there deliberately—it seemed an easier way to make delivery than hocus-pocus at the Chenoweth desk. But it seemed that she wanted it her way. He said, "Oh? Thanks." He picked it up as if it weren't important and hurried after the weaving Beach.

As they made their way to the door, Jose looked back at the table. None of the three had moved. He couldn't help wondering who or what they were waiting for. Certainly they weren't enjoying one another's company. They were three empty shells. . . .

Jose led Beach away toward the customs barrier. Jose declared his La Rosa del Amor,



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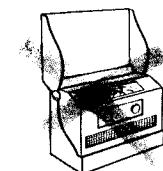
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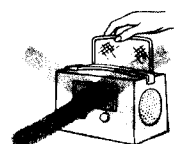
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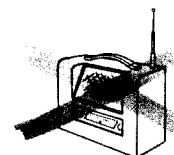
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Ah, my Absorbine Jr.



while both declared the jugs of rum. For once there was a taxi waiting on the American side; it was just pulling out of the dirty lot where earlier Adam had parked the car. Jose hailed it, pushed Beach inside, and clambered after him. "The Chenoweth," he sighed.

The cab made a tired noise and chugged forward.

Beach nudged Jose. "We've got company!" he declared happily.

Jose hadn't noticed that there was another occupant when he and Beach climbed in. But it wasn't unusual to share a cab at this hour.

"Drunk," Beach stage-whispered.

"Good—he won't mind you," Jose returned without sympathy. Only then did he glance across Beach at their companion. The man was Mr. Tosteen.

There was nothing to fear from Tosteen at the moment. He had succumbed to his long day. He slept, his mouth open, his head riding the bumps against the leoprous upholstery of the seat. Jose slid the package out of sight against his thigh, keeping his hand tight on it. The cab careened up the street, empty at this hour, vacuum-silent after the dissonances of Juárez. The cab skidded around corners, and at last pulled up at the Chenoweth in ten minutes flat. The driver might have been in a hurry to get home—more likely he was in a hurry to return for more drunks.

Jose piled out fast, clutching his package. Beach followed, swinging the jugs. Jose said, "Take the loot in. I'll pay the guy." As Beach ambled off with the rum, Jose spoke to the driver. "Hold it a minute." He didn't want to get back into the cab. "I dropped something." He stuck his head and shoulders in, but that wasn't enough. He had to lean across to where Tosteen slept. But—suddenly Jose realized it—he wasn't sleeping. He was dead.

Quickly Jose retreated, slammed the door, shoved the fare at the front seat.

The driver had a narrow face and yellow teeth. His cap was greasy, his cheap knit shirt was sweaty, his breath was garlic. "This other one—"

"Don't know him," Jose said briefly. "He's passed out. Take him back where you found him."

**B**EFORE Jose finished speaking, he was half into the revolving door. He didn't know whether the taximan was in on it or not. He wasn't waiting to find out. He wasn't going to be stuck with anything more.

Beach leaned against the wall, just inside the whirl of the door. He whistled, "What a ride! Enough to wake the dead!"

Jose answered him silently: *No, the dead do not wake.* Aloud he said, "I'll get the key."

Beach started to tag along like a kid after his father. Jose suggested, "You hold the elevator."

The night clerk was an unknown, an aging man, colorless, gray-haired. Jose set the package on the desk. "Jose Aragon," he said.

"Yes. Miss Chenoweth left a key." He handed it across, with it an envelope with Jose's name on it. The envelope would contain one ten-dollar bill. He didn't touch the wrapped perfume.

Jose asked him, "You'll take care of this?"

The gray man said, "Oh, yes," as if some memory stirred. Jose left him smelling the package, trying to remember what he was to do with it.

The elevator operator was a sleepy boy. He rode them up without interest. In the empty corridor Jose warned, "Lou's probably asleep by now, so keep quiet. You can apologize in the morning for being so late."

"Look," Beach protested insistently cheerful. "Don't be blaming me because we're so late. What happened to you?"

Jose put the key in the door, swung it open before entering. It swung noiselessly. The lamps were lighted, the room was empty. Only when he was sure did he enter. Beach hadn't noticed.

He couldn't tell Beach tonight. Beach would think he was kidding. The irrepressible one was making a great array of the jugs on Lou's threshold. Jose went casually to the front windows. It was safe to lean out, just enough to peer ten stories down to street—to see if a cab lingered. The marquee hid the cab—if it was still there. It didn't hide two men under the street lamp on the corner. Two whose suits glowed purple even this far away. Two men waiting for something, or someone.

From behind him, Beach commented, "Show-off."

Jose pulled himself in. "Can't a fellow smell some fresh air?"

**H**E MOVED on to the bedroom. The yellow coverlets were turned back, the bed lamp glittered. It all looked comfortable and safe and normal. As if there were no evil, no death, no cheap perfume.

He and Beach could leave in the morning. He didn't have to stick around and look for the answers. What was it to him that there was a lying kid whose *abuelo* was called Señor el Greco? Who cared if Dulcinda Farrar's perfume came from El Greco or from some Juan with a sidewalk stall? Who cared what happened to the first bottle or why?

Jose had plenty of questions, no answers, and he didn't want any. Not even why he had been bundled into a cab with the dead body of a man called Tosteen. He didn't want trouble. He wanted to go home and enjoy a well-earned vacation.

Beach came yawning. "Whyn't you get ready for bed? How early are we going to leave? About noon?"

Jose unknotted his tie. "About sunup."

"You're kidding."

"Wake me and find out." The phone between the twin beds dinged. He grabbed it before Beach could. "Hello." He'd had a hunch.

She was talking quiet and fast, as if she expected to be both overheard and interrupted. "Jose Aragon?"

"Speaking."

"I must see you."

"In the morning."

Beach wandered on into the bathroom. He'd lost interest in the conversation. A guy didn't use brusque talk to a blonde.

"Tonight," she said. "I'm leaving in the morning."

Beach was brushing his teeth with fervor. It was a trap; Jose was sure of it. But because he was too curious, he asked, "What's your room number?"

There was quick reaction from the girl.

"No. No, not here."

"You're not alone?"

She was hesitant. "I might not be. I'll come to your room."

"I've got a roommate. Better make it the lobby."

Again came that quick reaction. "No." Almost as if she were frightened. She didn't have anything to be scared about. Young toughs in purple suits wouldn't

bother her. She had a nasty brother and a big baboon for bodyguards.

Beach returned, began pulling down the covers on his bed.

"Why not? There's no one down there."

"No." It was firm. And her plea was almost desperate. "I must see you."

Beach was sighing into the bed. It shouldn't take him long to get to sleep. Jose could hear the whisper of her breath at the other end of the line. He'd give a peso for a glimpse of her room right this minute. He had a picture of it: Tim sneering in one corner, Rags flexing his muscles in another, Dulcinda—but imagination stopped there. She could be smiling over her abilities as an actress; she could be truly troubled. He was less sure about the trap. He'd offered to bait it.

He said, "In fifteen minutes."

"Up there?"

"Yeah." He hung up.

"Now what?" Beach didn't care very much. He was comfortable.

"Unfinished business," Jose growled.

"What's it all about? Dames?"

"I said business," Jose stressed. "To me dames are a pleasure."

He clicked off the lights, left Beach to heavy breathing. He closed the door carefully behind him. By the reflection from the street, he steered across Lou's sitting room and turned on a light. He didn't have to be nervous—Dulcinda and her pals couldn't be planning any mayhem with Lou asleep in one bedroom, Beach soon to be in the other. Nevertheless, he helped himself to a stiff drink, straight, from Lou's Scotch.

**T**HE faint tap came before the fifteen-minute deadline. He opened the door an inch until he saw it was she and that she was alone. As he admitted her, he warned, "Keep quiet. Everyone's asleep."

She nodded. Her eyes were taking in the room, including the two closed bedroom doors. Without invitation she went to the couch and sank to it. She had a trained grace—she could even sit down and make artistry of it. She said, of the room, "This is nice."

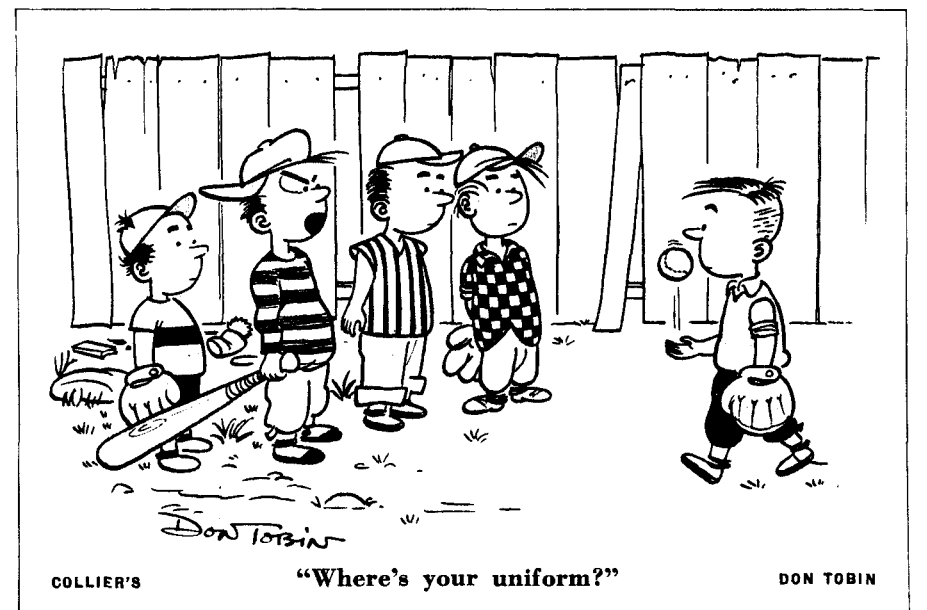
In case she didn't know, he made it plain. For whatever protection it afforded. "This is Lou Chenoweth's suite. She and her brothers own the Chenoweth hotels."

He didn't offer a drink or a cigarette or any hospitality. She was a lovely thing but he didn't want her here. He didn't want any more to do with her. There were plenty of women who could quicken your heart by their very presence. All he had to do was look for them. And why had he let her come up tonight? That was one question he could answer. Because somehow she was connected with a dead man. And through her, he too was connected. "Well?" he demanded.

"I want to ask another favor of you."

He didn't say a word. He stood on his two feet and let his expression show what he thought of that one.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

"Where's your uniform?"

DON TOBIN

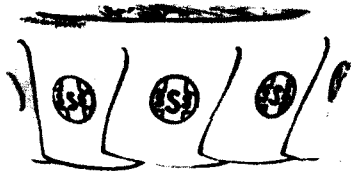
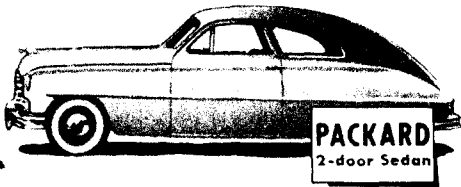
Collier's for May 27, 1950



**CLUES**—Her initials are B. H. and she's been called *The Blonde Bombshell*, *Incendiary Bomb* and *Blonde Blitz*. Many remember her from "The Perils of Pauline". She got her start with Vincent Lopez as a singer.

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- 1 Give the name of the movie star whose eyes are shown above. Then, complete this statement in 25 additional words, or less: "I think it is important to protect the pouring top of the milk bottle with a Sealright "Sealon" Milk Bottle Hood because . . ."
- 2 Mail entries to "Eyedentification" Contest, Post Office Box 6538, Chicago, Illinois. Your entry must be accompanied by a Sealright Milk Bottle Hood, or a reasonable facsimile.
- 3 Your entry must be postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1950, and be received before midnight, July 10, 1950.
- 4 Entries will be judged on accuracy in identifying the movie star, and on the originality and appropriateness of the required statement about protecting the pouring top.
- 5 All entries will be judged by R. L. Polk & Co., Chicago, Illinois. Decisions of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Sealright Co., Inc.
- 6 Any resident of continental United States and Hawaii\* may compete, except employees of Sealright Co., Inc., their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal and State regulations.
- 7 This is one of several Movie Star "Eyedentification" Contests. The next contest will be announced in the July 29, 1950 issue of Collier's Magazine.
- 8 The GRAND PRIZE will be awarded to the writer of the winning entry at the conclusion of the series, and before December 15, 1950. Prizes in the June Contest will be awarded on or before August 15, 1950. All contest winners will be listed in the December 16, 1950 issue of Collier's Magazine.

\*Delivery of prizes will be confined to communities within continental United States.

# Sealright

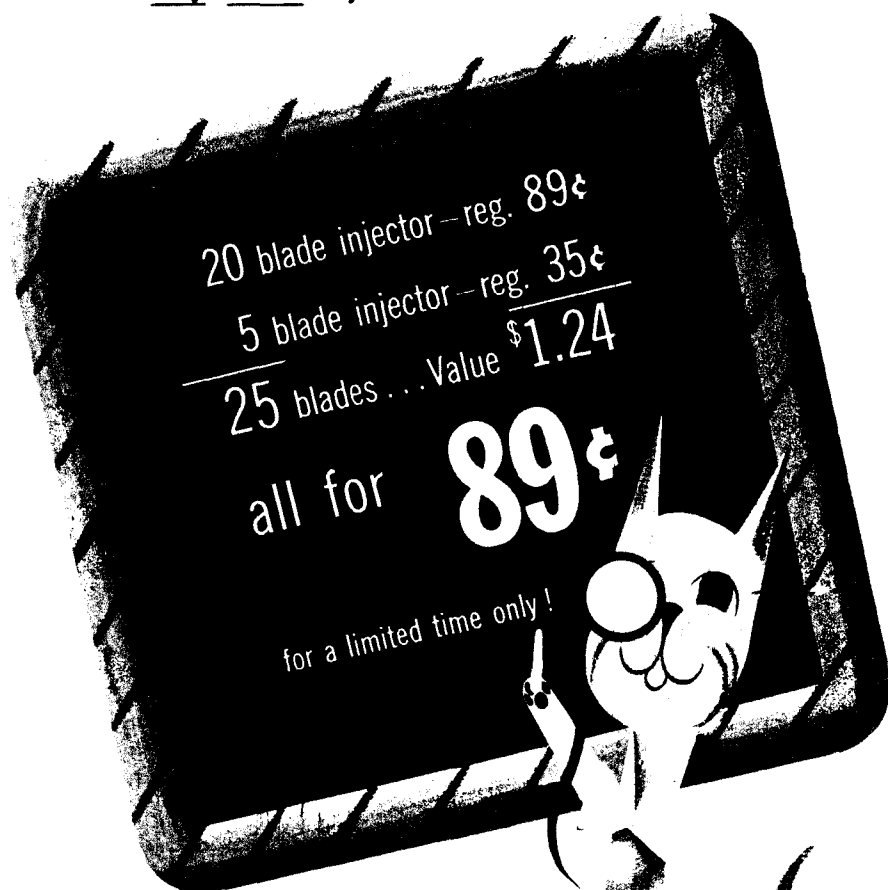
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## The Way I Feel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

take the car, and had given me some money for gas. I felt pretty good when I picked her up. It was funny how all day I couldn't quite remember just what she looked like, only a general sort of idea, but when I saw her it seemed to me that she was even more beautiful than I'd thought.

We got in the car and drove out on Route 9 for a while and then turned off on Edgehill Road for half an hour. There was a place that I remembered, a side road ending up on a hill that looked out over the river. Very few people know about it. That night there wasn't anybody there except Elaine and me. It was clear and there were lots of stars and you could see the river fine and the moon was so bright you could see it shining off the leaves of the trees on the opposite shore.

I remember how I sat in the corner of the seat behind the steering wheel and watched the side of Elaine's head while she looked out of the window at the river. She had a real clean kind of face, small nose and straight lines to her chin, and brown eyes. Her hair was soft and light and cut short, ending on her neck like the statues of Greek goddesses in a museum. Sometimes I can see her perfectly in my mind, but I don't know how to describe her. Charlie says she was a beautiful girl. She was, all right, but Charlie thinks a lot of girls are beautiful and I know she didn't look to him the way she did to me. It sounds crazy to say this, but she must have been different for me than for other people.

We sat there for a long time, not talking much. Elaine just looked out of the window and I watched her. When she said it was time to go, I found out that I was holding her hand.

Except for a couple of minutes in school, I didn't get to see her again until the next Thursday evening. We went to the movies and then for a walk out past where the junior high is, and I kind of made a fool of myself.

All I wanted to say was "I love you" and I couldn't make myself do it. I tried all kinds of crazy things to get up the nerve to tell her how I felt. I watched a cloud

moving slowly, way up high, sort of gray against the night, and I told myself: When that cloud gets so that it's just above those trees over there, then I'll turn my head and open my mouth and say the words. When the cloud got to the trees, I turned to Elaine and opened my mouth, but the right words never came out. I said something else, because I was afraid.

After a while I worked the conversation around to fellows and girls and I began to talk about love and things like that, but always concerning other people, and finally I began dropping hints about the way I felt, but because I was so nervous I made it sound as if I was joking.

**W**HEN we stood on the porch outside of her house, I wanted to kiss her more than I've ever wanted anything in the world, but I couldn't make myself move toward her. I wouldn't have believed I could be such a coward, and now for the rest of my life I'll be sorry that I was.

We got back kind of early because Elaine said she had a little stomach-ache. I thought maybe that was just an excuse to get home because I was acting so silly. Anyway, I only shook hands with her there on the porch and we made a date for next Saturday night.

In bed that night, lying there and looking up at the ceiling, I was afraid that I'd lose her and I made up my mind about one thing. When I saw her on Saturday I would tell her. I wasn't going to be foolish again. From the first minute when I woke up the next morning I started counting seconds until the time when I would see her again. All day Friday and Saturday I thought about it and I was sure I could say what I wanted to.

Saturday night I was so excited I thought my heart would jump clear through my chest. I had a feeling that everything would be all right, that maybe she loved me, too.

When I rang the doorbell at her house and there was no answer, you could have knocked me over with a feather. It never occurred to me that there wouldn't be anybody home. I got scared that maybe she'd forgotten that we had a date or something.



"She's having trouble with two men. She can't get either one"

COLLIER'S

JANE SPENCER KING

Collier's for May 27, 1950

When I cooled off a little I figured Elaine wouldn't stand me up without some reason, so I lighted a cigarette and stood outside waiting. Half an hour went by.

Then Ed Carson's Station Taxi rolled up. Elaine's mother and father got out and I could tell that they were surprised to see me standing in front of the house, but it wasn't until they came closer and stopped that I could tell they were all upset. Elaine's mother looked like she had been crying.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

They looked at each other and then Elaine's mother said, her words all choked and funny-sounding, "Elaine's in the hospital. Her appendix is ruptured. They think she's going to die."

For a second I thought I was going to laugh. It didn't make any sense at all. Then, almost as if she'd said the words again, I heard them. One by one and kind of slow, they seemed to come back to me from far off. Everything was quiet until Ed Carson accidentally leaned on his taxi horn. I almost said out loud, "That's the loudest taxi horn I ever heard." I still felt kind of crazy and wanting to laugh. I couldn't think of anything to say.

I went into the house with them. They had to get some things to take to Elaine at the hospital. In the living room I said to her father, "She had a stomach-ache when I saw her Thursday night."

Elaine's father said, "That was when it started. It was worse yesterday, but she didn't tell us until this morning. We took her over to the hospital at noon. The doctors have been with her all afternoon."

He was a little fat man. Elaine's father, and all the time he was talking to me he kept opening and closing his hands and licking his lips. We didn't talk any more.

Elaine's mother came in with a little suitcase and then Ed Carson took us over to the hospital, six miles away in West Danbury. I made up my mind not to leave and they didn't ask me to. At the hospital, a nurse took us into a waiting room at the end of a hall and told us to wait for the doctor there.

I didn't notice him when he came in because I was staring into the corner. When I looked up I saw he was big and fat and I hated him. I didn't want him anywhere near Elaine. Everything still seemed unreal and I had the feeling that maybe in a minute it would stop and they would say that it was all a joke or I would wake up still in bed at home.

The doctor said to me, "Are you related to the girl?"

I guess he already knew Elaine's parents, but he didn't know me. I hated him even more for saying "the girl." That seemed a terrible way to mention Elaine when she was sick.

"No," I said. "but we're friends." I couldn't look at him or anybody when I said it.

Elaine's mother asked, "How is she, Doctor?"

"She has a chance," he told her. "You can stay here if you like. We'll let you know if there's any change."

AFTER he had gone and the three of us were sitting in there alone, I began to feel what had happened—like someone had opened the door and let a river empty into the room. It crept up over my legs, like the water would, and over my body. All my insides were twisted and I thought I was going to be sick. I made myself not be because I was afraid they would make me go away.

That was about nine o'clock, I guess. The next couple of hours were the fastest and the slowest that I ever spent. I thought about all the time that was wasted by Elaine once having been Pete Harmon's girl and I wondered whether Pete Harmon ever told her that he loved her.

I made up my mind that I could make her fall in love with me. We'd get married and have kids and all and grow old. She would design dresses and I would design buildings and both of us would be rich and famous, but we would always be together. It was funny, being in the hospital and all, but I got happy just with the daydream I

was making up. Then, like somebody'd hit me on the head with a baseball bat, I'd remember that Elaine was inside with the doctors, maybe dying, and I'd want to be sick again.

Once in a while I'd sneak a look at her parents. I couldn't say anything to them and they didn't speak to me. I guess they probably had the same fear I did, that someone would talk. There wasn't anything to say. Elaine's mother still had the little suitcase on the bench beside her. Elaine's father put his arm around her waist. I could see that he was crying, little tears rolling down his face and his mouth open, not making any noise. She didn't cry, she just sat there, staring straight ahead, licking her lips once in a while, with her hand around the handle of the little suitcase.

IT MUST have been about midnight when the doctor came back, the same one that had talked to us before. He looked tired and somehow that made him seem nicer than he had. A nurse came in with him. All three of us just sat there when the doctor came in, as if we didn't know why he was there. He came across the room and stood in front of us for a minute and his cheek twitched like he was nervous.

I remember how tired he looked then, like the tiredest man in the world. He didn't say anything. He sat down on the little table covered with magazines that was in front of us. The nurse stood in the doorway. The silence was something loud; it had a buzzing sound that grew and grew until it filled the room and seemed as if it would break through the walls. A streak of fear went through me, and I jumped up. Elaine's mother and father got up, too. The doctor stood up. "I'm sorry," he said.

Elaine's father said slowly, "What do you mean?" and then Elaine's mother said it. I knew, though, knew for sure, what he meant. I knew Elaine was dead, because I felt dead, too, all over and through me. There was nothing alive in me, except a little bit of my brain inside my head and it made me wonder why my breathing sounded so loud, if I was dead, too.

The doctor said, "We did all we could, but it had waited too long. It's too bad. I wish . . ." and then he stopped because Elaine's mother fainted. When she dropped to the floor she let go of the little suitcase full of Elaine's things and it banged down and fell open. The nurse rushed over and took care of her and the doctor sat down with Elaine's father on the sofa against the opposite wall. I sat down and looked at Elaine's things lying there on the floor—what looked like a pink nightgown and two pictures in frames of her folks. There was a handkerchief lying at my feet and I bent over and picked it up, not really knowing what I was doing. It had an "E" in the corner and I stuck it in my pocket.

I was just sitting there when I felt a hand on my shoulder and I looked up and saw it was the doctor. He looked very sad, but he was trying to smile a little.

"You must be Peter," he said. "She asked for you. One of the last things she said was 'Pete, Pete.'"

Then he went away to see how Elaine's mother was. . . .

There isn't much more to tell, really. The doctor took us home in a taxi and dropped Elaine's mother and father off first and then me.

Lying in bed that night, I thought maybe I was going crazy. After a couple of hours I got up and went to the bathroom and was sick. It wasn't until about six o'clock in the morning that I began to cry and when that was over I fell asleep.

That's the way it happened, the whole story. Pete Harmon is graduated and gone away to college so I don't have to see him and I'm glad of that. I still have Elaine's handkerchief hidden in my bureau and I think about her all the time. I keep thinking that if just once I had said to her, "Elaine, I love you," I wouldn't feel so bad now.

Charlie thinks someday I'll get over it, but I don't really want to, I guess. I loved her then and I do now.

THE END



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# Take a Tip from the Ladies

By BERT BACHARACH

**S**HORT of plunging necklines and bare midriffs, the men's apparel manufacturers have copied just about every feminine trick for keeping cool in the summer. And the beauty of it is that the job's being done in a rugged, masculine way.

Mere mention of such frilly fabrics as voiles and dotted swiss may cause the quick elevation of a lot of eyebrows—but a look at these materials turns skepticism to astonishment and admiration.

That's part of the summer story for 1950—the development and use of lightweight fabrics for all types of men's apparel. The rest of the story concerns unprecedented improvements in the construction of the garments.

Let's get back to those "plunging necklines and bare midriffs" for a minute. Is that the way men want to dress? We don't believe so. As a solution to keeping cool, a partial strip act may be all right for the athletic type—but, unhappily, about 98 per cent of us are not in that kind of shape! We welcome tailoring tricks that square a sloping shoulder or reduce a bulging waistline—particularly when such tricks add only ounces to our apparel.

And here's another answer to the protagonists of go-withoutism as a solution to beating the heat: Even as "there's no such thing as a little garlic," there's no such thing as a *little* discomfort on a scorching, humid day. You're miserable with a coat on and equally miserable with it off. So discarding ties, coats and other items of apparel probably means only a sacrifice in appearance.

But enough of theory, let's get on with some facts. Here's how to keep cool and still be well-dressed.

## NEW SHIRTS

Perhaps the greatest piece of news for the men who have always complained bitterly about the impracticality of collar construction—and constriction—was the recent introduction of the "vanishing band" shirt.

This is the shirt that has a collarband which diminishes to *nothing* in the front. It feels like a sport shirt yet has all the neat appearance of a dress shirt.

Now available for the first time in a wide range



No need to sacrifice dressiness with zephyr-weight tropicals (left). And for strolling you're comfortable in rayon or cotton cords

PAUL D'ONE

## Switch to the new, lightweight fabrics in men's apparel this summer and you can be as cool and comfortable as they are

of sheer fabrics, it is the most comfortable, most practical and coolest shirt in history.

Wear it open at the neck when you want to be casual. Wear it buttoned up, with a tie, when you want to look your best.

### CLOTHING

There are suits that are so diaphanous you can practically read a book through them! There are others so porous the breeze goes through practically unhampered. Some are so bulkless they won't tilt your kitchen scale to the two-pound mark!

Because every man has his own taste in clothes, we will not attempt to pre-empt your judgment. But look at the luxurious tropical worsteds which are lighter than ever before; the clear-patterned rayons that are skyrocketing in acceptance and popularity; the blends with 20 per cent nylon, providing a new and greatly improved cloth that has been a traditional summer favorite; rayon cords and cotton cords, cool looking and cool feeling, and all the other washable cottons, like seersucker.

You'll note that there is less padding and less lining in summer suits for '50. But don't let that fool you into believing that the clothes are less durable. That type of construction requires the best tailoring and the current crop of clothes is the finest, from every standpoint, of our time.

### SPORTSWEAR

When a man gets toggled out in sportswear, he no longer languishes in the shadow of the opposite sex. He's as colorful as his feminine companion and he's just as comfortable.

Sport jackets and slacks, which always ran to the tweed and Shetland effects, used to be too heavy. Now they're no more than a third the weight of the year-round garments.

There's an almost endless variety of fabrics, patterns and colors in sport shirts. Many men prefer the absorbent knitted shirts for active sports; others like the sheerest fabrics available.

### TIES

A lot of men want to know why they should wear a tie in summertime. Well—why a tie in the winter? There's no local statute anywhere

that makes us do it. A tie serves no essential utilitarian purpose. We wear them because they're one of the few articles in an ensemble where we can express our individuality. It's the touch of color, the reflection of one's personality, that makes a man buy a new tie when he already has 40 of them on his rack.

And men will like the ones that have been made up for this summer even better. They're narrower in shape and lighter in construction, made of fabrics so weightless that the whole tie scales only one or two ounces. For those who like bow ties, the clip-on type is a boon.

### HATS AND SHOES

There has been justifiable criticism, in the past, that hats and shoes have not kept pace with other articles of apparel in the weight-reducing process. But that is no longer true.

There are men's shoes that are perforated and braided; others with tops of nylon mesh and other porous fabrics; lightweight loafers with elastic insets that provide the ultimate in comfort; cloth and suédés that are no more than a wisp of weight on the feet.

You can protect your head of hair from the scalp-drying sun or the city's dirt, with a head covering that weighs no more than a few ounces. Summer felts have been so reduced in weight that you'll forget you have one on. Various straws tip the beam at a couple of ounces and are as porous as a sieve.

And the colorful new cloth hats and caps are ideal for all sorts of occasions when you wear sport clothes. And they're extra great at check-rooms: you just roll 'em up and pocket 'em!

### ACCESSORIES

There isn't an item in men's apparel that has escaped the weight-reducing program which has swept that industry. There are openwork belts and suspenders that breathe; underwear as brief as "scanties"; short-sleeved and short-length pajamas; whisper-weight hosiery—and, of all things, voile bathrobes!

So, men, you really have a chance to keep cool this summer—by taking a tip from the ladies. Wear the lighter fabrics in the new constructions and breeze through the dog days.

THE END



Men's suits now come in cool cotton of the same weight as this gown worn by lovely Julie Wilson



Blends including nylon (left) and cool-to-feel, cool-to-wear rayons are light as a feather both in fabric and in construction



The new sport shirts are truly air-cooled. Meshes (left) and sheers (right) allow both the breezes and the sun's rays to penetrate



Perhaps the biggest improvements in recent years have been made in the current sport jackets and slacks. New ensembles weigh as little as a dress

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHAWNE

# NEW LIFE FOR OLDER CARS

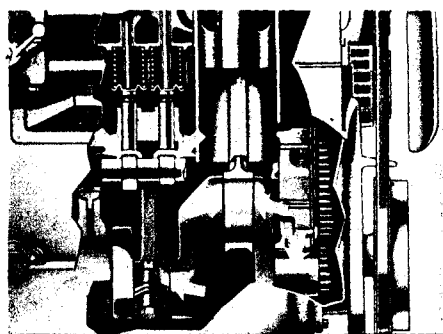


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A pint of Casite through the air-intake frees sticky valves and rings, lets the power zoom through. A pint of Casite in the crank-case oil keeps your engine clean and free-running, retards formation of sludge and gum.

You'll get smoother, happier driving for many miles to come.

# LONG LIFE FOR NEW CARS



Casite assures a protective film of oil on all vital parts

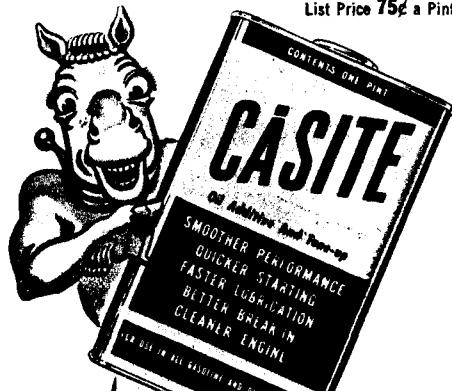
Casite cuts engine wear by speeding lubrication. Even in summer, finest oil is "cold" for the first few miles, must warm to 210° F to reach top efficiency.

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Casite Division, Hastings, Ltd., Toronto

## The Swallows

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

she had him soothed and at rest. His mother began to cry hysterically. With an imperious gesture, Mitzi waved her and all of us out of the room and we obeyed, even the doctors. She remained in Emil's bed, patiently nursing him, for a round of the clock, and through the rest of that winter she spent far more time at Château Duvin than she did with us. She did more than anyone else to give Emil back his health. But no one realized for a long time that Mitzi had acquired a millstone. . . .

High summer came, and we were setting up the big top in Cadillac when out of the blue Paul Santot appeared, sent by his frantic wife. At their dinner table, he explained, a spike of flame-colored lupine had fallen from a vase close to Emil's face.

"My son is stricken again, and calling for Mitzi. I have a plane waiting at Bordeaux. If she can come, our gratitude will be boundless."

I keep a log of events in the circus. I notice that in the ten years until she was sixteen, Mitzi was summoned to Château Duvin twenty times. Whenever some symbol of the red-hot poker plunged Emil back into the horror of the kidnaper's cellar, she would drop everything and go to him. She would find him like a creature tortured, raving, out of control. She never failed to charm the illusion out of him.

Apart from those disordered spells, Emil was a very attractive boy. Mitzi liked him a lot, as we all did; and the Santots, naturally, adored Mitzi. She was indispensable to them, but they loved her for herself, and they did much toward making her what she became. Each winter, they took her off touring with them—Egypt, South Africa, Algiers; once to the U.S.A. They treated her like a daughter. They taught her high-society manners. They wanted to adopt her, and it was the chance of a lifetime—but Mitzi wouldn't take it.

"Not everyone can be with a circus," she would say. "By comparison, the Santots' existence is so dull!" And she always came back from the playgrounds of the world, usually complaining about the fat that soft living had put on her wiry young figure.

A CRISIS overtook Mitzi when she was sixteen. It was winter again. She was going to Italy with the Santots, but before they were ready to start, Marco and I went through the usual end-of-season ceremony. The artists came singly to the boss's van. I paid them, and Marco gave them a glance and said, "Till spring, Carl," or "In the spring, Ivan." It was a contract for next year.

Bud Malone entered uneasily. For him, it had been a bad year, and he had muffed part of his turn every night for weeks.

"Good luck, Bud," was all Marco said. Bud winced. Then, with a lift of his chin he said, "By, Marco."

He had been with us nineteen years. He had once been good.

Mitzi must have been listening. She came into the van at once.

"So my papa is not required next year, Marco?"

"It is necessary, occasionally, to introduce new blood."

"Naturally. For the new season, then, I have an act for you."

"A trapeze act?" Marco said. "You have some agility. But real competence requires unbroken effort in the early years."

Mitzi shrugged. "My training has suffered interruptions," she said. "Nevertheless, I shall have an act. It requires two other artists."

"Three to pay!" Marco shouted. "I am not Monsieur Santot!"

"My partners will be inexpensive," Mitzi said. "You remember Julien Dafoe of the Grunberger show which we saw in Paris?"

"That maggot! He became mad with jealousy of his own brother and dropped the girl who acted with them. She died."

"So Julien will be cheap. The other also. See!"

She produced an advertisement from a show-business trade paper. It read: "Midget lady, height only 80 centimeters, desperate, employment any kind."

"What the devil kind of act—" Marco began.

"Does it not touch even you?" Mitzi asked. "A midget—you know their pride—admitting that she is desperate? I am moved, Marco. But I see also the makings of an excellent turn."

"Which rehearses itself while you play in Italy!"

"My friends must play without me this time. In their absence they will allow us three to practice our act in the banquet hall of Château Duvin." She turned to me. "Scotch Hannah, you will co-operate in the matter of three costumes, simple but original? And I shall need, in addition, a very large egg."

"An egg!" I cried.

"Big enough to contain a desperate midget of eighty centimeters. Also, beloved Hannah, you will persuade Marco to keep a place on the program until he has seen my act? He is after all, your husband."

I TALKED to Marco, and Mitzi summoned Julien Dafoe and the midget. What an unpromising pair they were! Julien had been a popular trapeze artist, but he had committed the deadliest sin of his profession. He had the surly slouch of the pariah. On hearing the offer to work in the high top, he almost snarled.

"Not for me," he said. "I carry infection. I'll tell you before my friends rush with the news—I lost my head, killed my partner."

"Being infectious, you can't haggle for big money," said Mitzi. "The risk is mine. You're engaged."

Fifi D'Erlanger, the midget, was like a doll that had been left out in the weather. Her blond hair was stringy, her cheap clothes tattered, her face gaunt with hunger. She had fallen out with the rest of a troupe which ran a side show at the fairs, and desperate was the word for her. But the idea of a trapeze act appalled her.

"For only my bread," she said, "I'd give myself, body and soul. But I have no head for heights. I should faint! I should die!"

"You'll survive," said Mitzi. "We start work in the morning."

She had her way, as she generally did. They practiced through the winter, and on the day of the Santots' return from Italy we all went to the château to view the new act.

The banquet hall at Château Duvin is a great vaulted chamber hung with priceless tapestries. Mitzi had fixed ropes and two trapezes to the roof beams, and also a high swinging platform. On the floor lay fifty yards of pale-gray chiffon, cut in lengths.

We were a scrubby lot to be invading that noble house, but when Paul Santot came in with his wife he looked benign, as if nothing Mitzi did could offend him. Madame, as usual, was nervous and fluttery. She darted about as if she were searching for something and finally she pounced upon Frieda, the wife of Carl Olsen, the lion tamer. Frieda had a red feather in her hat.

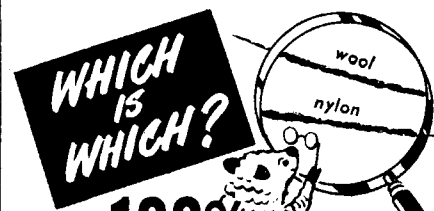
"Remove it! Hide it!" Madame cried.

"My son—you understand—"

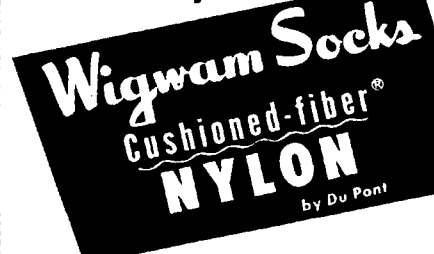
Yes, we all understood. She spent half her life going ahead of Emil, shifting anything remotely resembling a red-hot poker. She lived in perpetual dread of missing something that would bring on one of his attacks, but even she, for all her care, slipped up now and then.

She called Emil in. At seventeen, he was tall, lean and handsome. He came to sit by Marco and me.

Mitzi and Julien came out from a curtained corner. They were in the costumes she and I had worked on. All I knew about the act was that it was called *Les Hironnelles*, and I prided myself on the job I'd



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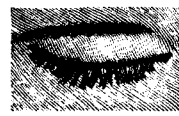
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made of rigging them out as human swallows, complete with silken wings.

There was no sign of Fifi at first. Mitzi and Julien climbed to the roof beams, and they started with a kind of aerial ballet on the two trapezes, ending in a catch and a mid-air kiss—the courtship of the swallows.

"Beautiful! Exquisite!" Emil said. "Such grace!"

The next phase was nest building. With ropes fixed to waist belts, Mitzi and Julien skimmed down to snatch pieces of the gray chiffon and carry them to the little platform. The last piece hid the huge egg. As they bore it aloft, I heard it mutter fervently, "Oh, là! Oh, mon Dieu!"

That, I assumed, was not part of the turn.

While the hen swallow brooded the egg, the cock entertained her with an excellent solo act on the trapeze. Then we saw the baby swallow, incredibly dainty, and not shamming at all as it teetered, terrified, on the edge of the platform with the mother bird urging it to fly. Mitzi caught a rope with one hand and Fifi's tiny fist with the other and made a beautiful descent, swinging round and down in widening circles, the midget seeming to fly by her side.

Mitzi ran to the boss. "Your opinion then, Marco?"

His dark eyes gleamed. "That can be expressed on the posters," he said. Marco knew a good thing when he saw it.

"So!" said Mitzi. "Then there will be one more costume, Hannah. A clown's. I think a Harlequin, rather than a Charlot."

"What now?" Marco demanded. "The act passes as it stands."

"My papa will be so much happier with a part," Mitzi explained. "And after all, an artist of my quality may pull a string for a relative, no?"

"You're a little witch," said Marco.

**WE CROWDED** around her, excited, delighted. Fifi, for all her fear, was strutting like a vest-pocket top liner. Even Julien looked pleased. Emil was as proud and happy as any of us, and it was minutes before we noticed that Madame Santot was crying.

"Mitzi will be killed, and then what of Emil?" she was saying. "Paul, plead with her! Take her from this horrible circus forever!"

Mitzi was very gentle with Madame Santot, but still very firm. She had never been in doubt about her choice. The circus was her life.

"But Emil!" the woman sobbed. "If he needs you—"

"Emil is also part of my life," Mitzi said quietly, "and it will never be inconvenient

for me to come to him, no matter where I am."

She glanced defiantly at Marco, warning him that at times she might be absent from the show. The boss made no protest. He understood that he could not have Mitzi without her millstone.

**THE** French public was ecstatic over *Les Hirondelles*. For the next four years the act was one of the high spots of our program, and it was interesting to watch the effects of its success on the three who were so closely concerned with Mitzi.

Julien, who had the real skill, remained impeccably competent but detached and almost unsociable. Fifi, whose part had nothing to it but her smallness, got puffed up with self-importance. As for Bud—well, Marco suffered him. He wasn't much of a clown. And for all three Mitzi was the kingpin of the universe. They almost worshiped her. When, every six months or so, she was called away to Emil, and we had to do without *Les Hirondelles* for a day or two, they mooned around as if the earth had stopped revolving and left them stranded on the side away from the sun.

Four seasons. Aye, and good ones. Then, on our two-year circuit, we were back to our Southern winter quarters again. Mitzi was twenty, and in full bloom. She wasn't merely pretty but in some way radiant, so that in her company people felt warmed and enlivened. She could play the lady of society as easily as the star of the ring.

We were hardly settled when she was busy fixing her rope on the middle tree of the three where her act had begun. She wanted to improve a detail in the way she landed on the swinging platform.

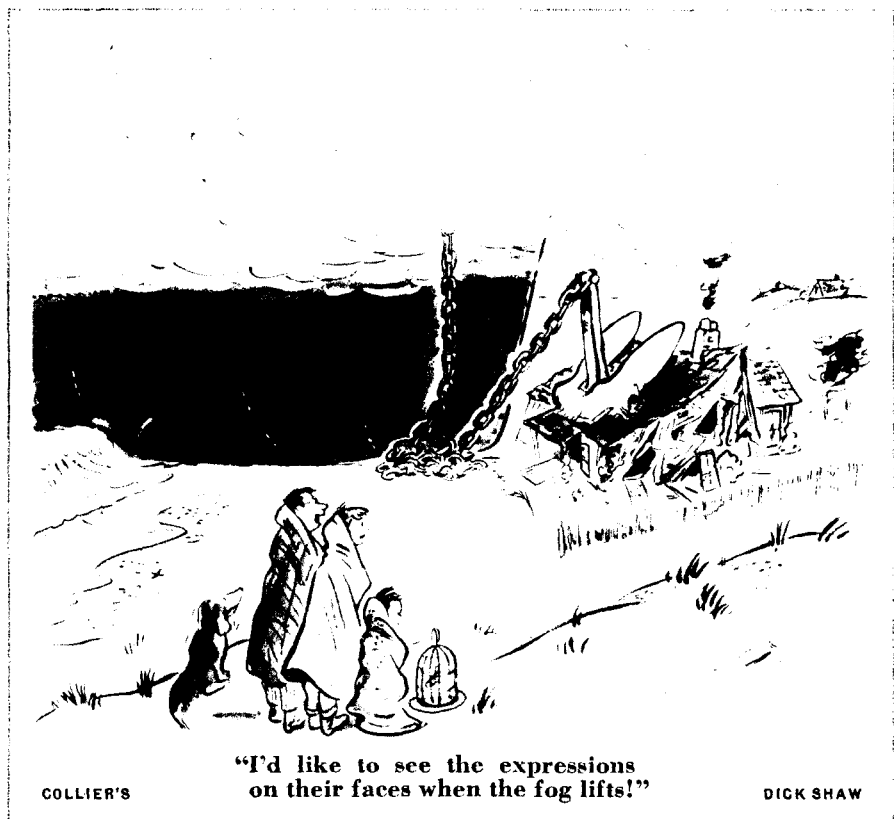
She was perched in the boughs when Emil appeared, eager as always to see her again. With him was another young man, a husky blond boy with a broad, tanned face. As they passed under the trees, Mitzi swooped, snatched the stranger's hat, and was back in the branches before he knew what had happened.

So she introduced herself to Tom Wilcox of Chicago. His father, like Emil's, was head of a great chemical business. He was over to negotiate for the American rights to some new plastic compound. The three came to have a chat with us and a look at the animals, and afterward the men took Mitzi away to the château.

"What do you think of him?" I asked the boss as they departed.

"I wish I'd never seen him," Marco fumed. "He brings trouble."

"You think so too? The end of *Les Hirondelles*?"



"I'd like to see the expressions on their faces when the fog lifts!"

COLLIER'S

DICK SHAW

Collier's for May 27, 1950



You're sitting pretty in these fresh-air Walk-Overs. They're cool as a breeze-blown cloud. And every bit as soft and easy-going. The Broadway \$12.95



**Inhale . . . exhale**—the air-holes bathe your feet in breezes, every step. Oh, brother, this is the way to live. The Major \$12.95

**And, good looking . . .** they'll set sirens sighing. See them (the Koolies) at your neighborhood Walk-Over dealer's today. The Rambler \$13.95



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It was as obvious as that. Things happened very fast between Mitzi and the young American. As a fact, Tom air-mailed a letter to his father within a week, announcing that he had met the girl he meant to marry.

The news brought Wilcox, Senior—a large, domineering man—storming across the Atlantic by plane to the rescue of his son. He and Tom and Mitzi had a half-hour session in the Malones' van. We were all watching from various vantage points as they came out, smiling. I heard Mr. Wilcox say to his son, "Let Mitzi slip through your fingers, and you're disowned!"

As soon as I got Mitzi alone I asked her, "Is the young man, then, to be disowned?"

She smiled weakly. She looked solemn and troubled. She glanced toward the barn door, where Bud was moodily knotting a bit of string; and to the mess tent where little Fifi, curiously subdued, was standing silent by a very glum Julien; and across to the chimneys of Emil's château home.

"I'm afraid this is serious, Scotch Hannah," she said.

For the first time, she was feeling the weight of her millstones. ...

Tom could spend only a little more time in France. He and Mitzi lived through it together. They were absorbed, oblivious of everything outside themselves. Somewhere on another plane was Madame Santot brookingly telling Mitzi what would happen to Emil if she let herself be carried off to America. Somewhere there were Bud and Julien and Fifi, gauntly awaiting the end of the world. Mitzi ignored them. She had no ties. She had no awareness of yesterday or tomorrow. It was today all the time, and she had it whole and supreme. I've never seen anyone happier.

Then it ended. I don't know what happened. She told no one. She went off with him one morning; she came back at night alone. He left no ring on her finger. He left only a new look on her face—a tension, a remoteness, a solemnity. I was not surprised that she had not gone with him. Mitzi had always been a tidy person. I just didn't see her going and leaving such a mess.

It was then that we all began talking about millstones and how to deal with them. She kept her silence.

ONE day I went shopping in the village with this new, this shut-in Mitzi. In the grassy square by the church, we came upon Bud Malone standing on his head, playing a harmonica to a group of children.

"They adore him, and he loves them," I remarked.

Mitzi did not answer. She looked graver than ever.

"Better for him to waste his time this way than drinking in the *bistro*," I said.

There was not a word from her. But it was that same evening, in the mess tent, that she came out of her shell. I think even Marco was feeling a strain when he asked her in his gruff way, "Have you considered the future? Are we to have *Les Hirondelles* on our program next season?"

She gazed at him and at the rest of us thoughtfully. I had a sudden memory of six-year-old Mitzi saying so briskly, "Why, this same poker. I hit him over the head, hard as I could."

"I have been considering a number of things," she said.

"For example?" Marco said.

"Well, for one thing, it occurs to me that a man who can balance on his head should surely be able to stand on his own feet."

"It appears logical," Marco agreed. "But what—"

"My papa is a better clown outside the ring than in it. Wherever we go, he delights the street urchins with his tricks. Might we not witness such enthusiasm under the big top?"

Bud Malone squirmed. Fuddled, indifferent, he had become her parasite.

She switched to another subject: "A further thought—I am neither the only trapeze girl in the world, nor the best. A dozen could be found to play my part."

"I'll perform with no one else," Julien muttered.

"There are other men," said Mitzi.

"Nor I!" cried Fifi. "My terror! If you knew—"

"Also, there are other midgets. I have decided to renounce my part, but it would be stupid to kill *Les Hirondelles*. The act must remain—with one new artist, or three. I think only one."

"You are going to America, then?" Marco asked.

"I want to."

"But what about Emil?" Ivan, the ax thrower, asked.

"That is another matter," Mitzi mused.

"One may part from one's friends. But one doesn't desert them."

None of us could tell her what to do.

MARCO engaged a fairly gifted young Swiss girl, Jeanne Rollin, and Julien was persuaded to rehearse with her and Fifi. Mitzi spent her time teaching Jeanne her technique, prodding Bud to practice clowning, and visiting the château. Letters and cables came from Chicago every day. Tom was wildly impatient. Mitzi wrote to him twice a week, and went about with a new seriousness in her eyes. The whole winter passed and she was still in France.

On an afternoon ten days before we were due to reopen at Aix, she obliged me by doing some errands for me in Marseille. I wanted some items from a store where they sell every type of theatrical prop. She came back laden, dumped an assortment of parcels down in my van, and picked one out.

"This," she said, "is my own."

It was wrapped in the same paper as the others, and I asked her, just casually, "What are you buying from there, if you're out of the show?"

"You'd wonder," Mitzi said.

I looked at her. I saw it at once. I can't describe it, but there was a difference about her. Her eyes were still serious, and yet there was a hint of the old sparkle. She went off to her van with a quick, sprightly walk, and a short time afterward she and a puzzled-looking Bud set off together, away into a wood on the hillside. They did the same thing several times during the next few days. Each time, the mysterious parcel was tucked under Mitzi's arm.

The night before our departure for Aix, Marco was in my van, checking a list of gear, when Mitzi came in.

"Boss," she said, "*Les Hirondelles* is essentially my act. That is undeniable. You are acquiring a valuable property there. So it is only right that I should be paid for what I created."

"Paid?" Marco was on the defensive at once. He's mighty careful with the money. That's how we've survived.

"I'll settle," Mitzi said, "for two things. First, a couple of the best seats, front row, for the opening performance at Aix."

Marco gave a deep laugh. "So you're only teasing. I might consider allowing them at half price."

"In addition," Mitzi told him, "I want five minutes—perhaps ten—of the performing time, just following *Les Hirondelles*. I want it for my own purposes, without question, for this one occasion."

The boss is an absolute stickler over the timing of the show: every second must be accounted for. But she would say nothing about her intentions—and she talked him into it.

"Unwillingly," he grumbled. "But as it is you—"

"You're an angel, Marco. I wonder that even Scotch Hannah can be indifferent to your charms."

She went bouncing away to Château Duvin—as usual, scaling the wall at the nearest point instead of going to the gate. ...

We traveled to Aix, and set up the tent, and suffered and enjoyed again all the agonies and delights of a new season. Just as the band played for the opening, Mitzi entered with Emil Santot and they took their places among the spectators. It was very odd to see her there, a smart young lady, faultlessly dressed—our incomparable Mitzi, no longer part of the show.

Collier's for May 27, 1950

Emil looked happy and expectant. For once, he had escaped from his fussy mother. She had not even come fidgeting along on an advance visit to make sure there was nothing that might start one of Emil's attacks. She evidently trusted Mitzi as she did no other person.

The show went on: Marco with the liberty horses; Ivan flinging his axes; Boy Pedro trick-riding brilliantly on Prince; briefly, in the intervals between acts, Bud and Koko, the clowns. Bud had improved greatly, and I was glad. You hate to see the old hands go.

*Les Hirondelles* could never be the same without Mitzi, but it still had beauty and charm. The new girl was good. To the public, the act had lost nothing. No one, as Marco reminds us, is indispensable.

And now, the next minutes were Mitzi's. She kept her place by Emil. I saw nothing unusual. As *Les Hirondelles* left the ring, Koko came tumbling into it. He was carrying the bladder on a stick that had been Bud's weapon until then. He made a show of trying to hide it about his baggy clothes and a pantomime of fighting for it, so that soon the smallest kid in the crowd knew he had stolen it from his fellow clown.

Roaring, a tiger of clownish rage, Bud charged in and made a rush at Koko, brandishing a new weapon. It was a red-hot poker. It was a prop maker's masterpiece. The handle was a brass tube containing an electric battery. The business end, lighted up from within, was of some flexible stuff stretched over a spiral spring. It gleamed a fierce and fiery orange-red; and when Bud caught up with Koko and thrust it at his back, it gave off a puff of smoke and seemed to sink in for nine inches.

Of course, my first thought was to turn and stare at Emil. Openmouthed, round-eyed, he was gaping at the fearsome thing, his features set in a look of utter horror. Mitzi sat beside him, tense and flushed. I saw her grope for his hand and grip it, like a big sister for whose little brother the lions had been just a shade too much.

The clowns had a roistering, rollicking fight, putting in every kind of roll and tumble known to the ring. Koko grabbed the red end of the poker and went howling, squirt soda water on his fingers. Bud fell over his own feet; and when he picked himself up, the poker had vanished and smoke was coming out of the seat of his pants. He hurled himself about with an energy he

hadn't shown in a dozen years, pulling out yard upon yard of shirttail in all the colors of the rainbow and finally the poker.

I caught sight of Marco standing in the wings. His eyes had a glow, and only then did I realize that the crowd was giving out one long, unbroken squeal of laughter.

Emil was still petrified, gazing with a sick fascination at the symbol of his life-long terror. Mitzi, holding his hand, was pale now—pale, but resolute.

The clowns chose to become aware of the merriment of the audience. United in wrath, they charged at the customers. It's a queer member of a circus crowd who doesn't feel complimented to receive the attentions of a clown. Koko laid on at heads with his bladder; Bud stabbed and jabbed with his poker, not sparing the most dignified figures in the most expensive seats. Even Marco laughed.

Koko reached Emil and set upon him, whacking him lustily about the head and ears. Mitzi unpinned her brooch. She poked at the bladder. It burst with a satisfying pop.

**T**HEY had it well rehearsed. The stamp of Mitzi's tidiness and her sense of the ring was on every action. Howling and lamenting, Koko flapped the rag of rubber at Bud and, in dumb show, implored him to take revenge on Mitzi. Bud roared with laughter and triumphantly chased the disarmed clown to the wings. Then, with elaborate courtesy, he presented his red-hot poker to Mitzi as if it were a bouquet.

She took it, acting nonplused. The happy crowd clapped, and their applause seemed to spark off a spirit of sympathetic mischief in her. To everyone's delight, she turned the fiery point toward Emil and gave him a tentative jab in the ribs.

And Emil smiled.

Emil smiled! I admit it was a pale, uneasy smile. But it was there, and I saw it.

The liberty horses pranced in again. The attention of the crowd was diverted to the next act. But some—and surely I was one of them—kept watching the smart young couple who were left in possession of the clown's red-hot poker. They examined it together. They squeezed it and made it puff smoke. Once or twice, beaming brightly, Mitzi threatened Emil with it. I'm sure every kid under the big top, and maybe a few of the adults, envied them.

Every time Mitzi pointed the poker at

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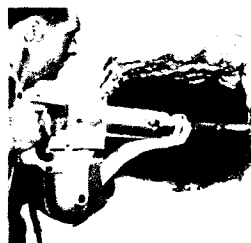
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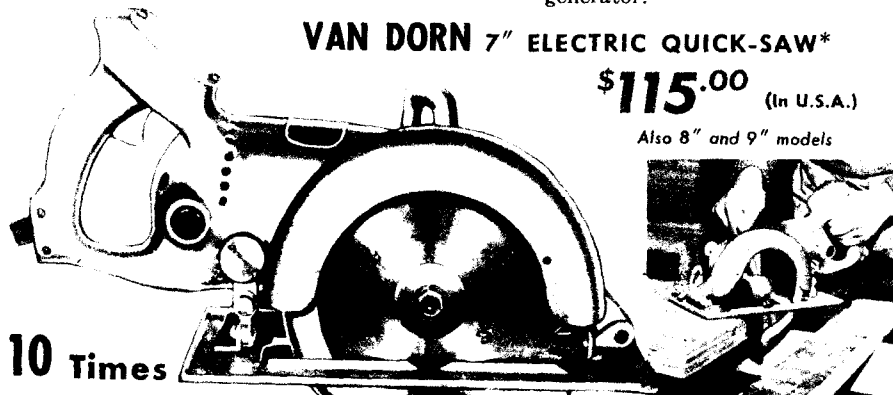
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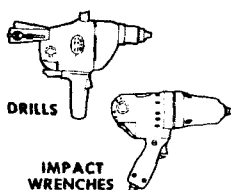


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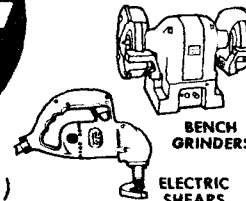


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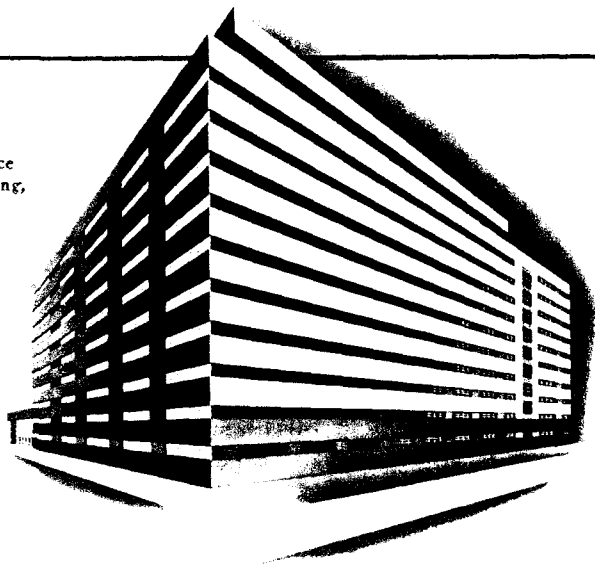
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him, Emil smiled—more and more broadly, more and more naturally, more and more happily—until, by the end of the show, they were in a helpless fit of the giggles.

At the finish, I saw Mitzi chasing Emil across the fairground to his car, and saw them drive off together. . . .

It was long after midnight when Mitzi came back, but we were all waiting for her. We were fond of Mitzi, every one of us. Bud and Julien and Fifi—those three, I think, would have died for her. They, more than any of us, were anxious—eager to see her leave us, go out of our lives, across the Atlantic, to be seen again rarely if ever.

That, strangely, was our tribute to Mitzi—our passionate desire to bid her good-by.

She came back in one of the chateau cars, driven by a chauffeur. As she entered the mess tent, she looked tired but bright.

"So! Am I not an imbecile?" she said.

"Emil—how is he?" I asked.

"How is he? Why, chasing everyone around the chateau—a veritable clown. Even his mother had to cease her lamentations and run. Is it not indeed remarkable how stupid one can be?"

"No one," said Marco gallantly, "could call our Mitzi stupid!"

"So many years," she mourned, "to understand so simple a thing—that one cannot possibly turn one's back on life and yet look it in the face."

She sat down among us, glancing especially at the three who had been so close to her.

"I am ashamed of my own happiness," she said. "I am so very happy, and yet so very sad. Tomorrow, to you all, it must be good-by."

"Tomorrow . . ." Some of us repeated it, bleakly.

"In the morning I fly to Paris; at night to New York, and then Chicago. So much haste—but it has seemed so very long, waiting. You all understand my joy. It is quite complete. But now—I so regret it—I—"

Mitzi wept, and she wasn't the only one. I remember her tears.

But I remember, too, her eyes when she dried them. She was hardly of this earth, was Mitzi that night—looking life in the face.

THE END

## If Polio Strikes . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

away. Even if Jonesboro could have provided bed space, neither equipment nor trained personnel was locally available to handle the patients.

Thus, all through last May and early June, the entire state of Arkansas relied upon a single 30-bed isolation ward, already crowded with cases of other illness when the first five polio victims appeared in May.

In one single-bed room six patients and six beds were crowded. In another tiny cubicle four cribs were packed so tightly that nurses had to move three of them to attend to the fourth baby.

Hurriedly, K. W. Newman, business manager of the University Hospital, cleared out the first floor of the hospital's nursing home and overnight converted a living room and playroom into an additional 40-bed isolation unit. But no advance provision had been made to equip such expanded facilities. At the last minute, the hospital managed to keep its patients off the floors only by borrowing beds from the North Little Rock Veterans Hospital and from the Army-Navy Hospital in Hot Springs. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis also came to the rescue with beds and other equipment shipped in by railway and by airplane.

By then, however, polio had struck 32 of the state's 75 counties, and well over 100 cases had been sent to the lone Little Rock center carrying all the load. Day after day, University Hospital corridors were crowded with victims waiting for an unoccupied bed.

Outside the new ward, a ground-floor room, parents and friends of the patients held heart-rending day-and-night vigil. Many had traveled 100 miles and more. Few could afford to rent living quarters. Mothers and fathers peered through screens at their loved ones suffering. Their presence served only to upset the patients.

### A Doctor Speaks Out Bluntly

State Health Officer Dr. T. T. Ross called an emergency meeting which heard Dr. J. T. Gray of the Crippled Children's Service bluntly state: "It is a farce that Arkansas, a state of 2,000,000 souls, has only a single isolation ward." He added: "General hospitals should take some of the polio cases. They are not so highly contagious as to endanger other patients."

A day or two later John Gilbreath, administrator of the Baptist Hospital in Little Rock, announced that his directors had authorized him to set up a 16-bed polio unit. To do so they had had to change their constitution and by-laws. But in three days the hospital converted two old storerooms into a permanent, air-conditioned ward and be-

gan accepting the overflow from the University Center.

Almost overnight, however, the 16 new beds were filled and patients again waited in the corridors. Gilbreath, assuming the approval of his directors, then tore the pews out of the hospital chapel and made room for 40 more beds, flown in from North Carolina by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Local physicians were still "solving" their polio problem by shipping patients to Little Rock. But officials kept their fingers crossed and issued hopeful statements. Early in July after a two-day drop in new cases, the Arkansas Democrat headlines read, "Officials Hopeful Polio Tapering Off" and "New Polio Facilities Called Ample."

### State in Grip of Epidemic

But hopeful statements could not stem the polio tide. St. Vincent's Hospital in Little Rock decided to follow the example set by Baptist Hospital. It had no equipment, but it did have a men's ward filled with patients who could be sent home or doubled up in other quarters. Its 25-bed emergency unit was slated to open by the 9th of July. But, shockingly, the lack of a few parts for a sterilizer delayed even this relief. By the 14th, with 284 cases and 13 fatalities, the state realized that it was squarely up against a major epidemic.

Meanwhile, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the Red Cross were doing their best to make up for the lack of both equipment and personnel which confronted Arkansas because an epidemic had not been anticipated. Although only one fortieth of all U.S. 1949 polio victims lived in Arkansas, more than half the beds provided by the National Foundation were shipped into that state, 252 before the epidemic ended. Every last bed brought in on one planeload was occupied by a polio victim the very night the plane arrived.

A desperate shortage of respirators developed. There were only 12 iron lungs in the entire state when the epidemic began. Little Rock called them in from Fayetteville and Fort Smith, from Stuttgart and Hot Springs. Thirty-six others were freighted or flown in from out of the state by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Nurses were needed by the score. But no one had built up a large list of local nurses with polio experience. Nor had regular-duty nurses received advance training in polio care. At first, when officials still hoped to whistle off the epidemic, some 40 nurses were recruited within the state. But it soon became plain that they would not be enough. Before the epidemic was over, the

Collier's for May 27, 1950

Red Cross had rounded up and brought into Arkansas 184 other nurses, recruited for the National Foundation from 30 states.

Arkansans co-operated by providing every nurse with quarters. Homeowners volunteered spare rooms, rent free. Even so, the influx of out-of-state nurses caused unnecessary frictions and disruptions. The Red Cross, which recruited its nurses at a far higher pay scale than prevailed in Arkansas, insisted that all local recruits recontract their services under the Red Cross plan. Many complied. Others refused. Tempers were frayed and time wasted in discussions that had nothing to do with the actual bedside care of polio patients.

### Basic Errors Not Remedied

As summer wore on, routines were established and the quality of care improved. Yet the basic errors that stemmed from lack of planning and preparedness persisted, and may plague Arkansas should another epidemic occur this year. Doctors in outlying hospitals did not learn last year how to care for polio patients. Nurses in Blytheville and Texarkana and Fort Smith gained little polio experience with which to aid the victims of any new outbreak. Public terror of polio, the fear that views the polio victim as a menace to the community, not only still persists in outlying counties, but has been fortified by the fact that the authorities' one visible response to the diagnosis of "polio" was to whisk the patient off to Little Rock.

Did Arkansas' unpreparedness and panic and whistling-in-the-dark actually cause any needless polio deaths? No certain answer can be given. No one can accurately say that those who died after a 150-mile journey in an ambulance might not have died in any event. But this much is known. The first two or three days of the disease are critical. Time wasted then is time lost. A few patients arrived at University Hospital either dead or dying. Many others, arriving six, eight or ten hours later than they would have reached a local hospital, undoubtedly suffered greater disability and more crippling than if top-notch local care had been available.

Fortunately, Arkansas shows signs of having learned its lesson. The State Health Department and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis are taking strenuous steps to reverse the extreme centralization of last year. The Arkansas State Polio Planning Committee, meeting this spring, considered plans to open treatment centers at Texarkana, Jonesboro and Fort Smith, and was planning a series of polio institutes to train doctors and nurses throughout the state. When polio strikes again in Arkansas, at least some of the outlying hospitals will be willing to take their share of the load.

In sharp contrast with the Arkansas experience was that of Maine, which, in proportion to its population, was stricken quite as desperately last year. Maine, if anything, had less experience to go on. Its last epidemic had occurred two decades ago.

But Maine's hospitals, doctors, National Foundation chapters, health departments and, most important, its people were ready when polio struck.

For one thing, the National Foundation

had active, long-established chapters in each of the state's 16 counties. These chapters had educated the people against polio panic; they had made certain that the 1930 terror (when roadblocks were set up to prevent the movement of polio patients) would not recur. They had indoctrinated physicians and the hospitals.

All three of the state's largest hospitals, Portland General, Central Maine General at Lewiston and Eastern Maine General at Bangor, were ready to accept polio patients during the infectious stage of their disease. In the course of the epidemic, at least nine other hospitals also accepted polio patients without hesitation. Cases were passed on to the three major hospitals only as a matter of convenience and only for the patient's benefit.

Nor did cases back up in hospital wards. Advance planning took care of that. As soon as each case passed its infectious stage, the Hyde Home at Bath, operated by the Pine Tree Crippled Children's Society, stood ready to accept the convalescent patient and free a hospital bed for a new acute case.

Of all the badly stricken counties in Maine, down-East Penobscot was hardest hit, with well over 100 cases, five times as many as would justify the use of the term "epidemic." Yet Penobscot took care not only of its own patients but of 50 more from several smaller surrounding counties.

Polio first struck in the Bangor area in May. Long before that, Bangor's polio foundation chapter and Bangor's doctors were prepared for what they knew might happen. In February, at its annual meeting, the executive committee of the chapter found it had \$9,000 in the bank and virtually no demands on its carefully hoarded funds. Instead of sitting back complacently, it decided to conduct a survey of its anti-epidemic facilities and plan for the epidemic it had been anticipating for years.

"We cried wolf so often," Chapter Chairman Ernest Frost explains, "that we could see no harm in crying wolf once more. It wasn't that we were psychic. We just knew our luck couldn't hold out forever."

### Mobilizing Medical Forces

Included in the chapter's survey work was the development of a complete plan for medical mobilization, worked out by Dr. Carl W. Ruhlin, for years a leading spirit in the chapter, an outstanding Maine orthopedic surgeon and acting chief of the orthopedic service at Eastern Maine General Hospital.

This plan paid off with a bang when the first cases of polio appeared in June. The hospital quickly set up a special Polio Service under Ruhlin's directorship. Included in the panel were residents from the pediatric and medical services of the hospital, interns and staff members of the Department of Physiotherapy and the Nursing Service. The head of the City Health Department and the administrative director of the hospital were also on this board. To preserve the relationship between patients and their own physicians, any doctor who requested it was automatically admitted to the new service as the epidemic developed;

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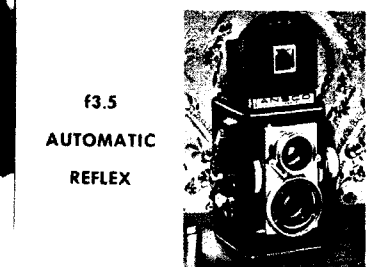
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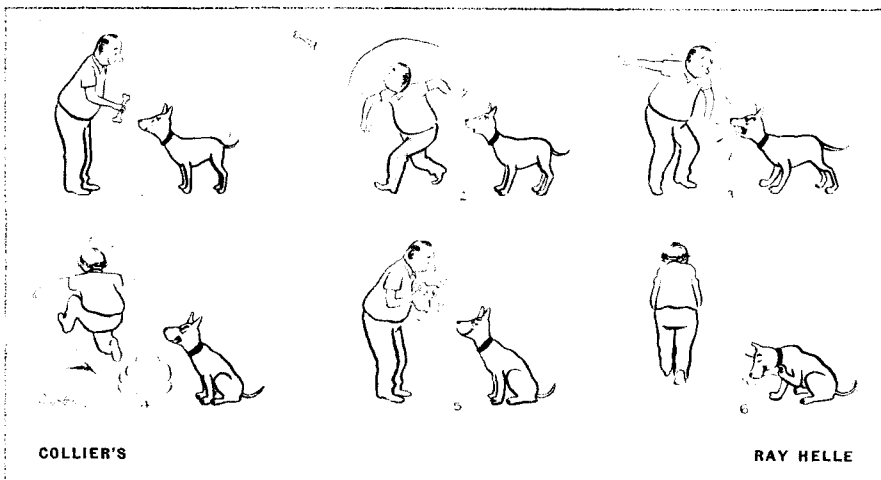
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and thus every polio patient who entered the hospital was assured of the services of a rounded team of skilled physicians.

During the epidemic's first few days, a few doctors submitted bills for their services. Then as the number of cases grew, the medicos met informally. They knew the county polio chapter was pledged to pay all costs for families needing assistance. They knew the National Foundation would stand back of this pledge. They were Maine individualists, passionately devoted to the idea that everybody ought to stand on his own feet. But they were likewise devoted to another Maine tradition, the help-thy-neighbor spirit that sends down-Easters voluntarily to a barn-raising whenever fire or flood destroys a neighbor's property.

Thus, in three minutes in a hospital hallway, the doctors unanimously agreed that the foundation, which would have its hands full meeting nursing and hospital costs, wouldn't get any bills from the doctors.

As the epidemic developed, at least \$10,000 worth of medical skill was expended upon polio patients in the Bangor hospital. Yet when the epidemic was all over and the costs were totaled, doctors' bills were notable only by their absence.

Before the February survey, the Eastern Maine General Hospital had contemplated being called upon to handle no more than five polio patients at one time. But the far larger influx during the epidemic never stumped the hospital authorities. Hospital Director Frank C. Curran set aside an isolation examining room at the ambulance entrance. Each polio suspect was admitted, his symptoms noted, a spinal tap taken and the patient then transferred to an adjacent isolation room. In more than half the cases, the spinal tap disclosed either that polio was not present or that it could not be definitely established. A negative tap made possible immediate release of such cases from the hospital and return home because they had not yet come in contact with any other polio case.

If the polio diagnosis was confirmed, patients were transferred to an isolation floor. Here the victims got group nursing service by a corps of nurses, many of them with previous polio experience, recruited from the community. So well did Maine respond to the need for nurses that only two out-of-state Red Cross recruits were called.

### Bangor Crisis Capably Met

The Bangor hospital started off with two iron lungs of its own. As victims piled in, additional respirators were brought from the Boothbay Harbor Hospital and from other Maine areas where polio incidence was low. Later the National Foundation supplied hot-pack machines and additional respirators from its Boston pool until the total at the Bangor hospital reached 14. But this was all the equipment Maine ever borrowed. When beds were needed, beds were found.

One respirator occupant was eight-year-old Naomi Cole, the daughter of Chet Cole, a Bangor trucking operator. Cole got his chance to pay back for the life that iron lung saved when five weeks later a midnight call came from Portland. A respirator was urgently needed down the coast. Four hours would mean the difference between life and death.

Within 15 minutes, Cole had his truck backed up at the hospital loading dock. The iron lung was sailing down the highway 10 minutes later. In less than three hours the 150 miles to Portland were covered, and a little boy, who almost certainly would have died, found himself breathing regularly again.

At the epidemic's peak, the hospital housed more than 50 polio patients. Yet not one was crowded, as in Arkansas. For doctors and nurses and health authorities were not afraid of polio infection, and conveyed this lack of fear to all nonpolio patients. During the acute period, the first ten days or so of an attack, polio patients were carefully isolated. But after that, each patient who didn't require a respirator

was moved into the general wards, often right alongside of sufferers from routine complaints.

The spectacle of horror-stricken parents standing helpless in the hospital yard never occurred in Maine. The Bangor hospital assigned one of its interns as information officer. During visiting hours, it was his sole duty to interview parents of isolated children and answer their questions. On days when they couldn't reach the hospital, they were invited to phone him at any time.

### Disk Jockey's Fine Service

Johnny MacRae, a radio platter-turner known locally as the Down-East Arthur Godfrey, regularly visited the isolation ward and the respirator room. At six each morning when he went on the air, most of eastern Maine tuned in to hear the tidings he brought.

Perhaps the most significant measure of the effectiveness of the Bangor hospital's work, and this was typical of all Maine hospitals, is the fact that out of more than 150 patients treated for polio, only one death occurred that could be ascribed to the disease.

In all Maine, with 463 cases, there were only 10 deaths. In Arkansas, with twice as many cases, there were about five times as many deaths. Such a difference in the death rate does not necessarily prove that needless deaths occurred in Arkansas. The severity of the disease or the frequency of the more deadly bulbar type of polio might account for the higher Arkansas rate.

But it is significant that while 49 per cent of the Penobscot County cases showed muscle involvement—paralysis—only 3 per cent of these cases will have permanent impairment.

Prompt diagnosis, a well-prepared medical service and excellent convalescent care, all the product of careful planning and freedom from panic, combined to give every Maine polio victim the only thing that medicine, at its best, can guarantee—an almost perfect break.

Maine citizens bared their feelings in typical fashion by quiet acts of generosity. Bill Mitchell, operator of the Clark-Mitchell Funeral Home, for example, used to get \$50 a trip for taking patients from Bangor down to the Hyde Home at Bath. At the height of the epidemic, he accosted Polio Chapter Chairman Ernie Frost.

"The rate is now twenty-five bucks," was all he said.

"How about kids, when we send them two in one load?" asked Frost, no slouch at driving a bargain.

"The rate's by the trip," Bill answered. "Send me two at a time or send me a dozen."

In the January, 1949, March of Dimes Drive, Penobscot County raised \$12,000, more than it had ever raised before. But when the National Foundation announced its emergency drive at the peak of the epidemic last summer, Penobscot shelled out \$55,000 more—85 cents for every man, woman and child and newborn babe in the county. And this when half the mills and factories in eastern Maine were shut down. They contributed another \$37,000 this January, and the money is still rolling in.

In your own town, county or state, what will happen this year, if polio strikes?

The answer is obvious. Modern medicine, for all its miracles, cannot as yet prevent polio. But once polio comes, the difference between life and death, between complete recovery and a lifetime of twisted limbs depends primarily on you and every citizen around you. If your community is unprepared or only partly prepared, panic, confusion, delay and disorganization will take an inevitable and needless toll.

But if your doctors, your hospital, your neighbors and you yourself are all ready to fight with every resource at your command, then the terror can be wrung out of any polio epidemic.

The time to help, the time when help means most, is now, before the grim crippler appears on the scene.

THE END

Collier's for May 27, 1950

## The Dutchman . . . Greatest of Them All

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Captain William W. Kerr, owner of the Pirates, wanted to take over the contract.

"I told Captain Kerr then that when I was ready to sell Wagner, I would give Pittsburgh the first chance to buy him," I told Pulliam, "and I must keep my word."

I wired Kerr that I had been offered \$2,000 for Wagner. He wired back that he would match the offer. Pulliam then went to \$2,100 and I wired that figure to Kerr, but I never heard from him again. So Wagner went to Louisville. I don't know to this day whether Kerr ever received my second wire, or if he did, why he didn't answer.

However, it seems Honus was destined to wind up in Pittsburgh, anyway. A few years later, when the National League dropped Cleveland and Louisville in the West and Washington and Baltimore in the East and went back to being an eight-club circuit, Barney Dreyfus acquired the Pittsburgh franchise and transferred 14 of his Louisville players to the Smoky City, among them Wagner.

Thereafter, he never played anywhere else and he is still there today as a coach.

### League Has a Stormy Year

Except for the period when I had Wagner in Paterson, the Atlantic League offered more problems and headaches than good times. Our first year not only was unprofitable, but stormy and quarrelsome as well. Midway through the season Lancaster had replaced the New Haven club. Then we threw out the Metropolitans, or the Mets, and took in Billy Scharsig's Athletics of Philadelphia. The Mets were owned by Andrew Freedman, who also owned the Giants, and played at the Polo Grounds in New York when the Giants were away. They were managed by John Irwin, brother of Arthur Irwin, the manager of the Giants.

Freedman was one of the most controversial men ever in baseball. He was high-handed and difficult to get along with. Finally, when he barred Sam Crane, baseball writer for the New York Journal and president of our league, from the Polo Grounds, for something he had written about the Giants, I moved we throw the Mets out. We did.

At our league meeting in Philadelphia that winter we expanded to an eight-club circuit by adding teams in Richmond and Norfolk, managed respectively by Jake Wells and Billy Smith. Also, I was elected president when Sam Crane resigned after

deciding that fighting Andrew Freedman on one hand and trying to control a brawling new league on the other were just too much.

During my three years as president, I moved headquarters from Paterson to Philadelphia and set up offices at 1630 Chestnut Street. It was hard sledding trying to hold the league together. Players jumped contracts, club owners went broke and crowds were slim. I used every device I could think of to hold the players, encourage the club owners and bring out the fans. And, as I mentioned earlier, I did many things I never would have done in later years or, for that matter, would have been allowed to do after baseball became well organized and regulated.

Among other things, I dug up a girl pitcher. Her name was Lizzie Stroud. But Lizzie thought that the name of Arlington was more glamorous for professional purposes, and it was as "Lizzie Arlington" that I booked her around the league. She made a number of appearances—in Paterson, Newark, Wilmington, Philadelphia and Lancaster. After that, interest in her faded. But for a little while it pepped up the gate.

At other times I hired John L. Sullivan to umpire and Jim Corbett to play first base. Sullivan, though he had lost the heavyweight championship some five or six years before, still was a great favorite with the public and a magnet at the turnstiles. Also, he was a first-rate umpire, very good at calling balls and strikes. Corbett was a good ballplayer and liked to play.

Another time I brought James J. Jeffries to Paterson to umpire right after he had won the heavyweight championship from Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island. Almost 4,000 fans were jammed into the park when we got there. Lancaster was our opponent, and before the game started, Jeff's manager William A. Brady and I got together with some of the players to "fix up a little showmanship." We got Sam Laroque, a fierce-looking fellow with a big mustache, who played first for Paterson, and Piggy Ward, the Lancaster first baseman—the biggest fellows on both clubs—and told them to protest any decision that was close.

"Make it look good," I said.

Only a few innings went by when Ward was thrown out on a close play at first. As the only umpire, Jeffries worked from a spot back of the pitcher, and as soon as he called Ward out the players charged Jim and began to spin him around. First one

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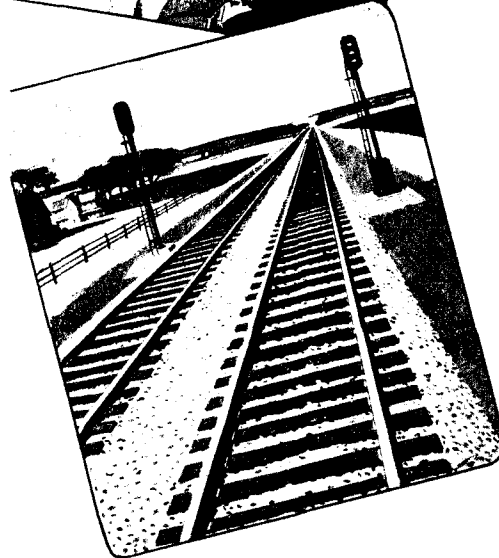
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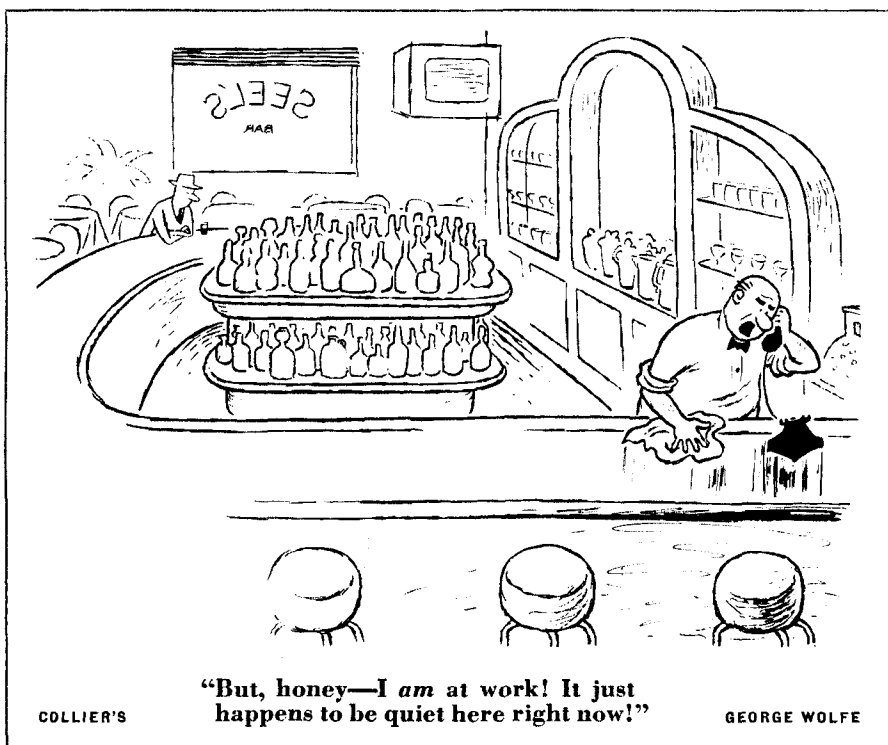


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hauled him and then the other, while Jeff kept backing up, trying to get away from them. It made a great hit with the crowd—a couple of ballplayers bullying the heavyweight champion of the world.

After the seventh inning Jeff got tired and wanted to quit, but I wouldn't stand for it. Brady had made me agree to pay him 60 per cent of the gate receipts to get Jeff to come out, and I was going to get my money's worth.

Finally Jeff agreed that if we would let him smoke a cigar he would finish the game—and that's the way he wound up, umpiring from behind the pitcher with a cigar in his face.

During the winters, to augment my none too robust salary as president of the Atlantic League, I got out a church calendar in Philadelphia and took over the food and program concessions for the football games at Franklin Field.

Watching a game with Connie Mack one day, I saw Christy Mathewson, then a student at Bucknell, kick three field goals against Penn.

Also, having a great interest in boxing, I became a fight promoter, putting on boxing matches every Friday night in the Forepaugh Winter Circus building on Broad Street, and later at Industrial Hall, a couple of blocks farther north. Leo Meyers, who had the score card concession at the Phillies' ball park, was my partner, and Walter Schlichter, sports editor of the Philadelphia Item, was my referee and matchmaker.

We staged some good fights and showed some good fighters. Among those who boxed for me were Terry McGovern, Joe Gans, Peter Maher and Kid McCoy.

Another venture of mine while I was president of the Atlantic League was the theater business, in partnership with Jake Wells, manager of the Richmond club. Jake had an idea that we could clean up with vaudeville in the South. As a starter we took over the old Ford Theater in Richmond, which then was being used as a trunk factory.

I bought new scenery with \$1,400 of my own money. For additional capital Jake hocked his wife's diamonds, and when we needed still more I borrowed \$3,000 through the Atlantic League treasury, which was in none too healthy shape itself. We arranged with Hurtig & Seamon to book the acts, and in January of '99 were ready for our first show.

But the day before we were to open, Richmond and Washington had the heaviest snowfall in 40 years.

Everything was tied up, including railroad trains from the North with our acts, and we didn't open until two days after, putting us deeper in the red than ever.

## Afraid of Worse Losses

Our vaudeville business lost money steadily and got further into debt. Hurtig & Seamon tried to help us by suggesting that instead of putting on a show costing \$1,500 a week we do one for \$2,500 with a better class of acts. This eventually proved to be the right answer. But while I was pondering the thought of losing even more money, Charles McKee, my old friend from Pittsburgh and partner in the Paterson club, arrived in Richmond and came over to the theater to see Wells and myself. I sold him the idea of taking over my interest. He bought me out for \$5,500, giving me \$2,500 in cash and assuming my \$3,000 indebtedness to the league.

As it turned out, it was the second time in my life that I walked away from a fortune. A few years before, in Pittsburgh, I had dissolved my partnership with Harry Stevens in the concession business to remain in baseball. Harry went on to make millions as concessionaire at the big-league ball parks and race tracks. Wells and McKee became immensely wealthy as the theater magnates of Dixie; three years after I sold out they owned 21 theaters and eight summer amusement parks throughout the South.

## The struggle to keep the Atlantic League

together, which had been a grim one almost from the start, became hopeless in '99. The Spanish-American War had hit us hard. People naturally enough thought more about Dewey and Schley and Manila Bay than they did about baseball. We started the 1899 season with eight clubs—Reading, Newark, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Richmond, Lancaster, Allentown and Paterson—but before July ended, Scranton and Paterson were out. We straggled to a dismal windup as a six-club circuit, and disbanded. There were no mourners.

## Greener Baseball Pastures

An opportunity to continue in baseball quickly presented itself to me. It was offered by Arthur Irwin, who had managed Philadelphia and the Giants. Arthur had just finished up as manager of the Washington club, which, along with Louisville, Cleveland and Baltimore, had been dropped that winter when the National League cut down to eight clubs. He was going to Syracuse of the Eastern League as manager. He had been in the Eastern League in '98 as manager and part owner of Toronto, and he still retained a quarter interest in that club. He sold me on the idea of buying his interest and becoming manager. Irwin was always a big booster of mine and he said:

"Why, they will love you in that town. I bet you could be mayor."

I bought Irwin's one-quarter share and became manager of Toronto. The Eastern League, which had been known earlier as the International League, a name which I restored to it when I became its president some years later, was the most solid minor-league organization in the country. It had been founded in 1884, and had continued through every season thereafter without interruption, though not always with the same teams.

The Eastern League had other interest for me, too. Bill Barnie had moved his Hartford team there from the Atlantic League and was managing it. My old friend from Pittsburgh, Al Buckenberger, former manager of the Pirates, was managing Rochester. Billy Murray managed Providence. Other teams in the league that year were Montreal, which Charley Dooley managed; Syracuse, with Irwin; Springfield, managed by Tommy Burns, and Worcester, managed by Frank Leonard.

My partners in Toronto were Lawrence Solman, who had a quarter share, and the Toronto Ferry Company, which owned a half share. The ball park was on an island, and the ferry company's interest can readily be understood.

When Irwin went to Washington in '99 he had taken most of the good Toronto players with him, and my first year in the Canadian city was not too successful. We finished fifth. We were no howling success at the gate, either, and lost \$5,000. I knew we had to rebuild, not only a new ball club, but a new ball park as well, for a ball park on an island is not to be recommended. Solman and I raised \$20,000 by selling 200 shares of stock at \$100 a share. With the money we paid off the ferry company, bought property on King Street West and built a ball park.

I also got some new players, among them Nick Altrock, who just then was beginning the career that was to see him become one of the outstanding left-handers of the game with Charley Comiskey's White Sox. Another player I had was Rome Grey—or Reddie, as we used to call him because of his red hair—brother of Zane Grey, the famous Western story writer who had played for me on my first ball team in Wheeling in 1895.

Charley Carr, George Browne, Harry Bemis, Pat Flaherty, who had a tricky quick pitch, Bonner, Bruce, Schwab and Vannon were others on that club. We made a fight of it that year, almost winning the pennant. Altrock was my star, pitching out of turn or any time I asked him and winning 16 games. Buckenberger and his Rochester club beat us out in the last two weeks of the season. We finished second.

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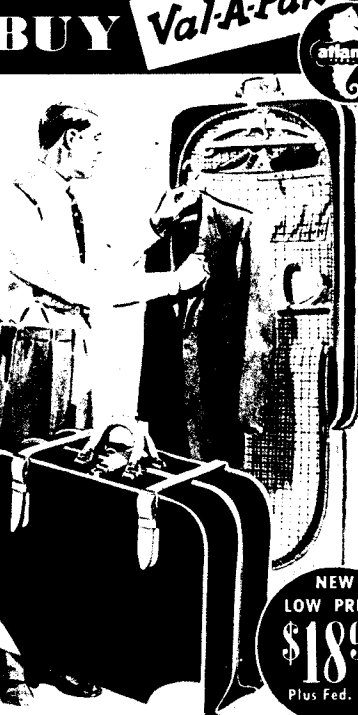
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That year I almost had one of the best pitching staffs in baseball. I had a chance to get Doc White, later Altrack's famous teammate on the White Sox, but I let him get away because of \$25. He wanted \$225 a month to sign and I wouldn't go over the league salary limit of \$200. Comiskey got him.

Then, the day before the National League season opened, we played the Dodgers an exhibition game at Washington Park in Brooklyn. Altrack pitched the whole game and won, beating Perk Kennedy, 1 to 0. Ned Hanlon, the manager of the Dodgers, had promised me Bill Donovan, then a pitcher of exceptional promise, but wild as the wind. Hanlon was wild himself after we shut out his team, and he said he was going to keep Donovan. What I think influenced Ned more than the shutout was that Donovan had come around during spring training and had mastered control. Hanlon knew he had a great pitcher in Bill. Donovan certainly was a great one when

job was open. I turned it down and the Phillies hired Chief Zimmer. I was happy in Toronto, and also I had met a young lady, Frances Elizabeth Taylor. I was in no hurry to leave.

But I got another offer, one to manage Detroit in the new American League. I decided that this one was too good to turn down. The American League, organized a few years before by Ban Johnson and Charley Comiskey, had just won its fight for recognition as a major league of equal status with the National. Johnson, president of the league then, and until he was forced to resign in 1926, was one of the greatest men baseball has ever known. A former sports writer and president of the Western League at thirty, he had reorganized that league into the American and tried to expand it peaceably in co-operation with the National. But the haughty big-league magnates turned their backs on him.

Johnson, a shrewd and fearless fighter, accepted the challenge and precipitated a full-scale war. He moved his teams into National League territory and ordered raids to start on National League players. Connie Mack, who, with his backer, Ben Shibe, a sporting-goods manufacturer, had been given the Philadelphia American League franchise, and Clark Griffith, who had jumped the Chicago Nationals to manage Comiskey's team in Chicago, were Johnson's chief marauders. They brought back staggering spoils—Napoleon Lajoie, Jesse Burkett, Iron Man Joe McGinnity, Cy Young, Lew Criger, Lave Cross, Wilbert Robinson, Roger Bresnahan and Turkey Mike Donlin. Another prize of war was Kid Gleason, who jumped the Giants.

This was in 1900 and 1901. By the time of their annual meeting in December, 1902, the National League magnates had had enough. Frank De Haas Robison, president of the St. Louis Cardinals, proposed a peace conference with Johnson. He was supported by Garry Herrmann of Cincinnati and Barney Dreyfus of Pittsburgh.

In January of 1903 the war was settled, with Johnson getting every concession he had demanded, including the right to put a team into New York and a post-season series, the first World Series, that fall.

#### Competition for the Giants

It was a tremendous triumph, particularly the concession to put a team into New York, where the Giants themselves were embarking on one of the great chapters in their history under the tempestuous young Johnny McGraw. Gordon's Highlanders, as these first Yankees were known (after their president, Joseph W. Gordon), built their own baseball park at 168th Street and Broadway—where today stands New York's Medical Center. Clark Griffith was brought in as manager.

There were also teams in Washington, with Tommy Loftus as manager, in Boston with Jimmy Collins, greatest of all third basemen, as manager, and in Philadelphia, with Connie Mack. Comiskey had the White Sox in Chicago, with Jimmy Callahan and later Fielder Jones as manager; Bill Armour, who had played center field for me in Paterson in 1896, managed Cleveland, and Jimmy McAleer was manager in St. Louis.

The new league intrigued me. I had watched Johnson's courageous fight with admiration. In fact, I admired Ban Johnson throughout his life, and when I became president of the International League some years later, patterned myself after him. It pained me deeply in afteryears, and it was embarrassing to me as well, when Johnson and Judge Landis became bitter enemies and involved in an irreconcilable feud, be-

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he pitched for me a couple of years later in Detroit.

I lost 14 of my players after the 1901 season ended. The newly formed American League, now in a full-scale war with the National League, was grabbing them. Altrack went, Charley Carr, Harry Bemis, George Browne and others. During that winter I almost had to start over again.

I began by signing some players from the New York State League. I got Jimmy Gardner, a clever right-handed pitcher, from Frank Selee of the Chicago Cubs. I also signed up Lou Bruce, a little Indian right-hander, and Buttons Briggs, a pitcher of some experience who hadn't pitched in a year. They turned out to be the best pitching staff in the league that year.

Lacking capital, and beset with the necessity of putting almost a whole new club together, we trained at home—right in our own ball park in Toronto. It was a frost-bitten training grind, but a frapped training trip didn't seem to hurt us any. We won the pennant in Toronto in 1902, beating out George Stallings' Buffalo Club on the last day of the season.

Life was brighter now than it had been only a few years before in the Atlantic League. I was being talked about. As the man who completely made over the Toronto ball club, built a new ball park and won a pennant in the best minor league in the country, all in three years, I had attracted attention in the baseball world. I had several offers to go elsewhere after the 1902 season. One was to manage the Philadelphia Phillies in the National League. Bill Shettsline was giving up the manager-ship to go into the business office and the

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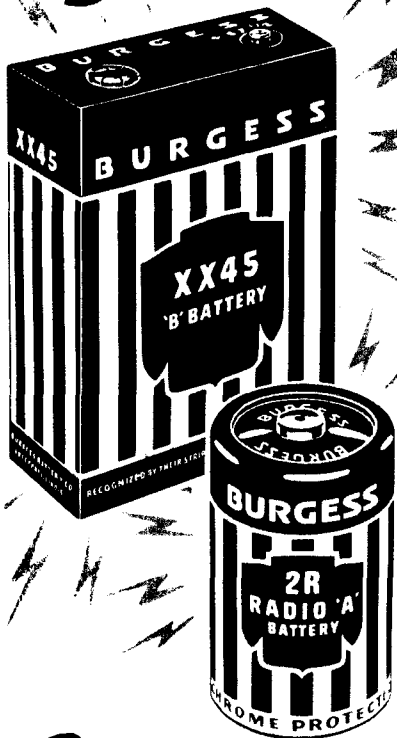
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cause I liked them both. As I say, this brawling new league intrigued me and when Sam Angus, the Detroit owner, offered me a salary of \$5,000 and a bonus of \$2,500 worth of stock in the club, I sold out my interest in Toronto and signed a two-year contract to manage the Tigers.

Angus had made his money in insurance and railroad construction and had bought the club from George Stallings and James D. Burns after the 1901 season. His manager in 1902 was Frank Dwyer, a former pitcher, who finished a bad seventh. Dwyer was moved into the business office and Win Mercer, who had pitched on Dwyer's team, was named manager. However, before the winter was out, Mercer, suffering from tuberculosis and depressed and discouraged, committed suicide in a hotel room in San Francisco. It was then that Angus, needing a manager, offered me the job.

#### Stars on the Tiger Payroll

Mercer had had 18 players signed, and I began to get rid of some and add others. I got my biggest lift out of the peace conference of that year for, in the settlement over the players who had jumped, Detroit was awarded Bill Donovan and Wahoo Sam Crawford, one an outstanding pitcher and the other a smashing hitter. Elberfeld was already there, having come over with Stallings from the Phillies in 1901. Others on my 1903 team were George Mullin, one of the great pitchers in Detroit history, who won 19 games for me that year; Frank Kitson, another pitcher who won 15; Jimmy Barrett, an outfielder, and Jim McGuire and Fred Buelow, catchers. Still others were Carr, Courtney, George Smith and Joe Yeager, infielders, and Lush and Gessler, outfielders.

As a rookie big-league manager I started off with a bang and had the Detroit fans all excited. By the first part of May we were leading the league, and at the end of the month were still up near the top in second place. But with June we began a skid.

We were in Boston, playing a series with the Red Sox, and the phone rang in my room in the Quincy Hotel. It was Sam Angus, calling from Detroit. He had just traded Kid Elberfeld to the Yankees—or the Highlanders, then—for Herman Long and Ernie Courtney. Long formerly had been a great shortstop with the Boston Nationals, but was well past his prime. Courtney was just a run-of-the-mine third baseman. I was furious, but there was nothing I could do about it. Ban Johnson had forced the deal through to strengthen the team in New York. With Elberfeld gone we started to skid and before the month was out we were sixth. We got up to fourth again, staying there through most of the season, but we finished fifth. At least that was some improvement over the year before.

In the winter of 1903-'04, William H. Yawkey came into the Detroit picture. Yawkey, uncle and later foster father of Tom Yawkey, present owner of the Boston Red Sox, was a wealthy man with extensive lumber and mining interests in the northern peninsula of Michigan, which he had inherited from his father. He was a great sport, a lavish and lively-living fellow. He bought a half interest in the club from Angus for \$35,000. It was only a couple of months more before he bought Angus' other half for \$25,000 and became sole owner.

Also in that same winter came a young bookkeeper out of Angus' insurance office named Frank J. Navin. He was to become one of the richest men in baseball and be president of the Detroit club and a dominant figure in the American League for 25 years. At that time, however, he was brought in to replace Frank Dwyer as business manager. Dwyer went back to his home in Geneva, New York, and subsequently became one of the first boxing commissioners appointed under the Walker Boxing Law in New York in 1921.

Navin was a cold, uncommunicative man with a poker face. He was a wizard at

figures and he loved racing. He later had his own stable of thoroughbreds, and won and lost large sums of money with no show of emotion. When Angus brought him into the club he gave him \$5,000 worth of stock. I made a mental note of this, since as manager I had received only \$2,500 worth. After Yawkey took over the club it wasn't long before Navin became his confidant.

I got along all right with Yawkey. He was my kind of man. But I didn't care much for Navin and the feeling was mutual. Actually, we never were very close during our years in the American League together, right up to the time Navin died in 1935. Frank had Yawkey's ear and blocked several deals I wanted to make. He interfered with my handling of the ball club.

I had an outfielder named Jimmy Barrett who had been on the club when I took it over. Barrett was a pretty good hitter, but I didn't think too much of his ballplaying, and one day he said to me:

"Mr. Barrow, your methods take all the individuality away from a ballplayer."

"Young man," I said, "if you ever speak to me that way again I will take more than your individuality away from you. I will knock your block off!"

I had determined to get rid of Barrett, and coming North from our training camp in Shreveport, Louisiana, in the spring of 1904 we ran into the Giants in Nashville. I made a deal with McGraw for Barrett, getting Arthur Devlin and Moose McCormick in exchange. But Navin blocked the deal. I was wild. Devlin, of course, went on to become the best third baseman the Giants ever had, and McCormick became famous as a pinch hitter.

In August the blowoff came. I had made a deal with Washington for Rowdy Bill Coughlin, then the outstanding third baseman in the league, for \$5,000. But Johnson and Comiskey, trying to get the price up and put some money in the Washington treasury, urged that Lou Drill, a catcher, be included in the deal, both to go to Detroit for \$7,500. I didn't want Drill, but Navin insisted. I decided I had had enough and quit.

I stayed only through the next series in Philadelphia, where the boys on the team presented me with a diamond-studded locket, Bill Donovan making the presentation. Then Bobby Lowe, the old Boston Nationals second baseman, who had joined the club at the start of the season, took over and finished out the year, a poor one, in which the Tigers wound up seventh.

#### Stock Sold Much Below Par

When I quit, I told Yawkey I wanted him to take the \$2,500 worth of stock Sam Angus had given me, off my hands. He offered me \$800. We had quite a wrangle before I finally got down to \$1,500 but he wouldn't even give me that. I settled for \$1,400.

Navin did a lot better than I did. Yawkey gave him a half interest in the ball club and he held that until the winter of 1907, when, sitting around with Yawkey one night, he offered to toss him for the whole thing. Yawkey agreed.

Navin won and became president of the Tigers in 1908.

I think it may be interesting to point out that before I left the Tigers I laid the foundation for the pennant-winning teams of 1907-'08-'09 which were to follow under Hughie Jennings. In 1904, I set up the left side of the infield, getting Charley O'Leary for shortstop and Coughlin for third base. And I arranged with Milwaukee for Herman "Germany" Schaefer to report as second baseman in the spring of 1905. Schaefer, one of the funniest fellows who was ever in baseball, became a good ballplayer and a great popular favorite with the Tigers.

When the news I had quit Detroit was announced, George Stallings, then managing Buffalo in the Eastern League, got me on the phone. There was still about a month of the baseball season left, and George asked me if I would take over the Montreal

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club, in which three of his friends had an investment. I did, and won 20 of the 21 games remaining on the schedule.

But I was entering the low period of my life in baseball. That fall I signed a contract to manage the Indianapolis club of the American Association for two years. We built a new ball park, but the season was dismal. I had a fist fight with an umpire, and another with George Moriarty, one of the toughest men ever in baseball, then third baseman for Toledo and later an American League umpire and manager of Detroit.

#### A Low Price Tag on Ty Cobb

While I was manager of Indianapolis in 1905, Andy Roth, manager of the Augusta, Georgia, club offered me two players—Ty Cobb, an outfielder, and Clyde Engel, second baseman, for \$800. It was \$500 for either one, or \$800 for both, with Engel supposed to be the better ballplayer of the two at the time.

But I turned it down. I was not in a happy mental state. I was still rankled by my experience in Detroit, and the owner of the Indianapolis club, Charles Ruschaupt, a wholesale grocer, didn't know anything about baseball. Also I had Fannie Taylor up in Toronto on my mind. (I've told her many a time since that she cost me Ty Cobb.) When the season ended I still had \$800 in salary coming to me, but I told Ruschaupt he could keep it if he would let me out of the second year of my contract, to which he agreed.

I went back to Toronto and managed the Toronto team again in 1906, starting with a club which had finished last the year before and finishing last again. With this coming on top of Detroit and Indianapolis I felt I was a baseball failure. I quit and went into the hotel business. I stayed in the hotel business for three years, but when I had a chance to return to the Eastern League and take over the Montreal club in 1910, I leaped at the chance.

Those three years out of baseball had been lost ones for me. Taking over Montreal, I was never out of baseball again.

It was in Montreal that I had Chick Gandil for a first baseman—the same Chick who later was to be barred for life as one of the Black Sox of the 1919 World Series. I finished fifth with Montreal, a rung higher than the team finished the year before.

During 1910 a feeling against Pat Powers, who had been president of the Eastern League for almost 20 years, began to form. Pat was a square shooter with wide connections who was very well thought of in the sporting world. But there was some feeling among the Eastern League club owners that he had too many outside interests. He was a big-time fight promoter, and he and Jim Kennedy had staged fights at Madison Square Garden and Coney Island, among them the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight. When the annual meeting of the league was held at the Hotel Victoria in New York that December, the movement to replace him was in full swing.

Jack Dunn, owner and manager of the Baltimore Orioles, began a boom to make me president. C. T. Chapin of Rochester led the fight for Powers. It was a bitter battle. On my side I had Dunn, my old partners Larry Solman and James J. McCaffery from Toronto, Sam Lichtenhein from Montreal, and Iron Man Joe McGinnity and Clay Smith, who owned the Newark club. Chapin, Tim Crowley of Providence, and George Henry of Jersey City were against me and for Powers.

Finally, it was Jake Stein of Buffalo who put me over. Jake was a compromiser; he disliked fights and he tried to keep the meeting peaceful. When he found that he couldn't, he swung his vote to me and I was elected president of the Eastern League for a one-year term.

I stayed for seven years, and they were years full of strife, toil and anxiety, bringing as they did a world war and an exhausting baseball war, both of which threatened to drive my league out of existence.

More next week in Collier's

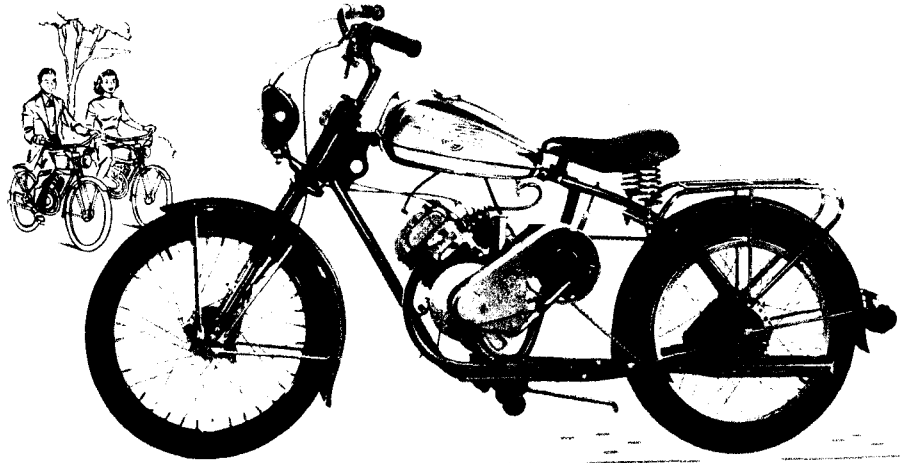
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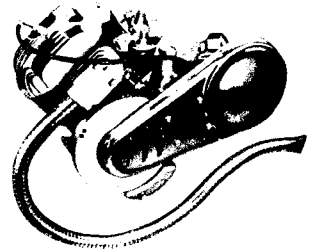
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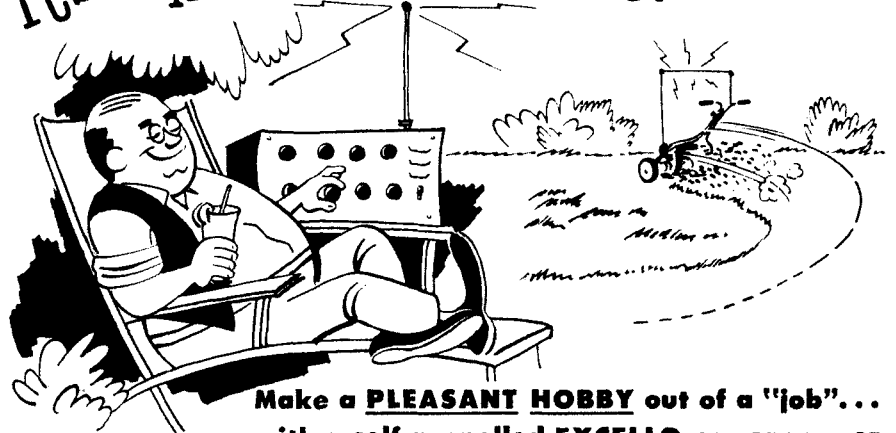
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## COZY

A LOT OF PEOPLE have been worrying out loud about the weakness of bipartisan policy in foreign relations. But we have found ourselves fretting lately about a field of Congressional endeavor in which bipartisan policy is a jewel of consistency—and, like most jewels, expensive.

It is the policy of mutual logrolling and reciprocal back-scratching known as pork-barrel politics. Every peacetime Congress indulges in it. It doesn't matter which party is in power, or how many members orate about economy. In the end, the boys roll out the barrel.

The cost of filling the barrel, like all costs of government, has been rising steadily. And the present Congress seems out to set a new record. The last time we looked there were about 150 items, bearing a price tag of more than \$1,800,000,000, all wrapped up in an omnibus bill. That price tag, mind you, was just the estimated cost. Past experience shows that the final bill is usually about a third higher.

We've mentioned the pork barrel a couple of times recently on this page, in connection with the proposal to give every Congressional district a brand-new federal building. But that was just a side item. The principal, dependable source of supply for the pork barrel every year is the omnibus bill mentioned above. It used to be referred to as rivers-and-harbors appropriations,

or, more recently, as public works appropriations. And the public really gets the works.

Some of the public works items are legitimate and necessary, of course. But a lot of them aren't. Let's take one typical example of the latter. It concerns an isolated Michigan community of about 125 fishermen and their families on the shore of Lake Superior. Their nearest neighbors are 20 miles away. Yet they are blessed with two 3,000-foot piers, a 6,000-foot dike and a dredged harbor channel. Construction and maintenance so far have cost the public \$853,437. Now Congress is being asked to spend \$398,000 more on the same little community.

Examples like these can be filed under Pet Projects. Probably every congressman, however economy-conscious, has a few of them in mind for the folks back home. Such projects are tangible evidence of the great job he's doing—a job which makes his re-election imperative.

Many of the projects are only of local interest, or maybe not even that. Many of them can't survive a sober analysis of necessity. The only way Congressman A can get his pet project passed is to support Congressman B's pet project. So everybody votes for everybody else's baby, and first thing you know the barrel's full.

This has been going on for uncounted Congressional generations. It's still going on today,

in a time of grave international crisis and deficit spending. It's still going on at a time when much of the effort to hold down the federal deficit has been made at the expense of national defense.

We realize that the pork barrel has waxed fat and full largely through public ignorance or indifference, and through the reluctance of local communities to turn down a "handout." But our legislators certainly are not ignorant of what they are doing. And they should not be indifferent to extravagance while the armed forces are skimped for lack of funds.

So we think it's time that this Congress had the guts to defy the hallowed tradition of boondoggling and admit that what the country needs right now is more airplanes and submarines, not more expendable local "improvements."

## Political Patent Medicine

THE BRANNAN PLAN, from all appearances, is a dead duck in the present Congress. But it may be a live campaign issue when the time comes to elect the next one. It is unlikely that its supporters will abandon their powerful sales promotion campaign at a time when it could be incorporated into a political campaign.

The promotion to date hasn't been political. On the contrary, the plan's admirers have advertised it as a scientific, wonder-working medicine for most of our economic ills. But as Allan B. Kline pointed out in his article on the Brannan Plan (Collier's, May 13th), nobody knows much about it. Neither friends nor foes can figure out how much the plan would cost, how much it would raise taxes, or how much it would lower the retail price of food.

The title of Mr. Kline's article put this question: Cheaper Food—Promise or Political Lure? The pro-planners, of course, would have us believe that more victuals for less money are a sure thing if Mr. Brannan's program is adopted. Mr. Kline thinks that the program is a vote-catching gimmick that would seriously threaten progressive agriculture in the long run.

Lacking facts and figures, we're darned if we know whether the plan is as spotless or as black as it's cracked up to be. But we're sure it wasn't created in any nonpolitical vacuum.

As evidence we cite an Associated Press story date-lined Washington, May 23, 1949. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath (then the Democratic national chairman) was being interviewed about the Brannan Plan, which was six weeks old at the time. Mr. McGrath told a reporter, "We think we have a plan that will appeal to the farmers and help solidify the support they gave our ticket in last November's election."

This statement of political purpose naturally assured Republican opposition. But some leading Democrats in Congress have also shown a marked reluctance to board the Brannan band wagon. Could be they're indifferent. At least that's the idea we got from a talk with one of our Democratic friends, a former Congressman.

He said, in effect: "We don't really care whether the Brannan Plan passes or not, but it's perfectly safe to be for it. After all, promising something for nothing can't hurt you. And if it gets beat, we can blame the Republicans."

Those two statements indicate the purely political genesis of the Brannan Plan. Maybe they're worth remembering the next time somebody comes around peddling Dr. Brannan's Economic Elixir, a nostrum good for man, beast, farmer and consumer.

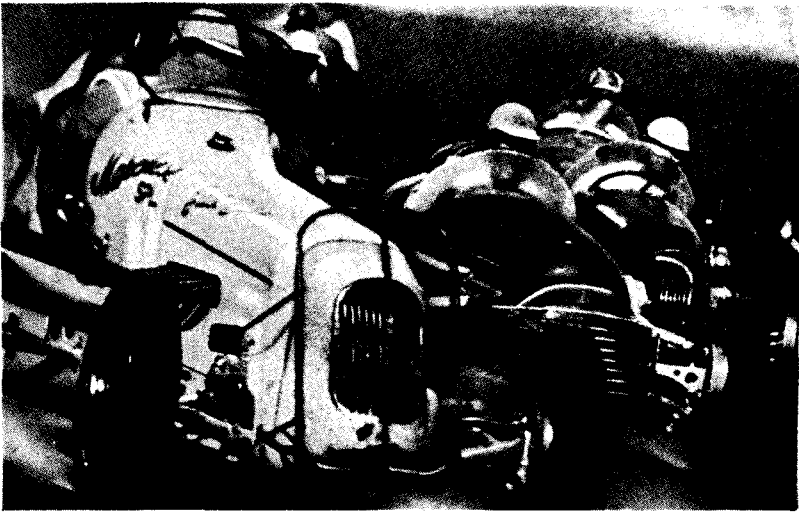
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Myron Fohr, who ranked #2 last year among the nation's racing drivers, drives for the famous Marchese brothers of Milwaukee. His best driving to date was in the Indianapolis 500 Mile Classic, where he placed fourth.



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